

英国散文名篇欣赏

杨自伍 编

APPRECIATIONS OF ENGLISH ESSAYS

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上海外语教育出版社

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序　言

陆谷孙

我在大学时代开始接触英语散文，尤好随笔杂感一类小品；当研究生时，受业于先师徐燕谋先生，又较为系统地精读了大家名篇。如本书收入的《战前星期天》一文，就是当年学的，且能背诵。还有一篇约翰逊致切斯特菲尔德的书信，也是值得口不绝吟的佳作，其意蕴与古人所谓的“鉴物于肇不于成，赏士于穷不于达”相通，甚至使我做人宁穷处而守高，少些势利。散文读得多了，濡染之余，不禁技痒，也不管英文表达何其稚嫩，时而斗胆效颦。由于不受题材或体裁的限制，思无定契，优游命笔；又因为不求发表，仅为自娱或与同好交流，所以毫无顾忌，越写兴味越浓，竟至每周可得一两篇的“多产”程度。那时正值那喀索斯的年龄，且比较勤奋，于是就把所有的散文习作，在一架破旧的打字机上，以“鸡啄米”(hunt and peck)式的笨拙指法誊打一遍，因其时恰在农村天天作民兵步伐操练而题名为“鹅步集”(Goosegait Essays)。文革祸起，这些原本无害的小文可能成为“罪证”，便在某日深夜，一咬牙统统付之丙丁。幸好物质不灭，旧文的题旨、意趣、气貌、情辞无不记忆犹新，对英语散文的爱好更是执著至今。如果说今日鄙人尚有那么一点英文写作能力的话，恐怕首先应归功于读写随笔小品的爱好。其他文学样式，如诗、剧、小说，对一个

人趣味的陶冶作用固然可能胜于散文，然就对写作能力的影响而言，学散文似更有直接的实效。

近年来，我在讲授莎士比亚戏剧的同时，也教英美散文。当代散文选本，特别是美国选本，越来越侧重今人作品，而为免遭知识界"政治态度不正确"（politically incorrect）之讥，更有相当数量少数民族如墨西哥人、华人、韩人作家的作品。另一方面，职业市场的需求助长了讲求功利的学习动机，今天的学生大多重术业而轻斯文，喜读信息量大的应用文，而不太耐得寂寞虚静，鲜有玩习凝会的雅兴。时代递嬗，世风丕变，电脑替代鹅毛笔的同时，学人多谋膏粱而弃翰墨，阳春之曲，属而和者寡矣！

看来，文章注重实用价值也是一种时势。纵观英语散文的流变，往代作家多在个人的精神王国遨游，相对而言与社会生活保持着一定的距离，寻章摘句的"老雕虫"也不少，酌奇玩华而隐隐透出一股"头巾气"。当代散文一般都有较浓的时代气息，人情世相俱在其中，兼之生活节奏加快，容不得作者邈然含毫而有时不免率尔操觚，于是"头巾气"少了，"烟火味"浓了。依我个人的经验，闻尝这一"气"一"味"便可略得英语散文之精要。当然，头巾气和烟火味二词在此乃权宜借用，并不尽含其本来贬义。

正是基于上述认识，我以为这部《英国散文名篇欣赏》采用古今兼顾的选文原则是精当的。要说缺陷，当代的"烟火味"似乎还是少了一些。这可能与编者的审美趣味有关。

说到编者，自伍世兄乃我师杨岂深先生幼子。我认识他是在七十年代后期，当初自伍还是未脱浮躁的潇洒少年。虽然有些好高骛远，但我觉得他资质聪颖，十分好学。当时他屡来我处，要我解答学习中的疑难问题，或持英文习作索改。1978年自伍高考升学受阻，很不公平地被剥夺了入学资格，由是发愤自学，勤勉于业，孜孜不倦凡二十年而终有所成。令

我最佩服的是，他完成了雷纳·韦勒克和 I.A. 理查兹等人的文评名著的翻译。文评难译，众所周知，没有相当文字造诣和知识学养的人，不敢贸然为之。他的译文基本上严谨而不刻板，注释之勤，尤为难得。理查兹的《文学批评原理》是有人先约我翻译的，那是 1986 年的事。我以《英汉大词典》尚未事竣推辞了，而实在的原因却是畏难。别的不说，大家笔下，用典浩繁，贯通古今，兴之所至，信笔拈来一句诗甚至一个片语，令人摸头不着，光是"解密"式的查考工夫就不得了。后来，自伍应中国社科院外文所邀约，把这根"硬骨头"拿去啃了，花了一年多时间译成这部著作，填补了新批评派经典在我国的一个空白。杨译质量如何，待此书出版后读者诸君自己可以判断然自伍的学术勇气无论如何是值得钦佩的。

自伍做了编辑以后又学会了一套组稿约稿的新本事。认定了作译者后，他可以踏破你的门槛，精诚所至，不由得你不答应。《英国散文名篇欣赏》成书之前，他已为上海文艺出版社的外国散文系列丛书编过一部《英国散文精华》，当时也是非要我译一篇不可。他来取稿时我说了一句，要是编一本英汉对照的散文集子，把"照妖镜"交给读者，由他们去鉴定，方是真功夫。不料他听了立即着手筹谋本书的选编及翻译，先是要我再译一篇；从文章译成之日起，他又三番四次上门要我写序，有时跑来也不催逼，神聊一通，但我知道他深谙"Out of sight, out of mind"的道理，便以频密的来访令我想起作序的承诺。实在拗不过他，于是就有了这篇断腿手术之后躺在病床上写成的文字，是为序。

前　言

英国素以散文著称于世，中国则历来有选编的传统，近年来英国散文的各种选本纷纷问世，坊间最受读者青睐的闲书恐怕要首推散文选本了。因此要编一部名家文选，应该说并不困难。选一些大家耳熟能详的作家和文章，找一些现成的译文，便可以裒辑成书，显然这是一条捷径。倘若编者希望编出一个具有自家面貌的选集，不愿淹没在众多的选本中，那就需要付出一番心血。我选择了后一条路，所幸的是，在选编的过程中，始终得到诸多知名学者和译者的热情支持，现在终于编就了这个选本。

编者是基于以下几条原则选文的。首先，由于年代跨度较大，读者对象又是中国的一般读者，因此从所选作家的比例来看，侧重近代而不偏废前代。编者既要有历史眼光，又要能为现今的读者服务，这是一个应该解决的矛盾。文学上存在着历史沿革的连贯性，散文的发展也有其因袭的一面。选本里的作家大多是读者比较熟悉的，但也有少数名字生疏一些的，读者也许不太了解，不过编者以为他们还是值得一读的，比如当代的罗斯·麦考利和西里尔·康诺利。

其次，文章本身必须经过一定的时间考验，可以说都属于名篇，但未必是中国读者十分熟悉的篇目。像奥威尔的《射象》或罗素的《老之将至》这样的文章，虽然多年来一直为人诵读，现在又有较好的译文，但因多种选本已经收入，故只能割爱。能够令人耳目一新，尽量避免雷同，这是编者的一个基本想法。客观地说，在历代的英国散文中，毕竟还有许多佳作尚未译介给中国读者。同时在选编时我也发现，在国外的选本中，要寻觅几十篇不仅优秀而且能为国人欣赏的篇目，殊非易

事。因此除了过去数十年里英美出版的各种版本外，编者也从作家的个人文集里进行了筛选，目的是希望冲出从选本到选本的框架。

再则，从内容来说，选文能够既反映英国的社会风貌和时代精神，又揭示作家的内心世界和体现风格特色。编者主要考虑的读者对象不只是大学英语专业的学生，同时也希望这个选本能够为一般读者所接受。所以，凡内容需要较深的文学素养才能理解的，或者文字过于艰深的，基本不在选文的范围之内。当然，从整体来看，选本不可避免地受到编者审美趣味和选编标准的限制。南朝梁沈约提出“文章当从三易”，指的是易见事、易识字、易读诵。这个主张或多或少影响着我的编选原则。不过话得说回来，十分容易读懂的英国散文篇目似乎也不太好选。如果学生只读英语的应用文，或者大学只开设文学史或小说选读之类的课程，那么要较为全面地了解英国文化是不可能的。从某种意义来说，英国的散文乃是其民族文化的一种综合体现。

编一个英汉对照的选本是一项具有挑战性的工作 我以为只读译文的话，终是隔了一层，原文的精妙神理不易把捉。反之，倘若没有相当的文字基础和文学素养，只读原文的话，未免似懂非懂，一知半解。我想读者倘若先从原文入手，后读译文以便加深理解，一来可以提高读原著的能力，二来对于学习翻译也不无帮助。这样原文和译文就能相得益彰，对于读者大有裨益。或许这就是编者的初衷。

下面交代一下本书的内容和凡例：

一、全书共选编英国文学史上四个多世纪中四十位作家的四十篇文章。在内容和题材上，采取精选和博采相结合的办法。体例由简介、原文及脚注、译文、赏析组成。

二、简介一般介绍作家情况，仅涉及教育背景、生平事略及主要创作活动或文学史上的影响。代表作品例举一二，不作详细说明。

三、原文绝大多数是独立成篇的。个别文章由于篇幅过长，在基本不损害全篇整体性的情况下，采用节录的办法，于标题后注明。少数篇目或有异文可供参考，在可能的情况下，采用多种版本加以比较，择善而从，不一一注明具体参用的版本。

四、这个选本以文学欣赏为主，和侧重语言学习的选本有所不同。所以注释力求简要，凡用典、用事、引用诗文者，尽量加注。出典、历史人物及事件和不为一般读者了解的作家、作品，也在注释范围之内。少数不明出处者，或较为生僻的地名，亦尽量注明。注文的详略由文章的内容而定，繁简由译者酌情处理。除了个别外来语或属于历史语义范畴的语词之外，一般的语言难点未加注释，费解之处不妨参阅译文。总的说来，注释只是提供一个线索，读者有兴趣的话，可以按图索骥。牛津大学的散文选本历来基本不加注，我想这种编选方式有助于培养独立钻研的学风和良好的读书习惯。

五、每篇译文后附一篇赏析，仅为编者个人的读后感而已，旨在配合译文和注释，帮助读者进一步领会原文。赏析与注释或可互为补充。

这个选本是大家努力的成果。在具体分工上，我担任选编，撰写作家简介和赏析文字，译文和注释由译者完成，我补充了一些典故的注释。

尽管编者有志于推出一部选文合宜、译笔流利的文本，但是本书付梓之际，犹感芒刺在背，惴惴不安。英国散文的妙处在于或约或张，时幽时明，虚实相济为用。作者或神游八极，或情结中肠，意到笔随，戛然而止，译者有时不免陷入前不巴村后不着店的境地，于是“以意逆志”，故而落下谬悠之处。方家不论笑骂诟病，终是指陈曲直，惠及译者。编者以为，英汉对照文本的基本要求是经得起检验，更高一些的要求是经得起推敲，道理看似简单，而要达到这个标准，谈何容易？检验的任务当然需要读者的帮助。编者懂得“善游者溺，善骑者

坠”，所以殷殷企盼，求教于英语界和翻译界的行家高手，同时希望年轻的莘莘学子挑挑毛病，以便本书在修订再版时，可以和编者共同完成一部比较完善的对照文选。

我引以为荣的是，本书译者大多是学术或翻译方面卓有建树的师长，在我编选的过程中，多方面给予协作，体现了学者的儒雅风范。他们不顾繁忙的教学和著述，在较短时间内完成了我约请翻译的篇目，感愧之情难以言表。尤其值得一提的是，北大李赋宁教授对选目表示首肯并给予鼓励，承蒙慨允选用他的译文。我还应感激上海外语教育出版社为本书的早日问世所给予的诸多便利。

我愿意借此机会特别向慈父杨岂深表示由衷的感谢。

上海外国语大学中心阅览室、复旦大学外文系图书资料室、华东师范大学图书馆提供了多种便利，谨此鸣谢。

杨自伍

一九九五年六月于篱下室

Contents

SIR FRANCIS BACON (1561-1626)

【简介】

弗兰西斯·培根，哲学家、散文家。出身贵族，就读于剑桥大学，主攻法律。天资颖悟，为人疏通洞达。一生谋求仕途发迹，曾为女王伊丽莎白一世的宠儿，长期出入宫廷，官至大臣。同时笃志学问，开风气之先，主张创建一门基于科学研究的新哲学。在文学上，培根是英国随笔体制的开山祖师，而风格则与蒙田大异其趣。世情练达，充满入世精神，涉及人生的方方面面。文章偏重说理，多有警世意味。笔锋辛辣，文字简洁凝练。惜不治德行，因受贿而沦为阶下囚。罢官去职后，终日赋闲，杜门谢客，潜心研究哲学，著书以终。有《新工具》、《科学推进论》等著作多种。后世流传较广的是《随笔集》。

【原文】

Narcissus; or Self-Love

Narcissus[1] is said to have been a young man of wonderful beauty, but intolerably proud, fastidious, and disdainful.

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① 那喀索斯，希腊神话里的美少年，一味自恋，终于夭折，变为水仙

Pleased with himself and despising all others, he led a solitary life in the woods and hunting grounds; with a few companions to whom he was all in all[①]; followed also wherever he went by a nymph called Echo[②]. Living thus, he came by chance one day to a clear fountain, and (being in the heat of noon) lay down by it; when beholding in the water his own image, he fell into such a study and then into such a rapturous admiration of himself, that he could not be drawn away from gazing at the shadowy picture, but remained rooted to the spot till sense left him; and at last he was changed into the flower that bears his name; a flower which appears in the early spring; and is sacred to the infernal deities, — Pluto[③], Proserpine[④], and the Furies[⑤].

In this fable are represented the dispositions, and the fortunes too, of those persons who from consciousness either of beauty or some other gift with which nature unaided by any industry of their own has graced them, fall in love as it were with themselves. For with this state of mind there is commonly joined an indisposition to appear much in public or engage in business; because business would expose them to many neglects and scorns, by which their minds would be dejected and troubled. Therefore they commonly live a solitary, private, and shadowed life; with a small circle of chosen companions, all devoted admirers, who assent like an echo to everything they say,

① all in all，此处意思是"最重要的，最心爱的"。
② 厄科，希腊神话中栖身林泉的女神，爱恋那喀索斯，遭到拒绝，临终在森林留下叹息声，故又称回声女神。
③ 普鲁托，冥王。
④ 普罗塞耳皮娜，冥后。
⑤ 复仇三女神。

and entertain them with mouth-homage; till being by such habits gradually depraved and puffed up, and besotted at last with self-admiration, they fall into such a sloth and listlessness that they grow utterly stupid, and lose all vigour and alacrity. And it was a beautiful thought to choose the flower of spring as an emblem of characters like this: characters which in the opening of their career flourish and are talked of, but disappoint in maturity the promise of their youth. The fact too that this flower is sacred to the infernal deities contains an allusion to the same thing. For men of this disposition turn out utterly useless and good for nothing whatever; and anything that yields no fruit, but like the way of a ship in the sea passes and leaves no trace, was by the ancients held sacred to the shades and infernal gods.

【译文】

那喀索斯——论自恋

杨自伍　译

那喀索斯，人称风度翩翩美少年，惟心性高傲，锱铢必较，蔑视一切，令人不堪。自我陶醉，目无余子，常年出没于林泉猎场，优游岁月，与世人不相往来；有俦侣二三，如鱼得水；行踪所至，仙女跬步不离，芳名厄科。朝夕如此，一日偶至清泉一泓，时值晌午，天气炎热，遂卧躺泉边；俯观水中倒影，始而不觉凝神观照，继而自我恋慕，如痴如狂，谛视自家面貌若隐若现，良久不去；出神入定，有如树木扎根，直至感觉消失；终

ABRAHAM COWLEY (1618-1667)

【简介】

亚伯拉罕·考利，诗人、散文家。遗腹子，出身于殷实的小康家庭。幼年受母亲的熏陶，文学作品手不释卷，尤其爱读斯宾塞的诗作《仙后》。因不满于剑桥的清教徒控制，转入牛津。读书期间发表诗作《爱情之谜》。内战中曾随女王避地巴黎。弥尔顿认为他是和莎士比亚、斯宾塞并称的三大诗人之一。作诗好用幻想和曲喻，诗风受多恩的影响，为玄学派的殿军。晚年息影田园，始作随笔，笔调清纯自然，与诗歌作品的风格判然有别。作品有《品达罗斯体颂歌》、抒情诗集《情人》等。约翰逊博士为其立传。

【原文】

Of Avarice

There are two sorts of avarice: the one is but of a bastard kind, and that is, the rapacious appetite of gain; not for its own sake, but for the pleasure of refunding it immediately through all the channels of pride and luxury; the other is the

true kind, and properly so called; which is a restless and unsatiable desire of riches, not for any farther end or use, but only to hoard, and preserve, and perpetually increase them. The covetous man, of the first kind, is like a greedy ostrich, which devours any metal; but it is with an intent to feed upon it, and in effect it makes a shift to digest and excern it. The second is like the foolish chough, which loves to steal money only to hide it. The first does much harm to mankind; and a little good too, to some few: the second does good to none; no, not to himself. The first can make no excuse to God, or angels, or rational men, for his actions: the second can give no reason or colour, not to the devil himself, for what he does; he is a slave to Mammon[①], without wages. The first makes a shift to be beloved; ay, and envied, too, by some people: the second is the universal object of hatred and contempt. There is no vice has been so pelted with good sentences, and especially by the poets, who have pursued it with stories and fables, and allegories, and allusions; and moved, as we say, every stone to fling at it: among all which, I do not remember a more fine and gentleman-like correction than that which was given it by one line of Ovid:

> Desunt luxuriæ multa, avaritiæ omnia.
> Much is wanting to luxury, all to avarice.

To which saying, I have a mind to add one member, and tender it thus;

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① 参见《圣经·马太福音》,第6章,第24节。

Poverty wants some, luxury many, avarice all things. [1]

Somebody says of a virtuous and wise man, 'that having nothing, he has all:'[2] this is just his antipode, who, having all things, yet has nothing. He is a guardian eunuch to his beloved gold: 'audivi eos amatores esse maximos, sed nil potesse.' They are the fondest lovers but impotent to enjoy.

> And, oh, what man's condition can be worse
> Than his, whom plenty starves, and blessings curse;
> The beggars but a common fate deplore,
> The rich poor man's emphatically poor. [3]

I wonder how it comes to pass, that there has never been any law made against him: against him, do I say? I mean, for him: as there are public provisions made for all other mad-men: it is very reasonable that the king should appoint some persons (and I think the courtiers would not be against this proposition) to manage his estate during his life (for his heirs commonly need not that care): and out of it to make it their business to see, that he should not want alimony befitting his condition, which he could never get out of his own cruel fingers. We relieve idle vagrants, and counterfeit beggars; but have no care at all of these really poor men, who are (methinks) to be respectfully treated, in regard of their quality. I might be end-

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① 典出拉丁谚语,英译为 Poverty wants many things, avarice all things。

② 英国诗人亨利·沃顿(1568-1639)名篇《幸福生活的特征》最后两句,原诗为"Lord of himself, though not of lands, /And having nothing, yet hath all"。

③ 考利的诗句,见其《诗文集》,第128页。

less against them, but I am almost choaked with the superabundance of the matter; too much plenty impoverishes me, as it does them.

【译文】

论 贪 婪

汪义群 译

世上有两种贪婪:一种仅仅是貌似的贪婪,那是一种贪得无厌地获取的欲望;倒不是为了自身的缘故,而是为了可以享受一种通过各种方式来显示骄傲与奢侈的一次性归还的乐趣。另一种则是实实在在、名副其实的贪婪;这才是一种永无安宁、永不知足的追求财富的欲望,根本不是出于任何进一步的目的或是为了功利,而只是为了积聚、贮藏和无休无止地增加财富。前一类中的老饕,就像一只贪食的鸵鸟,它吞食地上一切坚硬之物,它是有意从中得到滋养,实际上它也确实千方百计地把东西消化和排泄掉。后一类人则像愚笨的红嘴山鸦,它之喜欢偷钱,仅仅是为了将钱藏起来而已。前者对人类危害甚大,然而对少数人也会有些好处;而后者则对任何人都一无好处,包括对他自己。前者无法为自己的行为向上帝或天使或明白事理的人寻找借口;而后者对于自己的所作所为无法向魔鬼说明原委或是加以粉饰:他成了财神玛门的奴隶,一个得不到酬报的奴隶。前者想方设法使自己让人爱戴,甚至让人嫉妒;后者则是人们普遍仇恨和蔑视的对象。没有一种恶行像它那样受到优美的文字的攻击,尤其是受到诗人的攻击,他们用故事、寓言、讽喻、典故来追击它;而且像我们所

说的那样，唤起每一块石头向它掷击：在所有这些文字中，我不记得有哪一句比奥维德的一行诗句更精致，更文质彬彬：

奢侈匮乏许多，贪婪匮乏一切。

对于这条警句，我想再加上一句，表之如下：

贫穷略有匮乏，奢侈多有匮乏，贪婪完全匮乏。

有人说起一个善良而聪明的人，“虽然一无所有，但却拥有一切；”与之相反的是，拥有一切的人，却一无所有。他是一个阉人，看守着他所喜爱的金钱：“audivi eos 'amatores esse maximos, sed nil potesse.”他们是深情的恋人，却失去寻欢的能力。

啊，谁的境况会比他更糟，
丰盛使他饥饿，祝福成了咒诅；
乞丐悲叹的仅仅是共同的命运，
而富有的穷人却显得更加贫穷。

我觉得奇怪的是何至于如此？从来就没有制定出任何制裁的法律：我是说制裁他吗？我的意思应该是，支持他：因为对于所有其他的疯子，我们已经制定出各种条文了：国王完全应该委派一些人在他生前为他管理产业，这样，他的继承人就不必为此操心。我想大臣们是不会反对这个建议的。这些人将负责督办此事，使国王不至缺乏适合他地位的赡养费，而这笔赡养费他是永远不可能从自己吝啬的手中获得的。我们周济不务正业的流浪汉和佯装的乞丐；但对那些真正的穷人却毫不关心，对于那些真正的穷人，我倒认为我们应该根据其品质尊重地对待他们的。我也许会不断地反对他们，但我几乎

被过于丰富的物质哽住了;过多的充足反而使我一贫如洗,正如它之于他们一样。

【赏析】

人的欲望与生俱来,属于人的天性,可是追求无度则成为羁绊,人为物累而难以自拔,不亦悲乎?在中外的古代文明中,先贤很早就注意到这个问题,并且告诫过世人。古希腊特菲尔城的阿波罗神庙大门上刻着两句格言,一句是"认识你自己",另一句便是"凡事毋过分"。这两句高度体现了古希腊的文明。荀子在《礼论》中指出,"人生而有欲,欲而不得则不能无求"。人之患并不在于有所欲求,而是在于贪得无厌。

考利首先区别出两类贪婪,继而比较笼统地作了一番分析。他主要指责的是后一类人,因为他们于人于己都毫无益处。然后他反复援引前人的诗文,通过这些智者的警世箴言,说明了贫乏与财富的得失关系。莎士比亚十四行诗第六十四首中有句名言:失即为得,得即为失。体会本文,回味莎诗名句,我们也许会有所感悟,变得淡泊一些。本文最终涉及到贫富问题,表明了自己的社会良知,认为应该尊重穷人。末尾他还通过现身说法,再次证明了一个真理:物质过剩反而使人完全枯竭。

早在1737年,离考利作古不过半个多世纪,诗人蒲柏即诘问道,"现在谁还读考利?",他的诗篇好用曲喻,失去了读者并不奇怪。但是即便蒲柏也承认,他之所以还能愉悦读者,在于世人能从其作品中得到教化。他的散文历久不衰,一直为后人诵读,恐怕富于道德教益是一个主要的因素。虽然他每每引用诗文或典故,但读者倘若不知本事,也可大致会意。文章总的说来清通流畅,约翰逊博士在《考利传》里称其随笔"毫无费解或雕琢之处"。全篇议论振笔直书,开卷了然;笔致工

稳而曲折盘旋，析理入微而指陈利害，可谓虚实并用，言简意深，足资龟鉴，犹如度世金针。从这篇随笔中，我们多少可以管窥其文章风格。

JONATHAN SWIFT (1667-1745)

【简介】

乔纳森·斯威夫特，作家、散文家。出生于都柏林，遗腹子。1689年爱尔兰革命期间回到英国，投靠远亲威廉·坦普尔爵士门下，成为这位退休外交家、散文家的私人秘书。1704年发表讽刺雄文《书战》和《一只澡盆的故事》，前者厚古薄今，机锋四溢；后者全面攻击宗教腐败和虚假学问。斯威夫特是英国古典主义的杰出代表。讽刺和幽默相得益彰，构成其文章的鲜明特色。除政论文章外，关于爱尔兰问题也写过不少小册子，其中《一个小小的建议》已被公认为英国散文的经典名篇。传世作为寓言小说《格利佛游记》。历来主张简洁的风格，"适当的字眼放在适当的地方"是其行文的标准。

【原文】

A Treatise on Good Manners and Good Breeding

Good manners is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse.

Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy is the best bred

in the company.

As the best law is founded upon reason, so are the best manners. And as some lawyers have introduced unreasonable things into common law, so likewise many teachers have introduced absurd things into common good manners.

One principal point of this art is to suit our behaviour to the three several degrees of men; our superiors, our equals, and those below us.

For instance, to press either of the two former to eat or drink is a breach of manners; but a farmer or a tradesman must be thus treated, or else it will be difficult to persuade them that they are welcome.

Pride, ill nature, and want of sense, are the three great sources of ill manners; without some one of these defects, no man will behave himself ill for want of experience; or of what, in the language of fools, is called knowing the world.

I defy any one to assign an incident wherein reason will not direct us what we are to say or do in company, if we are not misled by pride or ill nature.

Therefore I insist that good sense is the principal foundation of good manners; but because the former is a gift which very few among mankind are possessed of, therefore all the civilized nations of the world have agreed upon fixing some rules for common behaviour, best suited to their general customs, or fancies, as a kind of artificial good sense, to supply the defects of reason. Without which the gentlemanly part of dunces would be perpetually at cuffs, as they seldom fail when they happen to be drunk, or engaged in squabbles about women or play. And, God be thanked, there hardly happens a duel in a year, which may not be imputed to one of those three motives. Upon which

account, I should be exceedingly sorry to find the legislature make any new laws against the practice of duelling; because the methods are easy and many for a wise man to avoid a quarrel with honour, or engage in it with innocence. And I can discover no political evil in suffering bullies, sharpers, and rakes, to rid the world of each other by a method of their own; where the law hath not been able to find an expedient.

As the common forms of good manners were intended for regulating the conduct of those who have weak understandings; so they have been corrupted by the persons for whose use they were contrived. For these people have fallen into a needless and endless way of multiplying ceremonies, which have been extremely troublesome to those who practise them, and insupportable to everybody else: insomuch that wise men are often more uneasy at the over civility of these refiners, than they could possibly be in the conversations of peasants or mechanics.

The impertinencies of this ceremonial behaviour are nowhere better seen than at those tables where ladies preside, who value themselves upon account of their good breeding; where a man must reckon upon passing an hour without doing any one thing he has a mind to; unless he will be so hardy to break through all the settled decorum of the family. She determines what he loves best, and how much he shall eat; and if the master of the house happens to be of the same disposition, he proceeds in the same tyrannical manner to prescribe in the drinking part: at the same time, you are under the necessity of answering a thousand apologies for your entertainment. And although a good deal of this humour is pretty well worn off among many people of the best fashion, yet too much of it still remains, especially in the country; where an honest gentleman

knowledge be a trifle in itself, the pedantry is the greater. For which reason I look upon fiddlers, dancing-masters, heralds, masters of the ceremony, etc. to be greater pedants than Lipsius[①], or the elder Scaliger[②]. With these kind of pedants, the court, while I knew it, was always plentifully stocked; I mean from the gentleman usher (at least) inclusive, downward to the gentleman porter; who are, generally speaking, the most insignificant race of people that this island can afford, and with the smallest tincture of good manners, which is the only trade they profess. For being wholly illiterate, and conversing chiefly with each other, they reduce the whole system of breeding within the forms and circles of their several offices; and as they are below the notice of ministers, they live and die in court under all revolutions, with great obsequiousness to those who are in any degree of favour or credit, and with rudeness or insolence to everybody else. Whence I have long concluded, that good manners are not a plant of the court growth: for if they were, those people who have understandings directly of a level for such acquirements, and who have served such long apprenticeships to nothing else, would certainly have picked them up. For as to the great officers, who attend the prince's person or councils, or preside in his family, they are a transient body, who have no better a title to good manners than their neighbours, nor will probably have recourse to gentlemen ushers for instruction. So that I know little to be learnt at court upon this head, except in the material circumstance of dress; wherein the authority of the maids of honour must indeed be allowed to be

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① 贾斯特斯·利普修斯(1547-1608),尼德兰人文主义者、古典学者。
② 朱利叶斯·凯撒·斯卡利杰(1484-1558),意大利著名古典学者。

almost equal to that of a favourite actress.

I remember a passage my Lord Bolingbroke[1] told me, that going to receive Prince Eugene of Savoy at his landing, in order to conduct him immediately to the Queen, the Prince said, he was much concerned that he could not see her Majesty that night; for Monsieur Hoffman (who was then by) had assured his Highness that he could not be admitted into her presence with a tied-up periwig; that his equipage was not arrived; and that he had endeavoured in vain to borrow a long one among all his valets and pages. My lord turned the matter into a jest, and brought the Prince to her Majesty; for which he was highly censured by the whole tribe of gentlemen ushers; among whom Monsieur Hoffman, an old dull resident of the Emperor's, had picked up this material point of ceremony; and which, I believe, was the best lesson he had learned in five-and-twenty years' residence.

I make a difference between good manners and good breeding; although, in order to vary my expression, I am sometimes forced to confound them. By the first, I only understand the art of remembering and applying certain settled forms of general behaviour. But good breeding is of a much larger extent; for besides an uncommon degree of literature sufficient to qualify a gentleman for reading a play, or a political pamphlet, it takes in a great compass of knowledge; no less than that of dancing, fighting, gaming, making the circle of Italy, riding the great horse, and speaking French; not to mention some other secondary, or subaltern accomplishments, which are more easily acquired. So that the difference between good breeding and

① 亨利·博林布鲁克(1678-1751),英国政治家,学问渊博有文才。

good manners lies in this, that the former cannot be attained to by the best understandings, without study and labour; whereas a tolerable degree of reason will instruct us in every part of good manners, without other assistance.

I can think of nothing more useful upon this subject, than to point out some particulars, wherein the very essentials of good manners are concerned, the neglect or perverting of which doth very much disturb the good commerce of the world, by introducing a traffic of mutual uneasiness in most companies.

First, a necessary part of good manners, is a punctual observance of time at our own dwellings, or those of others, or at third places; whether upon matter of civility, business, or diversion; which rule, though it be a plain dictate of common reason, yet the greatest minister I ever knew was the greatest trespasser against it; by which all his business doubled upon him, and placed him in a continual arrear. Upon which I often used to rally him, as deficient in point of good manners. I have known more than one ambassador, and secretary of state with a very moderate portion of intellectuals, execute their offices with good success and applause, by the mere force of exactness and regularity. If you duly observe time for the service of another, it doubles the obligation; if upon your own account, it would be manifest folly, as well as ingratitude, to neglect it. If both are concerned, to make your equal or inferior attend on you, to his own disadvantage, is pride and injustice.

Ignorance of forms cannot properly be styled ill manners; because forms are subject to frequent changes; and consequently, being not founded upon reason, are beneath a wise man's regard. Besides, they vary in every country; and after a short period of time, very frequently in the same; so that a man who

travels, must needs be at first a stranger to them in every court through which he passes; and perhaps at his return, as much a stranger in his own; and after all, they are easier to be remembered or forgotten than faces or names.

Indeed, among the many impertinencies that superficial young men bring with them from abroad, this bigotry of forms is one of the principal, and more prominent than the rest; who look upon them not only as if they were matters capable of admitting of choice, but even as points of importance; and are therefore zealous on all occasions to introduce and propagate the new forms and fashions they have brought back with them. So that, usually speaking, the worst bred person in the company is a young traveller just returned from abroad.

【译文】

论礼貌与教养

侯维瑞　译

礼貌即社交行为是使与我们交谈的人安之若素的一种艺术。

在一群人中,谁越不使人感到局促不安,谁就越有教养。

最公正的法律是建立在理智之上的,同样,最好的举止行为也是建立在理智之上的。有的律师将无理的东西引进了普通法,同样,许多教师也将怪诞的东西引进了日常的良好礼貌。

礼貌艺术的一大要素是,以适当的举止行为对待三种不

同层次的人,即高于我们层次的、与我们同一层次的和低于我们层次的人。

例如,硬要前两种层次的人吃菜喝酒是失礼的,但是农夫和商贩必须如此对待,否则就无法使他们相信他们并非不速之客。

骄傲自大、性情粗暴、缺乏理智是有失礼貌的三大原因。如果能革除这些弊病,没有人会因为缺乏经验,或者,如某些愚人所说,因为谙于世故而礼貌不周。

要不是受到骄傲情绪或粗暴性情的误导,理智总会指引我们与人交往时谈吐得体,举止适度。我敢断言,没有人能举出一个与此相悖的事例来。

因此,我坚持认为理智是礼貌的基石。但是,由于人类之中只有为数寥寥的几个才具有理智这种禀赋,世界上所有的文明国度都同意制定最能适合他们风俗或想象的指导规范行为的规章条例,作为人为的理智以补充理性的不足。没有这种人工的理智,愚人笨伯之中举止尚属文雅的那部分人便会无休无止地挥拳相向,他们在喝得酩酊大醉时,或者在大声谈论女人和玩乐时总是这样的。并且,谢天谢地,每年之中发生的决斗几乎无一不可归咎于上述三个原因中的一个。由于这一缘故,我将对立法机构制定任何旨在禁止决斗行为的新法律深表遗憾;因为,明智的人可以有许多简捷的办法避免体面的决斗或无知的搏杀。并且,在法律尚无有效对策的地方,容忍恃强凌弱者、诈骗者和浪荡子自己采取方法来相互铲除,以求清理世界——我看不出这样做有什么政治祸害。

制定良好行为的规范形式,是为了指导调整知识肤浅的人的举止,然而这些规范形式又恰恰为这些规范形式的制订对象所破坏。因为,这些人已习惯于无必要和无休止地增加种种繁文缛节,这些繁文缛节使遵守执行的人无所适从,使所有别的人不敢赞同。现在情况已经到了这样的地步,明智的人对这些谨小礼慎末节的人的过分客套感到更加局促不安,

倒不如与农夫商贩的交谈更为轻松自如。

这种繁文缛节、虚礼矫饰到处可见，但是在那些以良好教养自居的女士所张罗的款待客人的餐桌上尤为荒谬。在那里，一个男子必须甘心枯坐一个钟头而无所事事，除非他铁了心敢打破这家的全部成规礼仪。这位女主人决定男人应该最喜爱吃什么和吃多少。如果这家的男主人也是同样的禀性，他便会在饮酒时刻同样专横地发号施令。与此同时，你不得不成百上千次应答他们的种种道歉，叫你无法消受。尽管在风尚高雅的许多人中间，这种可笑的习气已经大为削弱，但是，尤其是在乡间，它的流弊仍广。我曾听到一位诚实的先生说，他曾四天被硬留在乡间友人的家里，终日忙于藏匿靴子、锁上马厩之类矫揉造作的礼节，结果简直想不出，从他来时到他去日的全部逗留时间内，有任何一件不违背他本意的事，仿佛是朋友的全家人都结成一伙来折磨他。

除此之外，我在这帮繁琐礼仪的不幸信奉者之间所观察到的愚蠢可笑的事便真是多得不胜枚举。我曾看见一个过于殷勤的蠢小子，急匆匆奔上前去，为一位伯爵夫人开门，以免除她的举手之劳，那时候伯爵夫人几乎为之厥倒。我记得在一次宫廷的生日宴会上，一位贵妇人向邻座的客人行礼如仪，突然移动手肘，仆人手中的一小盘酱油便泼洒在她的头饰和缎子衣服上，那时她那副气急败坏的样子有多狼狈。荷兰使臣伯于斯先生的政治才能和礼貌举止一样非凡，有一次带了个十三岁的儿子到宫中赴宴。父子两人不管把什么菜装进盆子，都要首先挨次传给在座的每一个人，所以在整个进餐时间里我们没有一分钟的安宁。最后他们的盆子不巧猛烈相撞，瓷盆碎裂成二十多块，在座的有半数人身上被甜食和奶油溅湿。

就像在各种艺术和科学中，有时甚至在商业买卖中都存在着迂腐陈规一样，礼貌行为中也有迂腐陈规。迂腐陈规确切地说是对我们所乞求的知识的过分夸大。那种知识愈是无

聊,陈规旧矩就愈见严重。由于这一原因,我把拉琴的、教跳舞的、掌礼的、当司仪的等人,看作是比利普修斯和年长的斯卡利杰更有过之而无不及的学究迂夫。据我所知,这样一类迂夫,宫中可以说是大有人在。我的意思是,从风度像绅士一般的领宾员到有绅士一般风度的守门人在内,这些人一般说来是不列颠岛所能产生的最微不足道的人群,毫无礼貌可言,而礼仪却偏偏是他们自称拥有的唯一行当。他们斗大的字不识半升,仅仅在同类人之间相互交谈,将教育培养的整个系统压缩到他们所从事的几项职能的形式和圈子之内。由于他们从不为王公大臣所注意,因此无论出现何种变革,他们照样生死作息,对得到任何程度的宠幸和褒奖的人都极尽阿谀逢迎之能事,对其他的人则一概粗暴无礼。所以,我早就得出结论,礼貌并不是宫廷里生长出来的花草;因为,如果是的话,那些明达事理足以慧眼识人的人,那些长期以来专司此职的人早就把它们一一采撷起来了。对于那些侍奉王子、参与议事或为皇家庭招待客人的文武大臣来说,这些人只是一群匆匆的过客,无权声称比旁人的举止更为高雅,甚至也无须向风度优雅的领宾员请求指教。所以我知道,就礼貌而言,人们休想在宫中学到什么;只有在衣冠楚楚的重要场合或许能有教益,这方面宫廷侍女的权威之见应该与走红的女演员的意见受到同等的重视。

我还记得吾公博林布鲁克勋爵告诉我的一节故事:他有一次前往登岸处,迎接统治意大利的萨伏伊王室的尤金王子,以便引他晋见女王陛下。王子说他担心那天晚上不能去见女王,因为霍夫曼先生(他当时就站在旁边)已经禀告殿下,由于王子头上束着佩鲁基男子假发,因而未必能受到接见。王子的服饰用品尚未送来,他曾试着在随从僮仆之间借一个长的假发,但无结果。吾公将此事视为笑话,径自带着王子去见女王。为了此事,吾公还受到全体绅士领宾员的指责,正是从他们之中,枯燥沉闷的霍夫曼老先生,法国皇帝陛下的驻外公

在变化，于是，由于它缺乏理性的基础而常为明智的人所不屑。此外，礼貌形式还因国而异，而且过了一段时期，在同一国家也时常发生变化。因此，一个旅行者每经一地时，先是对当地的礼貌习俗陌生无知，而等到他回家时，他对自己地方的礼貌习俗也感到同样陌生。随时变化的礼貌形式毕竟比容貌姓名更容易被人记住或忘却。

确实如此，浅薄的年轻小伙子从国外带回来许多无礼的行为，其中以对礼仪形式的盲从最为严重，也较其他无礼行为更为突出。他们认为这些礼仪形式不仅可供选择使用并且还至关重要，在各种场合把他们带来的新形式新花样到处热情介绍鼓吹。因此，一般说来，一群人中最没有教养的要算新近回国的年轻旅行者。

【赏析】

一方风土一方人情。大凡礼仪之邦，讲究礼数之风尤盛。然而“言为士则、行为世范”的言谈行止恐怕终是理想而已。刘姥姥走进大观园，钟鸣鼎食之家的繁文缛节便行不通，而她依然不失本色，一举一动是可爱而非可笑。正如文章开头所讲的，对待农夫商贩当以酒食款待才不为失礼。斯威夫特虽然出身清寒，但多年追随坦普尔爵士，时常出入上流社会，所见所闻自然成为其讽刺的谈资笑柄。不过作者的旨趣一目了然，即善意规劝。这篇遗墨发表于 1754 年，题目具有普遍的和典型的意义。国情各异，而文明社会的基本要素则有其一脉相通之处，所以本文至今对于我们仍然有所裨益，值得认真一读，仔细体会。作者开门见山，指出礼貌是为了便于人际交往。但是物极必反，走到虚礼矫饰的地步，“倒不如与农夫商贩的交谈更为轻松自如。”虽然是论说文字，但读起来却毫无高头讲章的学究气。行文之妙就在于夹叙夹议，亦庄亦谐，穿

插故事，笔调自然质朴而不乏妙趣。议论时侃侃而谈，观点鲜明且偶露锋芒；叙事时生动活泼，轻描淡写而有声有色，故全篇章法起伏跌宕，不显板滞。在结构上也颇见特色，短句与长段并用，文若连环，节节相扣，几经转折而逐步深化，可见文无定则，灵活运用善于变化才是真功夫。

LORD CHESTERFIELD (1694-1773)

【简介】

切斯特菲尔德勋爵，书信作家、外交家。出身于辉格党人家庭，大学毕业后去国远游。在下院供职近十年，曾出使荷兰和爱尔兰。喜好文学，和诗人蒲柏及约翰·盖依素有交往。英国文学史上以家书名世者共有三位：贺拉斯·沃尔浦尔、玛丽·沃特莱·蒙塔古和切斯特菲尔德，而论机智文采，当首推切氏。切氏长期给他的私生子写信，旨在规劝教育。《训子书》和《致教子书》以长者口吻告诫晚辈在上流社会应有的品行礼数。出版后颇有影响，几近家喻户晓，英国人曾奉为良好教养的必读指南。在英伦堪与中国颜之推的《颜氏家训》相媲美。但当时约翰逊博士不以为然，痛加指责，斥之为"教诲的是娼妓的道德和舞师的行止"。

【原文】

Upon Affectation

Most people complain of fortune, few of nature; and the kinder they think the latter has been to them, the more they murmur at what they call the injustice of the former.

destroyed. Probably he was so; at least the presumption is in his favour. There are, I am persuaded, so many cases of this nature, that for my own part I would desire no greater step towards the reformation of manners for the next twenty years, than that our people should have no vices but *their own*.

The blockhead who affects wisdom, because nature has given him dulness, becomes ridiculous only by his adopted character; whereas he might have stagnated unobserved in his native mud, or perhaps have engrossed deeds, collected shells, and studied heraldry, or logic, with some success.

The shining coxcomb aims at all, and decides finally upon everything, because nature has given him pertness. The degree of parts and animal spirits, necessary to constitute that character, if properly applied, might have made him useful in many parts of life; but his affectation and presumption make him useless in most, and ridiculous in all.

The septuagenary fine gentleman might probably, from his long experience and knowledge of the world, be esteemed and respected in the several relations of domestic life, which, at his age, nature points out to him: he will most ridiculously spin out the rotten thread of his former gallantries. He dresses, languishes, ogles, as he did at five-and-twenty; and modestly intimates that he is not without a *bonne fortune*; which *bonne fortune* at last appears to be the prostitute he had long kept not to himself, whom he marries and owns, because *the poor girl was so fond of him and so desirous to be made an honest woman*.

The sexagenary widow remembers that she was handsome, but forgets that it was thirty years ago, and thinks herself so, or at least, very *likeable*, still. The pardonable affecta-

tions of her youth and beauty unpardonably continue, increase even with her years, and are doubly exerted in hopes of concealing the number. All the gaudy glittering parts of dress, which rather degraded than adorned her beauty in its bloom, now expose to the highest and justest ridicule her shrivelled or her overgrown carcass. She totters or sweats under the load of her jewels, embroideries, and brocades, which, like so many Egyptian hieroglyphics, serve only to authenticate the venerable antiquity of her august mummy. Her eyes dimly twinkle tenderness, or leer desire: their language, however inelegant, is intelligible, and the half-pay captain understands it. He addresses his vows to her vanity, which assures her they are sincere. She pities him, and prefers him to credit, decency, and every social duty. He tenderly prefers her, though not without some hesitation, to a jail.

Self-love, kept within due bounds, is a natural and useful sentiment. It is, in truth, social love too, as Mr. Pope[①] has very justly observed: it is the spring of many good actions, and of no ridiculous ones. But self-flattery is only the ape, or caricature of self-love, and resembles it no more than to heighten the ridicule. Like other flattery, it is the most profusely bestowed and greedily swallowed, where it is the least deserved. I will conclude this subject with the substance of a fable of the ingenious Monsieur de la Motte, which seems not unapplicable to it.

Jupiter made a lottery in heaven, in which mortals, as well as gods, were allowed to have tickets. The prize was WISDOM; and Minerva got it. The mortals murmured, and ac-

① 指英国诗人亚历山大·蒲柏 (1688 1744)。

倘若有一头过多地往下沉,我们就会在轻的一头投上一枚大小适当的虚荣的砝码,它每次都会将天平重新调平,从不出差错。因此就出现了这种情况:几乎没有人会毫无保留地和另一个人里里外外地全部对换一下。

虽然对于自然的分配,人人都感到满意;然而肯听听她的忠告的人却是如此之少!能将她当作向导而跟随其后的人又是如此之少!她徒然地为我们指出一条通向真理的笔直的坦途;而虚荣、幻想、矫情、时髦却俨然以她的面貌出现,暗中将我们曲折地引入仙境,走向愚笨和谬误。

这些背离自然的举动往往伴随着严重的,而且总是荒唐可笑的后果;因为没有什么比这样一个老生常谈更加真实:"人们显得荒唐可笑,决不是因为表现出真实的自我,而是因为装扮出并非自我的模样。"矫情是造成荒唐可笑的唯一原因,同时也是荒唐可笑唯一无可非议的对象。不论什么人,不管他的托词是什么,都不可能拥有一种与生俱来的使自己变得荒唐的权利;这种权利是后天的,是不经过努力无法获得的,也许这就是为什么这么多人对这种权利如此嫉妒,如此抓住不放的原因。甚至有些人身上的弱点并不是他们自身所固有的,而是伪装出来,或是从别人那儿借来的,当时也不使他们感到愉快,只是为了在时髦的上流社会里光彩照人。因为在这类上流社会里,某些弱点倒是颇能流光溢彩呢。在这些情况中,矫情的伪装正如意图的荒诞一样,通常显得十分笨拙,而且荒唐与过失是不相上下的。

这使我想起了一件发生在不久以前的事。一个有些地位和财富的年轻人,刚刚从大学校门解放出来,为了在世上崭露头角,决定将自己装扮成那种被他称作浪荡子的角色。他常常出入戏院,在戏院里经常喝醉,吵闹不休,以此来获取他所要从事的那一行当的基本知识。一天晚上,在观看一出荒诞不经的戏《毁灭的浪荡子》时,他被剧中主人公荒淫无度的举止深深吸引,便对那些前来接受教化的观众屡屡发誓说他要

成为那个毁灭的浪荡子。一位坐在他身旁的言行谨慎的朋友好心地对他说，做一个浪荡子固然是个值得称赞的主意，对此他也大为赞许；但是做一个毁灭的浪荡子，却未免过于轻率，在他看来大可不必。然而此人执意不改初衷，坚持要做一个浪荡子，一个毁灭的浪荡子。也许他确实毁灭了，至少根据推理，他是应该毁灭的。这故事使我相信，有那么多不同情况的自然，因此就我本人而言，在未来的二十年里我不想在改变自己的行为举止方面迈出更大的一步，而只是希望人们拥有仅仅属于他们自己的弱点。

一个佯作智慧的笨人，因为自然赋予他愚钝滞笨的本性，所以他那从别处借来的性格只会使他显得荒唐可笑；然而倘若他不为人注意地滞留在自己土生土长的泥淖里，或者全神贯注地做些事情，拣拣贝壳，学习学习纹章学或逻辑学，或许反倒会有所获益。

一个兴致勃勃的花花公子把目标瞄准一切，而且什么都想到手，因为自然赋予他活泼伶俐的气质。那构成他性格的必不可少的才华和勇敢精神，若是运用得恰到好处，或许会使他在一生的许多方面成就为有用人才；但是他的矫作和傲慢却使他在很多场合一无用处，在一切场合都显得荒唐可笑。

一位年逾七旬的可爱的绅士，也许由于他漫长的人生经历和处世阅历而在他的家庭生活中受到人们的敬重，在他这样的年纪，人自然会向他指出：要是他依旧沉浸于他那已经霉烂的昔日骑士风度的故事里，他将显得可笑之至。他还像二十五岁时那样精心打扮着自己，做出惹人怜爱的感伤神态，不时向人飞着媚眼；谦逊地向人暗示他的运气不错，而这好运气最后竟是他长期供养的一个妓女，他娶了这妓女，因为这可怜的女孩对他如此钟情，而且又如此迫切地希望自己成为一个诚实的好女子。

一位年过六十的寡妇依然记得自己曾经长得十分标致，却忘了那已是三十年前的容颜，以为自己今日仍然丰姿未减，

至少容貌依旧。她年轻貌美时尚可原谅的娇揉造作此刻不可原谅地继续下去，而且与日俱增，为的是以加倍的娇情来掩盖自己的岁数。她身上所有那些闪闪发光的轻俗的装饰，即使在她如花的岁月也只能有损她的美丽，而不能为她增添丝毫光彩，到了今天则更是暴露了她那干瘪或过分臃肿的身躯，使之变得无与伦比的而且是理所当然的荒唐可笑。她在那些珠宝、刺绣饰品和提花织锦的重负之下或是步履蹒跚，或是大汗淋漓。这些饰品很像埃及的象形文字，其作用仅仅是用来鉴定它所装饰的那具令人敬畏的木乃伊是一件货真价实的古代珍品而已。她那失去光泽的眼睛依然闪着脉脉的温情，或暗送秋波：它们所要表达的语言，不管如何缺少风雅，却是明明白白的，那个拿半薪的上尉军官是懂得个中意味的。他对她的虚荣心说了一套自己的盟誓，这盟誓的真诚使她深信不疑。她对他满怀爱怜之情，喜欢他竟胜过名誉、体面和所有的社会责任。至于他，虽然不无犹豫，还是情意绵绵地表示喜欢她胜过蹲监狱。

控制在适当范围内的自爱，是一种自然的也是有益的感情。而且事实上，它也是一种对于社会的爱，正如蒲柏先生非常正确地论述过的那样：它是许多良好行为的源泉，而不是荒唐行为的诱因。但是自吹自擂却只是对于自爱的一种夸张的、漫画式的模仿。要说与自爱有何相似之处，只是它更加突出其荒唐可笑而已。和其他奉承一样，它赠予时最慷慨，接受时最贪婪，同时却最名不符实。下面我将用足智多谋的德·拉莫特先生的寓言来结束这个话题，这寓言看来对这话题倒颇相宜。

说是朱庇特在天上搞了个摇奖抽彩活动，不论神祇还是凡人都可以买彩票，奖品是智慧。于是智慧女神密涅瓦得了头奖。凡人们嘀咕了起来，责怪天上的神祇营私舞弊。为了平息诽谤，朱庇特宣布搞一种神祇不能参加、专为凡人举办的摇奖抽彩。奖品是愚笨。凡人们中奖之后便在他们中间分享

起来。结果人人心满意足。再也没有人对失去智慧感到后悔，甚至根本没有人还记得此事。愚笨取代了智慧的位置，那些分得最多的愚笨的人便自以为是最聪明的人了。

【赏析】

这是一篇既有针砭又有规劝的论说小品。在布局上井井有条，行文的逻辑性很强，全篇结构严谨，承转自然，文字十分工稳。虽然旨趣在于说明道理，不过采用的是夹叙夹议的笔法，同时穿插了趣闻逸事，并以一则寓言结尾，所以显得生动且有情趣，毫无枯燥板滞之感。

所谓人情练达即文章，切斯特菲尔德颇得个中三昧。文章开头一句是客观写照，针对常见的人情世态而发，足以引起读者的共鸣，继而进一步揭破世人最为普通的怨言，为下文的议论作了必要的铺垫。接下来四段一气贯穿，具有严密的逻辑性。先是承上启下，略加发挥，随后点出主题，道出因果关系，人们是由于"背离自然"才导致了"矫揉造作"的后果；然后发表议论，得出结论。接着笔锋一转，讲了一件趣事：一个纨绔子弟执意要"做浪荡子"，从而达到出人头地的目的。第七段至第十段又是一个转换，泛泛而论，从后生谈到长者，多少人间丑态尽在其中，读者若有悟性，当扪心自问，深刻反省。第十一段似乎是作者的用意所在：建议人们要有恰当节制的自爱。最后一段的寓言故事富于警策意味，要智慧还是要愚昧呢，世人自己去选择吧。

议论性质的随笔写得不仅有条有理而且有情有趣，可以说是精品了。形与神达到了比较完美的统一，用金相玉质来形容也许不算过分，从作文的角度来看，本文也值得玩味一番。

JOSEPH ADDISON (1672-1719)

【简介】

约瑟夫·艾迪生,散文家、剧作家和诗人。和斯梯尔多年同窗,共同创办《闲谈者》和《旁观者》,成为18世纪英国期刊文学代表人物。早年离开牛津大学后,在欧洲大陆周游数载,结识文坛名流,发表过《意大利观感》等。几度供职政界,担任过重要职位。文学创作上主张中产阶级的趣味标准,约翰逊称其散文为"中庸风格之楷模"。他的新古典主义悲剧《卡托》被视为当时的杰作。文章题材极为广泛,从时尚风教到时装款式,涉笔成章,闲情逸致每每溢于行间。有英国散文大师之称。

【原文】

Thoughts in Westminster Abbey

When I am in a serious humour, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey; where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thought-

fulness, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed a whole afternoon in the churchyard, the cloisters, and the church, amusing myself with the tombstones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another: the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances, that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons; who had left no other memorial of them, but that they were born and that they died. They put me in mind of several persons mentioned in the battles of heroic poems, who have sounding names given them, for no other reason but that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the head. The life of these men is finely described in holy writ by 'the path of an arrow'[1], which is immediately closed up and lost.

Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave; and saw in every shovelful of it that was thrown up, the fragment of a bone or skull intermixt with a kind of fresh mouldering earth, that some time or other had a place in the composition of a human body. Upon this I began to consider with myself what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together under the pavement of that ancient cathedral; how men and women, friends, and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common mass; how beauty, strength, and youth, with old age, weakness, and de-

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[1] 见《圣经·所罗门的智慧》,第5章,第12-13节。

formity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter.

After having thus surveyed this great magazine of mortality, as it were, in the lump; I examined it more particularly by the accounts which I found on several of the monuments which are raised in every quarter of that ancient fabric. Some of them were covered with such extravagant epitaphs, that, if it were possible for the dead person to be acquainted with them, he would blush at the praises which his friends have bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively modest, that they deliver the character of the person departed in Greek or Hebrew, and by that means are not understood once in a twelvemonth. In the poetical quarter, I found there were poets who had no monuments, and monuments which had no poets. I observed, indeed, that the present war[1] has filled the church with many of these uninhabited monuments, which had been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies were perhaps buried in the plains of Blenheim, or in the bosom of the ocean.

I could not but be very much delighted with several modern epitaphs, which are written with great elegance of expression and justness of thought, and therefore do honour to the living as well as to the dead. As a foreigner is very apt to conceive an idea of the ignorance or politeness of a nation, from the turn of their public monuments and inscriptions, they should be submitted to the perusal of men of learning and genius, before they are put in execution. Sir Cloudesly Shovel's[2] monument has very often given me great offence: instead of the brave

① 指1701-1714年西班牙争夺王位之战。
② 克劳德斯利·肖维尔，16世纪英国海军名将。

rough English Admiral, which was the distinguishing character of that plain gallant man, he is represented on his tomb by the figure of a beau, dressed in a long periwig, and reposing himself upon velvet cushions under a canopy of state. The inscription is answerable to the monument; for instead of celebrating the many remarkable actions he had performed in the service of his country, it acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any honour. The Dutch, whom we are apt to despise for want of genius, show an infinitely greater taste of antiquity and politeness in their buildings and works of this nature, than what we meet with in those of our own country. The monuments of their admirals, which have been erected at the public expense, represent them like themselves; and are adorned with rostral crowns and naval ornaments, with beautiful festoons of seaweed, shells, and coral.

But to return to our subject. I have left the repository of our English kings for the contemplation of another day, when I shall find my mind disposed for so serious an amusement. I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds and gloomy imaginations; but for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can therefore take a view of nature in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myself with those objects which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with

compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow: when I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day[①] when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

【译文】

威斯敏斯特教堂里的遐想

张建平　译

每当心情沉重的时候,我总是独自一人去威斯敏斯特教堂;那里肃穆的气氛,教堂特有的神职,庄重的建筑,在那里安息的人们的身份地位,无不给人的心里注满一种忧郁,或不妨说令人沉思,令人欣然。昨天我在教堂墓地、回廊和教堂里度过了整整一个下午,在好几个墓区里,打量墓碑和碑文,聊以自娱。大部分的墓碑上只刻着死者姓名和生卒年月:人们对其一生的了解也只在于人类所共有的生死两字。对于那些逝去的人们的生死记录,不管是刻在铜牌上还是刻在大理石碑上,我都不由自主地将它们看作是对死者的一种讽刺;他们没

① 指上帝的最后审判日。

【赏析】

对于英国文化略知一二的读者，多半都知道伦敦有个威斯敏斯特教堂。一则它是英国建筑物中带有典型哥特风格的一处景观，再则它是英国历史的缩影和化身，同时也成为民族的圣地。从建堂以来，距今已有千百年的历史，朝代更迭，王位易人，教堂几经修葺，依然屹立于风雨中。艾迪生时常留恋此地，想必在凭吊古贤的同时，自己可以获得片刻的解脱。感叹人生如寄，尽揽物化迁变，人的心情反而轻松了许多。无怪作者每至此地，总是徘徊良久，重温碑文而聊以自娱，教堂里作出了好文章，今人怕是难得有此雅兴了。

文章开始说明了去教堂的目的，作者感到那儿肃穆的气氛可以令人沉思，也能使人欣然。论生命，从终极意义来看，无非生死而已；论心绪，一般说来，也不过是悲喜二字罢了。因而流连墓地的时候，作者看得很透，墓志"不论刻在铜牌还是大理石碑上"，都是"对死者的一种讽刺"。第二段是一个转折，他从静态写到动态，因为看到挖坟掘墓，腐土和尸骸混成一团，由此想到了生前身分不论是高贵还是卑贱，最后毕竟殊途同归。三、四两段谈了个人对古今铭文的一些想法。作者以为，树碑立传不只是关乎死者个人，更为重要者，所写铭文是否恰如其分地体出了一国文明的程度。结尾一段抒发情怀，读者虽然对这位18世纪的作家不甚了了，但是却能和他产生共鸣，而且从他真诚而朴素的言语中受到启迪。

时隔将近三个世纪，这篇随笔的文字读来却不觉其古，不觉其难，显然大手笔经得住时间的检验。约翰逊博士对艾迪生的文笔推崇备至，他谈到如果"希望企及一种英语的风格，亲切而不粗俗，优雅而不卖弄，必须日日夜夜研读大量艾迪生的文章。"这个评价便在今日看来，仍然令人觉得十分中肯。

SIR RICHARD STEELE (1672-1729)

【简介】

理查德·斯梯尔，散文家、剧作家。出生于都柏林，大学读书期间弃学从戎。和约·艾迪生同庚，两人先后合办散文刊物《闲谈者》和《旁观者》，并称于世。咖啡馆和俱乐部是其寄托踪迹的一个所在，也构成其生活乐趣的一番天地，他在许多随笔中记载了自己的所见所闻。从政治风云到家庭生活，从道德伦理到个人品行，笔触无所不及。每每对文明生活的各个方面发表观感，寓教于乐，笔调诙谐。此外创办期刊多种，以《卫报》影响最大。早期剧作有《葬礼》和《说谎的情人》，最著名的喜剧为《有心的情侣》，代表了当时的感伤主义精神。

【原文】

On Recollections of Childhood

There are those among mankind, who can enjoy no relish of their being, except the world is made acquainted with all that relates to them, and think every thing lost that passes unobserved; but others find a solid delight in stealing by the crowd, and modelling their life after such a manner, as is as

much above the approbation as the practice of the vulgar. Life being too short to give instances great enough of true friendship or good will, some sages have thought it pious to preserve a certain reverence for the manes of their deceased friends; and have withdrawn themselves from the rest of the world at certain seasons, to commemorate in their own thoughts such of their acquaintance who have gone before them out of this life. And indeed, when we are advanced in years, there is not a more pleasing entertainment, than to recollect in a gloomy moment the many we have parted with, that have been dear and agreeable to us, and to cast a melancholy thought or two after those, with whom, perhaps, we have indulged ourselves in whole nights of mirth and jollity. With such inclinations in my heart I went to my closet yesterday in the evening, and resolved to be sorrowful; upon which occasion I could not but look with disdain upon myself, that though all the reasons which I had to lament the loss of many of my friends are now as forcible as at the moment of their departure, yet did not my heart swell with the same sorrow which I felt at the time; but I could, without tears, reflect upon many pleasing adventures I have had with some, who have long been blended with common earth. Though it is by the benefit of nature, that length of time thus blots out the violence of afflictions; yet, with tempers too much given to pleasure, it is almost necessary to revive the old places of grief in our memory; and ponder step by step on past life, to lead the mind into that sobriety of thought which poises the heart, and makes it beat with due time, without being quickened with desire, or retarded with despair, from its proper and equal motion. When we wind up a clock that is out of order, to make it go well for the future, we do not immediately set the

hand to the present instant, but we make it strike the round of all its hours, before it can recover the regularity of its time. Such, thought I, shall be my method this evening; and since it is that day of the year which I dedicate to the memory of such in another life as I much delighted in when living, an hour or two shall be sacred to sorrow and their memory, while I run over all the melancholy circumstances of this kind which have occurred to me in my whole life.

The first sense of sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age; but was rather amazed at what all the house meant, than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a beating the coffin, and calling Papa; for, I know not how, I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My mother catched me in her arms, and, transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embraces; and told me in a flood of tears, 'Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under ground, whence he could never come to us again.' She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was a dignity in her grief amidst all the wildness of her transport; which, methought, struck me with an instinct of sorrow, that, before I was sensible of what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since. The mind in infancy is, methinks, like the body in embryo; and receives impressions so forcible, that they are as hard to be removed by reason, as any mark with which a child is born is to

fulness, and attended with so much honour. But when we turn our thoughts from the great parts of life on such occasions, and instead of lamenting those who stood ready to give death to those from whom they had the fortune to receive it; I say, when we let our thoughts wander from such noble objects, and consider the havoc which is made among the tender and the innocent, pity enters with an unmixed softness, and possesses all our souls at once.

Here (were there words to express such sentiments with proper tenderness) I should record the beauty, innocence, and untimely death, of the first object my eyes ever beheld with love. The beauteous virgin! How ignorantly did she charm, how carelessly excel! Oh death! thou hast right to the bold, to the ambitious, to the high, and to the haughty; but why this cruelty to the humble, to the meek, to the undiscerning, to the thoughtless? Nor age, nor business, nor distress, can erase the dear image from my imagination. In the same week, I saw her dressed for a ball, and in a shroud. How ill did the habit[1] of death become the pretty trifler! I still behold the smiling earth[2] — A large train of disasters were coming on to my memory, when my servant knocked at my closet-door, and interrupted me with a letter, attended with a hamper of wine, of the same sort with that which is to be put to sale on Thursday next, at Garraway's coffeehouse[3]. Upon the receipt of it, I sent for three of my friends. We are so intimate, that we can

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① 意为"garment".

② 意为"her mortal remains".

③ 安妮女王治下咖啡馆是伦敦生活最热闹的去处，据说有五百余家。这里提到的加拉威咖啡馆当时富商云集，加拉威在17世纪末叶开张这家咖啡馆，并且是伦敦零售茶叶的第一人。

禁鄙视地打量着自己,我要哀悼失去的许多友朋,尽管情理上一如他们辞世之际那么令人情不自禁,但我的心里却不会涌起当年那样的悲伤;我能够眼中无泪,回想起和某些人共同体验过的许多大快人意的惊险经历,而他们却早已混入尘土了。虽然由于天赐,漫长的光阴磨灭了剧烈的痛苦;不过人是生性爱好快乐的,所以几乎有必要在我们的记忆里重温悲哀的旧地;一步一步思索过去的生活,引导理智进入那种稳定内心的沉静思维的境界,让它适时地跳动,不会由于欲望而加快跳动,或由于绝望而放慢跳动,没有超出它固有的均匀的运动。时钟走得不准时了,我们就得上发条;要让它走得准时的话,我们这时不要马上把时针拨到此时此刻,而要让它从头走起,然后才能恢复规则的报时。我以为,这就是我今晚的方法;因为某年某月某日我是同来回忆另一位在世时我所十分喜爱的人的生命,所以要奉献一两个时辰去悲痛和追思,同时我也回顾一生中我所碰到的各种令人神伤的际遇。

我平生体验到的第一次悲痛是父亲的去世,当时我还不满五岁;与其说真正明白了没有人愿意同我玩耍的缘故,不如说我对家中的一切情况感到惊诧。我记得走进父亲停尸的房间,母亲在尸体旁边独自啜泣。我手里还拿着球拍,在棺材上敲打了一阵,叫唤着爸爸;因为我当时有点知道他是封闭在那里了,我现在也不知是怎么知道的。母亲把我抓在怀抱里,不能自已,超过了以前她所忍受住的默默的悲伤,她在拥抱时差点使我透不过气来;她泪如潮涌,告诉我说,"爸爸听不到你的话了,再也不能陪你玩了,他们就要把他埋入土里,永远也不会回到我们身边了。"她是一个非常美丽的妇女,精神高贵,陷于情不自禁悲痛欲绝的境地时,仍然不失尊严;我想,这一点打动了我悲痛的本能,在我没有感觉到有什么可哀悼的之前,悲痛的本能就占据了我的全部心灵,从此以后这种本能使得怜悯成了我内心的弱点。我想,孩提时的精神就像胚胎时的身体那样,得到的印象如此强烈,以致很难用理性去消除,正

如胎儿出生时带来的胎记，日后不论用什么方法都无法去掉。因此，我身上的善良性格并非是什么优点：在我懂得任何痛苦的原因或者能够从自己的判断中形成抵抗力之前，她的眼泪往往使我无法把持，我吸收的是同情悔恨，没有阳刚之气的温雅心灵，这使我以后陷入了重重苦难；我从中得不到任何益处，除了处于我现在这样的心情之外，我只好沉浸于人性的柔和之中，体味回忆过去的痛苦时分产生的那种甜蜜的渴望心情。

我们这些年纪很大的人，更容易记起远在青年时代我们身上所发生的事情，而淡忘了以后岁月的推移。因此，在表示哀悼的这种祭灵仪式上，我年富力强时的伴侣立刻就会宛然在目。不幸的夭折是我们往往不由自主为之哀悼的；虽然我们明知事情一定要发生，一旦果然发生了，我们还是难以做到漠然置之。因此我们不堪承受生活而呻吟，同时哀悼那些已经从中解脱出来的人们。每件回到我们想象中的东西，由于消失的具体情形不同，便产生出不同的激情。经过戎马生涯的人，遇到心情沉重的时候，谁能够回想许许多多快乐可爱的人们，他们本可以在和平事业中大有可为，不必和孤儿寡母一起去诅咒，痛骂暴君，竟由于后者的野心而变成牺牲品？但是死于刀剑之下的勇士，更能引起我们的崇敬，而非怜悯；他们蔑视死亡，我们从中得到了足够的宽慰；能够如此欣然地看待而又如此光荣地接受，我们认为这绝非邪恶。但是遇到这类场合，当我们让思绪避开人生的重大职责，不去哀悼那些准备献身的人，而是想到那些有幸面对死亡的人，我是说，当我们让自己的思绪游离这些崇高的目的，同时考虑一下战争给幼小者和无辜者造成的灾难，这时纯粹温柔的怜悯之情便油然而生，顿时占据了我们所有人的灵魂。

在此（要是有文字能以恰如其分的温情来表达这种情操的话）我应该记述我的双眼曾怀着爱情所见到的初恋对象，记述她的美丽、天真和夭折。多么美丽的处子啊！她是何等不

知不觉地妩媚动人，又是何等若无其事地超群出众！呜呼，死亡！你有权处置鲁莽者、野心家、高位者、自大者；但是对待卑微、温顺、不会辨别、不会思考的人们何以如此残酷！不论年纪多大，事务多忙，心情多苦，都无法从我的想象中抹去这亲爱的形象。在同一个礼拜里，我见到她盛装赴舞会，又眼看着她裹尸入殓。死亡的丧衣跟这尤物多么不配！我依然看见那含笑的遗体——接踵而来的不幸涌入了我的记忆，这时我的仆人到我密室来敲门，拿着一封信打断了我的回忆，同时带来一篮子酒，品类和下星期四加拉威咖啡馆要出售的一样。一收到酒，我便叫来三位好友。我们十分亲密无间，不论在什么心情下见面都能相聚，都能相互请客，不一定总是期待着开开心心。我们发现酒味醇厚暖身，可是热度正好使我们觉得兴致冲冲，而不是喝了使人戏闹一番。这酒喝了提神而又不令人热血沸腾。我们畅饮到凌晨两点；我们是晚餐前一会儿碰头的，尽管每人都喝了两瓶，我们仍然发觉头脑十分清醒，是记得而不是忘掉了昨夜的情景。

【赏析】

这篇怀旧随笔追述了儿时的亲身经历，感慨系之，真诚而深沉，所以令人动容，是英国文学史上历来传诵的名篇。作者将近不惑之年，在作文的前夜闭门思亲人，念故旧。扪心自问之余，感到羞愧的是哀伤之情不如当年丧亲时那么痛切了。于是想到把昔日的悲痛和哀思形诸笔墨，这就是本文的缘起。

第一段是理性的思考，作者并不急于点题，而是冷眼看世人。一类是眼睛永远盯住身边和眼前的事物；另一类则宁可远离茫茫人海，超脱尘世纷扰，作者显然属于这一类人。他认为要达到方寸不乱、宁静致远的境界，怀念已故的亲人和往事是有必要的，而且重温似水年华可以使人修养性情，可见斯梯

尔命笔之际抱有双重目的。第二段笔调一转,完全以记述的口吻,充满哀伤和眷恋,回忆起小时候家中突然的变故,写年少失怙之痛和母亲怜悯之心对自己善良性格的影响。多少年过去了,母亲往日的悲伤音容依然出现在他的耳畔眼前。第三段作者的思绪转向军旅岁月中阵亡的战友。在威廉三世治下的对法战争中,作者曾弃学从军,如今有感于"少者殁而长者存,强者夭而病者全",不仅发出了悲愤之鸣,而且控诉了战争造成的灾难。末尾一节的过接转换大起大落,从不能自已的痛苦写到仆人送来礼物,继而借酒浇愁,运笔可谓戛戛独造。写初恋的女子只有三言两语,孰料红颜命薄,竟在短短一周内从舞场走向坟墓,斯梯尔无限悲痛地叹息死神的不公,读者恍惚觉得满纸血泪,不忍卒读。

文章千古事,终不出情理二字。全文出入情理,悱恻无极而又发人省悟,恰到好处地处理了情与理的关系。

SAMUEL JOHNSON (1709-1784)

【简介】

塞缪尔·约翰逊，词典编纂家、散文家和评论家。出身于书商家庭，因贫困而辍学。自幼酷爱读书，学贯古今，成为英国旷古绝伦的大文豪。为人慷慨笃于情谊，言谈机锋四溢，举座为之倾倒。生平趣事在鲍斯韦尔的《约翰逊传》中有许多生动的记载。写作生涯始于报章撰稿，一生勤于笔耕，著作等身。著述范围涉猎广泛，包括随笔、评论、诗歌、传记、小说。创办报纸《漫步者》，主持文学俱乐部，雅集文人墨客和学界名流。历时九载完成《英文词典》，驰名天下。编注《莎士比亚集》，校勘疏证功力过人。诗歌代表作有《伦敦》、《人类欲望的虚幻》，小说有《阿比西尼亚王子——拉塞勒斯》，传记有《英国诗人传》。

【原文】

Conversation

None of the desires dictated by vanity is more general, or less blamable, than that of being distinguished for the arts of conversation. Other accomplishments may be possessed without

opportunity of exerting them, or wanted without danger that the defect can often be remarked; but as no man can live, otherwise than in an hermitage, without hourly pleasure or vexation, from the fondness or neglect of those about him, the faculty of giving pleasure is of continual use. Few are more frequently envied than those who have the power of forcing attention wherever they come, whose entrance is considered as a promise of felicity, and whose departure is lamented, like the recess of the sum from northern climates, as a privation of all that enlivens fancy, or inspirits gaiety.

It is apparent, that to excellence in this valuable art, some peculiar qualifications are necessary: for every one's experience will inform him, that the pleasure which men are able to give in conversation, holds no stated proportion to their knowledge or their virtue. Many find their way to the tables and the parties of those who never consider them as of the least importance in any other place: we have all, at one time or other, been content to love those whom we could not esteem, and been persuaded to try the dangerous experiment of admitting him for a companion, whom we knew to be too ignorant for a counsellor, and too treacherous for a friend.

I question whether some abatement of character is not necessary to general acceptance. Few spend their time with much satisfaction under the eye of uncontestable superiority; and therefore, among those whose presence is courted at assemblies of jollity, there are seldom found men eminently distinguished for powers or acquisitions. The wit whose vivacity condemns slower tongues to silence, the scholar whose knowledge allows no man to fancy that he instructs him, the critic who suffers no fallacy to pass undetected, and the reasoner who condemns the

idle to thought, and the negligent to attention, are generally praised and feared, reverenced and avoided.

He that would please must rarely aim at such excellence as depresses his hearers in their own opinion, or debars them from the hope of contributing reciprocally to the entertainment of the company. Merriment, extorted by sallies of imagination, sprightliness of remark, or quickness of reply, is too often what the Latins call, the Sardinian laughter, a distortion of the face without gladness of heart.

For this reason, no style of conversation is more extensively acceptable than the narrative. He who has stored his memory with slight anecdotes, private incidents, and personal peculiarities, seldom fails to find his audience favourable. Almost every man listens with eagerness to contemporary history; for almost every man has some real or imaginary connexion with a celebrated character, some desire to advance or oppose a rising name. Vanity often co-operates with curiosity. He that is a hearer in one place, qualifies himself to become a speaker in another; for though he cannot comprehend a series of argument, or transport the volatile spirit of wit without evaporation, he yet thinks himself able to treasure up the various incidents of a story, and please his hopes with the information which he shall give to some inferior society.

Narratives are for the most part heard without envy, because they are not supposed to imply any intellectual qualities above the common rate . To be acquainted with facts not yet echoed by plebeian mouths, may happen to one man as well as to another; and to relate them when they are known, has in appearance so little difficulty, that every one concludes himself equal to the task.

But it is not easy, and in some situations of life not possible, to accumulate such a stock of materials as may support the expense of continual narration; and it frequently happens, that they who attempt this method of ingratiating themselves, please only at the first interview; and, for want of new supplies of intelligence, wear out their stories by continual repetition.

There would be, therefore, little hope of obtaining the praise of a good companion, were it not to be gained by more compendious methods; but such is the kindness of mankind to all, except those who aspire to real merit and rational dignity, that every understanding may find some way to excite benevolence; and whoever is not envied may learn the art of procuring love. We are willing to be pleased, but are not willing to admire: we favour the mirth or officiousness that solicits our regard, but oppose the worth or spirit that enforces it.

The first place among those that please, because they desire only to please, is due to the *merry fellow*, whose laugh is loud, and whose voice is strong; who is ready to echo every jest with obstreperous approbation, and countenance every frolick with vociferations of applause. It is not necessary to a merry fellow to have in himself any fund of jocularity or force of conception; it is sufficient that he always appears in the highest exaltation of gladness, for the greater part of mankind are gay or serious by infection, and follow without resistance the attraction of example.

Next to the merry fellow is the *good-natured man*, a being generally without benevolence, or any other virtue, than such as indolence and insensibility confer. The characteristic of a good-natured man is to bear a joke; to sit unmoved and unaffected amidst noise and turbulence, profaneness and obscenity;

to hear every tale without contradiction; to endure insult without reply; and to follow the stream of folly, whatever course it shall happen to take. The good-natured man is commonly the darling of the petty wits, with whom they exercise themselves in the rudiments of raillery; for he never takes advantage of failings, nor disconcerts a puny satirist with unexpected sarcasms; but while the glass continues to circulate, contentedly bears the expense of an uninterrupted laughter, and retires rejoicing at his own importance.

The *modest man* is companion of a yet lower rank, whose only power of giving pleasure is not to interrupt it. The modest man satisfies himself with peaceful silence, which all his companions are candid enough to consider as proceeding not from inability to speak, but willingness to hear.

Many, without being able to attain any general character of excellence, have some single art of entertainment which serves them as a passport through the world. One I have known for fifteen years the darling of a weekly club, because every night, precisely at eleven, he begins his favourite song, and during the vocal performance, by corresponding motions of his hand, chalks out a giant upon the wall. Another has endeared himself to a long succession of acquaintances by sitting among them with his wig reversed; another by contriving to smut the nose of any stranger who was to be initiated in the club; another by purring like a cat, and then pretending to be frighted; and another by yelping like a hound, and calling to the drawers to drive out the dog.

Such are the arts by which cheerfulness is promoted, and sometimes friendship established; arts, which those who despise them should not rigorously blame, except when they are

practised at the expense of innocence; for it is always necessary to be loved, but not always necessary to be reverenced.

【译文】

谈话的艺术

聂振雄　译

虚荣心使人生出种种愿望，其中最普通，或者最少受非议的，莫过于希望能以谈话艺术博得他人刮目相看。人或许会有其他才艺但却没有机会施展；即使没有，也不必担心这一缺陷会经常被人发现。但是，除非归隐山林，人只要活在世界上，就难免会因四周亲友的时亲时疏，有时得意，有时气恼，所以，予人快乐的本领也就始终会有用武之地。有些人不论到哪里都能成为众人瞩目的中心，一进门就仿佛欢乐也同时降临，但是一旦离去，大家又会惋惜不已，仿佛北方严寒天气里太阳突然消隐，仿佛想象失去了灵感，欢乐失去了源泉，少有其他人能像他们那样经常受到大家的艳羡。

显而易见，若要谙练这一宝贵艺术的精妙，必须具备某些特殊条件。我们的经验告诉我们，有人虽能通过谈话给人快乐，但是给人快乐的多寡与其道德学问并无相应的比例关系。许多人，若是换在其他场合，你决不会认为他们有什么重要，但是他们却会成为你家餐桌或者聚会的座上嘉宾。有些人，你虽无法尊敬，但却常常情不自禁地欢喜。有些人，你明知他们不学无术，不足以成为良师，而且狡黠多变，亦不足以成为益友，但却依然愿意冒险一试，将他们引为伴侣。

我十分怀疑，如果没有一点优容忍性的涵养，是否还能左

右逢源，受人欢迎。很少有人乐于在咄咄逼人的傲慢目光下度过他们的时间，因此，凡被争相邀请出席欢乐聚会的人，鲜见有钱有势的显贵人士。诙谐幽默者，如果妙语连珠，迫使拙于言辞的人羞于启口；饱学之士，如果高深莫测，令人难以从中受到教益；批评家，如果对每个谬误都不轻易放过；善于思辨者，如果迫使懒于思考的人不得不思考，迫使漫不经心的人不得不集中注意力，那么，十之八九，虽会受到称颂赞扬，却令人感到畏惧，虽会受到崇敬，却令人退避三舍。

要想使人高兴，就不能为了炫耀自己谈话艺术之精妙，迫使他人只能洗耳恭听，不敢发表自己的一得之见，或者剥夺他人希望，使他们无法贡献自己的一份力量，以达到悦人悦己的目的。如果仅靠想象奇特、话语俏皮、应对敏捷而使人欢笑，那么，那笑声往往只是拉丁人所说的撒丁人的笑声，脸上虽然强颜欢笑，心里却毫无快乐可言。

因此，若要受到众人普遍欢迎，谈话之道莫过于叙事。凡是腹中装满琐闻轶事、秘事掌故、奇行怪癖的人，极少不受听众偏爱。几乎人人都爱听当代史话，因为几乎人人都与某位名人有着某种或想象的关系，对于声誉日隆的名字都有一种或褒或贬的愿望。虚荣心与好奇心常常携手合作。有人在某个场合只能洗耳恭听，但到另一个场合便有了侃侃而谈的资格。他虽不能理解一系列论点，不能如实传达诙谐幽默的欢快精神，但却自信能将故事细节珍藏于心中，并且庆幸有了这些材料，便可满足自己的愿望，今后再将这些故事奉献给比自己孤陋寡闻的听众。

叙事一般说来不会引起听众的妒忌之心，因为没有人会认为叙事需要任何超越常人的聪明才智。知道一些尚未被市井小民传闻的事实，这样的巧事人人都能碰上；知道这些事实之后再转述给别人听，似乎也无多大困难，人人都会认为自己可以胜任。

但是，要积累足够的材料，补充不断讲述的消耗，却也不

是一件容易的事，在某些情况下甚至不可能。因此，试图用这种办法自我陶醉的人，往往只能在初次与人见面时讨得他人欢心，因为没有新的谈资供应，故事经过多次重复便会难以为继。

为此，如果不另谋更为简便易行的办法，就休想赢得好的伴侣的赞赏。但是，除了那些景仰真正才学品德和理性尊严的人之外，人类对于其他人都是宽大为怀。所以，只要能够善解人意便总能赢得善意的回报，只要不遭人妒忌便总能赢得他人喜爱。我们都乐于成为他人讨好的对象，却不甘心赞美他人：我们喜欢别人为博得我们的尊敬而说笑凑趣或者殷勤赐教，但却拒绝接受强行要求我们尊敬的价值或精神。

最能博得别人欢心的人首推那些乐天派，因为他们唯一的愿望就是让人高兴。他们笑声爽朗，嗓音雄浑，每听到值得一笑的笑话便会大声喝采，每遇到值得高兴的事就报之以阵阵掌声。乐天派本身无需博得他人欢笑的资本，也不具备任何领悟能力，他们只需要出现时永远处于兴高采烈状态便已足矣。因为一般说来，人的情绪，或欢快或严肃，均受他人感染，一旦有人作出表率，便会情不自禁效法模仿。

仅次于乐天派的是那些性格随和的人。这些人一般说来并非充满仁爱之心，也无其他崇高品德，其优点仅仅在于反应迟钝，感情麻木。性格随和的人的最大特点在于能够容忍笑话；即使置身于喧哗骚乱、污言秽语之中也能依然端坐，不为所动，不受影响；每个故事，他们都洗耳恭听，不表示任何异议；受到羞辱，他们也甘心忍受，不予反击；不论发生怎样荒诞不经的事情，他们也会紧跟其后，随波逐流。性格随和的人一般最受机智浅薄者的宠爱，是他们练习基本谐谑技巧的理想对象，因为性格随和的人从来不会利用别人的弱点，对于并不高明的嘲讽奚落也不会突然反唇相讥，令人难堪，但在觥筹交错之中却心甘情愿始终充当他人笑料，席散之后则更是洋洋得意，自以为是个重要角色。

生性谦虚的人则只能与更低一级的平庸之辈为伍，他们唯一予人快乐的本领在于永不打断别人。生性谦虚的人只求沉默静听，便心满意足，他的同伴都会真心实意以为他的沉默不是由于木讷寡言，而是乐于静听。

还有许多人，他们无法掌握一般类型的精湛技艺，却也自有一套办法讨人欢喜，凭了这套办法，他们犹如有了通行证，同样可以通行无阻。其中一位，我认识已有十五年，是一家俱乐部的宠儿。这家俱乐部每周聚会一次，每逢聚会的夜晚，11点一到，他便准时演唱他最喜欢的那首歌曲，而且一面演唱，一面用手配之以各种姿势，在墙上映出一个巨大身影。另外一位，总是反戴假发套出席一次又一次朋友的聚会，以此博得他们的钟爱。还有一位，每逢新会员入会，他总要想方设法把这位陌生人的鼻子抹黑。除此之外，还有一位靠的是学猫叫，然后又装出一副受到惊吓的模样。再有一位，则是一面学狗叫，一面吆喝酒保将狗赶出去。

上述种种，都是可以增加欢乐气氛的艺术，有时还能建立友谊。对于这些艺术，有人或许会嗤之以鼻，但是只要运用之时并不伤及无辜，务请不必严厉地加以责备；因为我们都永远需要被人喜欢，却并不永远需要受人崇敬。

【赏析】

言谈为一门艺术，不论中外古今，概莫能外。孔夫子曰：言之不文，行之不远。南朝刘义庆撰《世说新语》，开卷便为言语辟专章，置于德行之后。孔融年方十岁，应答机智。太中大夫陈韪不以为然，笑道“小时了了，大未必佳”。不意孔融出语惊人，回敬一句：“想君小时，必当了了”。这是一则十分熟悉的故事。英国文学史上，先前斯威夫特也以谈话为题写过一篇有名的言谈随笔。可见谈话不可小视，它在生活中具有相

当的重要性。

人际交往常常始于言谈。约翰逊本人的谈吐在朋友中间每每令人捧腹，所以在这篇文章中谈的内容很贴近生活，不妨说是经验之谈。他以为娴于言辞可以给人带来快乐。然而学问高深者也罢，善于品藻者也罢，在社交场合未必受到大家的欢迎。因为人们相聚并非为了领教什么高论，或者获得真知灼见。约翰逊主张的言谈要让大家得到乐趣。而其中的门道呢，看来作者有过一番研究。一要广闻博采，肚子里的掌故轶事得不断补充；二要有乐天随和的性格；三要应变机敏和善解人意，有些场合最好洗耳恭听，有些场合则可以头头是道。

这篇文字本身颇具约翰逊的典型风格，所谓文如其人也。全文结构松散，借题发挥而毫不拘泥。笔墨轻松风趣，如同友朋聚首时的随意交谈。段落和句式比较简短自然，结尾前一节还讲了几位身边熟人的交际本领。最后寥寥数言收尽前文，言虽尽而意味犹存。

DAVID HUME (1711-1776)

【简介】

大卫·休谟，哲学家、历史学家和作家。出生于爱丁堡，曾赴法国游学三年，撰写了他的第一部哲学著作《人性论》，对亚当·斯密产生过重大影响。担任圣克莱尔将军秘书后随军远征，并出使维也纳和都灵。《英国史》出版后，在英国和海外均受到盛赞，吉本和伏尔泰大为推崇。1763-1765 年任驻法国使馆秘书，受到文学界重视。文笔清通工稳，含讥夹讽。

【原文】

Of the Dignity or Meanness of Human Nature

There are certain sects, which secretly form themselves in the learned world, as well as factions in the political; and though sometimes they come not to an open rupture, they give a different turn to the ways of thinking of those who have taken part on either side. The most remarkable of this kind are the sects, founded on the different sentiments with regard to the *dignity of human nature;* which is a point that seems to have

globe, to the planets and heavenly bodies; looks backward to consider the first origin, at least, the history of the human race; casts his eye forward to see the influence of his actions upon posterity, and the judgments which will be formed of his character a thousand years hence; a creature, who traces causes and effects to a great length and intricacy; extracts general principles from particular appearances; improves upon his discoveries; corrects his mistakes; and makes his very errors profitable. On the other hand, we are presented with a creature the very reverse of this; limited in its observations and reasonings to a few sensible objects which surround it; without curiosity, without foresight; blindly conducted by instinct, and attaining, in a short time, its utmost perfection, beyond which it is never able to advance a single step. What a wide difference is there between these creatures! And how exalted a notion must we entertain of the former, in comparison of the latter!

There are two means commonly employed to destroy this conclusion: *First*, by making an unfair representation of the case, and insisting only upon the weaknesses of human nature. And *secondly*, by forming a new and secret comparison between man and beings of the most perfect wisdom. Among the other excellencies of man, this is one, that he can form an idea of perfections much beyond what he has experience of in himself; and is not limited in his conception of wisdom and virtue. He can easily exalt his notions and conceive a degree of knowledge, which, when compared to his own, will make the latter appear very contemptible, and will cause the difference between that and the sagacity of animals, in a manner, to disappear and vanish . Now this being a point , in which all the world is agreed, that human understanding falls infinitely short of per-

fect wisdom: it is proper we should know when this comparison takes place, that we may not dispute where there is no real difference in our sentiments. Man falls much more short of perfect wisdom, and even of his own ideas of perfect wisdom, than animals do of man; yet the latter difference is so considerable, that nothing but a comparison with the former can make it appear of little moment.

It is also usual to *compare* one man with another; and finding very few whom we can call *wise* or *virtuous*, we are apt to entertain a contemptible notion of our species in general. That we may be sensible of the fallacy of this way of reasoning, we may observe, that the honourable appellations of wise and virtuous, are not annexed to any particular degree of those qualities of *wisdom* and *virtue;* but arise altogether from the comparison we make between one man and another. When we find a man, who arrives at such a pitch of wisdom as is very uncommon, we pronounce him a wise man: So that to say, there are few wise men in the world, is really to say nothing: since it is only by their scarcity, that they merit that appellation. Were the lowest of our species as wise as Tully①, or lord Bacon, we should still have reason to say, that there are few wise men. For in that case we should exalt our notions of wisdom, and should not pay a singular honour to any one, who was not singularly distinguished by his talents. In like manner, I have heard it observed by thoughtless people, that there are few women possessed of beauty, in comparison of those who want it; not considering, that we bestow the epithet of *beautiful* only on such as possess a degree of beauty, that is common

① 即古罗马政治家、演说家和哲学家马·图·西塞罗(公元前106-前43年)。

rest of his countrymen, and calls not things by their proper names. What say you of natural affection? (I subjoin) Is that also a species of self-love? Yes: All is self-love. *Your* children are loved only because they are yours: *Your* friend for a like reason: And *your* country engages you only so far as it has a connexion with *yourself*: Were the idea of self removed, nothing would affect you: You would be altogether unactive and insensible: Or, if you ever gave yourself any movement, it would only be from vanity, and a desire of fame and reputation to this same self. I am willing, reply I, to receive your interpretation of human actions, provided you admit the facts. That species of self-love, which displays itself in kindness to others, you must allow to have great influence over human actions, and even greater, on many occasions, than that which remains in its original shape and form. For how few are there, who, having a family, children, and relations, do not spend more on the maintenance and education of these than on their own pleasures? This indeed, you justly observe, may proceed from their self-love, since the prosperity of their family and friends is one, or the chief of their pleasures, as well as their chief honour. Be you also one of these men, and you are sure of everyone's good opinion and good will; or not to shock your ears with these expressions, the self-love of everyone, and mine among the rest, will then incline us to serve you, and speak well of you.

In my opinion, there are two things which have led astray those philosophers, that have insisted so much on the selfishness of man. In the *first* place, they found, that every act of virtue or friendship was attended with a secret pleasure; whence they concluded, that friendship and virtue could not be disinterested. But the fallacy of this is obvious. The virtuous

sentiment or passion produces the pleasure, and does not arise from it. I feel a pleasure in doing good to my friend, because I love him: but do not love him for the sake of that pleasure.

In the *second* place, it has always been found, that the virtuous are far from being indifferent to praise; and therefore they have been represented as a set of vain-glorious men, who had nothing in view but the applauses of others. But this also is a fallacy. It is very unjust in the world, when they find any tincture of vanity in a laudable action, to depreciate it upon that account, or ascribe it entirely to that motive. The case is not the same with vanity, as with other passions. Where avarice or revenge enters into any seemingly virtuous action, it is difficult for us to determine how far it enters, and it is natural to suppose it the sole actuating principle. But vanity is so closely allied to virtue, and to love the fame of laudable actions approaches so near the love of laudable actions for their own sake, that these passions are more capable of mixture, than any other kinds of affection; and it is almost impossible to have the latter without some degree of the former. Accordingly, we find, that this passion for glory is always warped and varied according to the particular taste or disposition of the mind on which it falls. Nero had the same vanity in driving a chariot, that Trajan had in governing the empire with justice and ability. To love the glory of virtuous deeds is a sure proof of the love of virtue.

【译文】

论人性的高尚或卑鄙

杨自伍 译

学界存在着某些暗地里形成的流派，政坛同样有各种派系；虽然有时他们并没有走到公开破裂的地步，却给站在各方的那些人的思维方式带来一种不同的转变。这一类中彰明较著的，便是看待人性的高尚时基于不同态度的流派；这是一个要点，看来它把哲学家、诗人以及神学家分裂开来了，有史以来直至今日都是如此。有的人把我们的同类捧到天上，把人类显示为某种具有人性的半神半人，他的起源得之于上天，而且保存着他的世系和祖籍的明显印记。还有的人则认定，人性中那些盲目的方面，除了虚荣之外，无法发现任何人胜于动物之处，尽管他那么装模作样而鄙视动物。倘若一位作家具有擅长辞令和夸夸其谈的才能，他一般是与前者为伍的；倘若他的禀性偏于讽刺和调侃，他自然而然便投向另一个极端。

我绝非认为，凡是蔑视我们同类的人，或带有任何恶意去暴露他们同类的弱点的人，都是美德的敌人。恰恰相反，我意识到，一种敏锐的道德感，尤其在伴随着孤僻的性情的时候，不免使一个人对世界产生厌恶，不免使得他愤愤不平地看待人间世事的普通过程。然而，我必须坚持这样的看法：倾向于对人类抱有好感的那些人的态度，较之相反的本性，更加有益于美德，而后者所给予我们的，则是对我们天性的卑鄙的看法。一个人先入为主地高估了他在天地万物之中的地位和身分，这时他就会自然身体力行，做到名实相符，就会不屑于卑

劣或邪恶的行为，而这些行为会使他堕落而达不到的他想象中所形成的那种形象。于是我们就发现，我们所有温文尔雅循规蹈矩的道德家，都津津乐道这个话题，力求表现人是不值得作恶的，而且邪恶本身便是可恶的。

我们发现很少有争论不是基于表达上的含混而引起的；我确信当前的争论，关于人性的高尚或卑鄙，和任何其他的争论一样，难免表达含混。因此在这场辩论中，什么是真正的争议，什么只是文字的争议，或许值得推究一番。

凡是有理智的人都不会否认，优点与缺点、美德与邪恶、智慧和愚蠢，二者之间存在着天然之别：不过显而易见的是，在附加那个表示我们要么赞同要么责备的字眼时，我们一般受到更大的影响是比较，而不是事物本质上的什么固定不变的标准。以此类推，量、广度、体积，人人都承认是真实的东西。但是当我们说什么动物是大的或小的，我们总是在那个动物与同类的其他动物之间形成一个暗中的比较；正是那种比较规定了我们对它的大小的判断。一条狗或一匹马可能大小十分相似，一个为人赞赏是由于它的体积之大，另一个为人赞赏是由于它的体积之小。所以，当我参加任何争论的时候，我总是思考一下，辩论的题目是不是一个比较的问题；如果是的话，辩论者是否同时比较相同的客体，或者所谈之物大相径庭。

在形成人性的观念时，我们往往在人与动物之间进行比较，它们是为我们所感知的赋有思维的唯一的生物。当然这种比较是有利于人类的。一方面，我们看到这样一个生物，他的思想既不受地点时间的狭隘限制；他把自己的探索引向这个地球最遥远的地带，而且超越这个地球，引向诸多行星和天体；回过头来思考最初的起源，至少是人种的历史；把他的眼光投向未来，看看他的行动对后代产生什么影响，看看千载而下对于他的品格将得出什么评价；一个生物，他把前因后果追溯到极为深远和复杂的程度；从一定的表象抽绎出一般原理；

改进自己的发现;纠正自己的错误;从自己的根本过失中引出教益。另一方面,我们被形容为一个与此截然相反的生物:在观察和推理上局限于周围少数察觉得到的客体;没有好奇心,没有先见之明;盲目地由着本能行事,在短暂的时间内登峰造极,此外再也无法前进一步。这两类生物之间存在着多大的差别啊!跟后者比较起来,我们对前者势必怀有多么崇高的看法!

有两种手段通常用于推翻这个结论:其一,有失公允地表述情况,一味强调人性的弱点。其二,在凡人与智慧卓绝的哲人之间重新暗自形成一种比较。从人的诸种优点中,他能够形成一个远远超乎亲身体验的完美境界的想法,这是其中的一点;而且他的智慧与美德的概念是无所限制的。他能够容易地使得他的观念有所提高,而且吸取一些知识,在和自己的知识进行比较的时候,自己的知识就会显得不足挂齿,使得他与动物的机灵之间的差别几乎消失得荡然无存。人的悟性距离完满的智慧相去霄壤,既然这一点是举世公认的,我们就理应懂得,在进行这种比较的时候,凡是我们的见解看法上不存在真正分歧的地方,我们也许不会争论。人距离完满的智慧,甚至距离他自己对完满的智慧的想法,远甚于动物与人的智慧的差距;然而后者的差距甚大,所以唯有跟前者进行比较,才能够使它显得无足轻重。

通常也把人与人进行**比较**;发现我们能够称为**有智慧的**或者**有美德**的人寥寥无几,于是我们往往对一般同类抱着一种鄙夷的观念。我们可能觉察到这种推理方式的谬误,我们可能观察到,有智慧和有美德这些光荣称号,并不附属于任何具体程度的**智慧**和**美德**那些品质,而是来自于我们对人与人所进行的比较。当我们发现某人达到极为少见的智慧高度,我们便称其为智者,因此世上没有几位智者这种说法,其实是白说,因为正是由于他们不可多得,所以才配得到那个称号。倘若我们同类中最低下的人都像塔利或培根勋爵那么聪明,

我们还有理由说没有几位智者。因为要是处于那种情况，我们就该使自己的智慧观念有所提高，凡是没有卓绝才华的人，我们就不该表示特别的敬意。同样地，我听说没有头脑的人注意到，和缺少美貌的女子相比之下，没有几个拥有美貌的女子；这是没有考虑到，我们只是把形容的字眼美丽的给予拥有几分美貌的女子，那种美是少数几位所共有的。同样程度的美在一个女子身上谓之丑，而在我们某个男性身上便被视为真正的美。

在对我们的同类形成一个看法时，通常是把高于或低于他的其他同类进行比较，或是在相同类别的人中间进行个人的比较；我们同样也是经常同时比较人性的不同动机或激励的本性，以便调整我们关于人性的判断。而且确实，这是唯一值得我们注意、或对目前这个问题有所结论的一类比较。倘若我们自私的和邪恶的本性远远凌驾于我们社会的和美德的本性之上，如同某些哲学家所断称的那样，我们就该毫无疑问地对人性抱着一种鄙夷的观念。

在整个这场辩论中，不少是文字的争议。一个人否认公益精神或对国家社会的爱心中的真诚，这时我就茫然不知如何看待他了。或许他从未清楚明确地感受到这种激情，所以无法消除对其力量和客观存在所抱有的怀疑。但是当他进而拒绝所有的私人友谊，如果其中并不搀杂利益或自爱的话，我便确信他是滥用字眼，混淆了事物的概念；因为任何人不可能如此自私，或者说如此愚蠢，乃至于对人与人无所区别，对博得他的赞同和尊重的品质无所偏重。这么说吧，难道他对待愤怒如同他扬言对待友谊一样也是漠然的？难道伤害和冤屈对他的触动莫过于善意或恩惠？绝不可能！他并不认识自我：他已经忘记了自己内心的活动；或者毋宁说，他对语言的运用不同于他的同胞，没有用应有的名称去称说事物。人之常情又当何论？（我附带问一句），莫非那也是一类自爱？不错：一切都是自爱。你爱你的子女，只因为他们是你的；你爱

你的朋友也是出于相同的理由:你的国家只是在与你自身相关的程度上引起你的关注。倘若消除了自我这个概念,一切对你就会无所触动:你就会变得完全消极漠然;万一你有所举动,那只是虚荣使然,出于给这个相同的自我获得名望的意愿。我的答复是,我愿意接受你对于人类行为的解释,只要你承认下述事实。在对他人表示善意时的那类自爱,你必须承认它对人类行为具有很大的影响,在许多场合下,甚至超过它所保持的本来面目。人们有了家庭、子女、亲戚,用于他们的扶养和教育的花费多于自寻乐趣的花费,有几个人是例外呢?确实,你会理直气壮地发表意见说,这可能是出自于他们的自爱,因为他们家人和友人的发迹是他们的一个或主要的乐趣,也是他们的主要荣耀。你也成为这些自私的人中的一员吧,你肯定会得到大家的好评和亲善;或者,为了这些话不至于危言耸听,可以说人人的自爱,我也包括在内,将会使大家愿意为你服务,为你留下口碑。

依我之见,有两点把过分强调人的自私的那些哲学家引向歧途。首先,他们发现每个体现美德或友谊的行为都伴随着一份窃喜;他们于是得出结论:友谊和美德不可能无关利害。但是这种推断的谬误显而易见。有美德的情操或热情产生出这份快乐,而不是由此而来。在为我的朋友做好事的时候,我感到一份快乐,因为我爱他;而不是为了那份快乐才爱他。

其次,人们总是发现,有美德的人对于赞扬远远谈不上无动于衷;所以他们被形容为一班贪图虚荣的人,除了别人的赞许之外一无所求。不过这也是谬见。世人很不公正,他们一旦从一个值得赞美的行动中发现一点虚荣的味道,便会因此而贬低它,或者把它完全归诸于那层动机。这种情况与虚荣并非同一回事,就像不同于其他激情一样。凡是贪婪或报复的心理掺入了任何貌似美德的行为,我们便难以断定它在多大程度上掺入了,于是自然就以为它是唯一激励的本性。不

过虚荣十分密切地与美德联系在一起，爱好值得赞美的行动的美名，十分接近于为了值得赞美的行动本身而爱好这类行动，所以这些热情较之任何其他类别的感情更能够混合起来；不大可能在爱好这类行动时不爱好这类美名。从而我们发现，这种追求光荣的热情，总是随着它所遇到的精神的具体趣好或倾向而扭曲变化。尼禄驱赶凯旋车时的那种虚荣心，和图拉真公正能干地治理帝国时的虚荣心是相同的。爱好有美德的举动的光荣，这是爱好美德的一个确证。

【赏析】

人性的善与恶，人品的高尚与卑鄙，自古以来，莫衷一是。但是我们不难发现，东西方早期文明的一个共同特点在于注重个人道德的培养修炼。孔子曰："君子怀德，小人怀土"，人的追求不同，久而久之自然人性各异。苏格拉底敦劝世人莫要"只顾个人和财产，首先要关心的是改善自己的灵魂"。仅举两端便可看出古代先哲遗训的基本思想是一脉相通的。再从古希腊社会来看，荷马史诗中英雄所具备的一个基本品质便是高尚。或许正因为此，荷马才为历代视为人类的导师。希腊文化得以形成的一个原动力在于弘扬高尚品质。

休谟拾起了道德哲学中的这个永恒话题，态度明朗，豪气逼人，主张人性当以善为本。全篇的旨趣归结起来就是弘扬美德。作者并未正面进行阐述，这样就避免了说教的意味。他是从看法与表达这两个角度去加以说明的。首先他指出，要辩论就得以相同者进行比较，其次他分析了表达上的两个误区，一是以偏盖全，一是绝对化地把常人跟圣贤相比较。作者从抽象概念转向具体人性，如友谊、自爱等等。文章条理分明、逻辑严密、措辞简洁，辩驳时从正反两面立论，通过论证来反复证明自己的论点，势如破竹，贵在破理。

OLIVER GOLDSMITH (? 1730-1774)

【简介】

奥利弗·哥尔德斯密斯，作家。医科出身，后弃医从文。创作涉及多种体裁，如评论、戏剧、诗歌、小说。早期为各种刊物撰稿。曾漂泊海外，在法国、意大利等地浪游不归，一度潦倒不堪。在伦敦偶应书商之约，以中国游客的口吻发表“中国人信札”，连载见闻印象。后结集成书，1762 年发表时以《世界公民》为题，这些散文笔锋诙谐调侃，从此知名海内。与哲学家伯克、艺术理论家雷诺兹等时辈名流多有交往。和约翰逊结交后成为其文学俱乐部成员，品藻人物，出语惊人。鲍斯韦尔在《约翰逊传》里记载了不少关于他的趣闻逸事。最著名的作品有长诗《荒村》、小说《威克菲尔德的牧师》。

【原文】

A Little Great Man

In reading the newspapers here, I have reckoned up not less than twenty-five great men, seventeen very great men, and nine very extraordinary men in less than the compass of half a year. These, say the gazettes, are the men that posterity are to

gaze at with admiration; these the names that fame will be employed in holding up for the astonishment of succeeding ages. Let me see — forty-six great men in half a year, amounts to just ninety-two in a year. — I wonder how posterity will be able to remember them all, or whether the people, in future times, will have any other business to mind, but that of getting the catalogue by heart.

Does the mayor of a corporation make a speech ? he is instantly set down for a great man. Does a pedant digest his common place book into a folio? he quickly becomes great. Does a poet string up trite sentiments in rhyme? he also becomes the great man of the hour. How diminutive soever the object of admiration, each is followed by a crowd of still more diminutive admirers. The shout begins in his train, onward he marches towards immortality, looks back at the pursuing crowd with self-satisfaction; catching all the oddities, the whimsies, the absurdities, and the littlenesses of conscious greatness, by the way.

I was yesterday invited by a gentleman to dinner, who promised that our entertainment should consist of an haunch of venison, a turtle, and a great man. I came, according to appointment. The venison was fine, the turtle good, but the great man insupportable. The moment I ventured to speak, I was at once contradicted with a snap. I attempted, by a second and a third assault, to retrieve my lost reputation, but was still beat back with confusion. I was resolved to attack him once more from entrenchment, and turned the conversation upon the government of China: but even here he asserted, snapped, and contradicted as before. Heavens, thought I, this man pretends to know China even better than myself! I looked round to see

without number, yet never did I enter a town which could not produce ten or twelve of those little great men; all fancying themselves known to the rest of the world, and complimenting each other upon their extensive reputation. It is amusing enough when two of those domestic prodigies of learning mount the stage of ceremony, and give and take praise from each other. I have been present when a German doctor, for having pronounced a panegyric upon a certain monk, was thought the most ingenious man in the world; till the monk soon after divided this reputation by returning the compliment; by which means they both marched off with universal applause.

The same degree of undeserved adulation that attends our great man while living, often also follows him to the tomb. It frequently happens that one of his little admirers sits down big with the important subject, and is delivered of the history of his life and writings. This may properly be called the revolutions of a life between the fireside and the easy-chair. In this we learn, the year in which he was born, at what an early age he gave symptoms of uncommon genius and application, together with some of his smart sayings, collected by his aunt and mother, while yet but a boy. The next book introduces him to the University, where we are informed of his amazing progress in learning, his excellent skill in darning stockings, and his new invention for papering books to save the covers. He next makes his appearance in the republic of letters, and publishes his folio. Now the colossus is reared, his works are eagerly bought up by all the purchasers of scarce books. The learned societies invite him to become a member; he disputes against some foreigner with a long Latin name, conquers in the controversy, is complimented by several authors of gravity and importance, is ex-

cessively fond of egg-sauce with his pig, becomes president of a literary club, and dies in the meridian of his glory. Happy they, who thus have some little faithful attendant, who never forsakes them, but prepares to wrangle and to praise against every opposer; at once ready to increase their pride while living, and their character when dead. For you and I, my friend, who have no humble admirer thus to attend us, we, who neither are, nor ever will be great men, and who do not much care whether we are great men or no, at least let us strive to be honest men, and to have common sense.

【译文】

小小的大人物

虞建华　译

此间翻阅报纸，屈指算来不到半年时间里已登上不少于二十五个大人物，十七个了不起的大人物和九个超群绝伦的人物。报刊说，这些都是令后人瞻仰敬慕的人物，都是让子孙惊叹的赫赫大名。我们算一下——半年中凹四十六个大人物，一年就是九十二个。我不知道子孙们如何记得住那么多，将来人们除了背名单脑子里是否还装得下别的事。

某家公司的总裁作了一场演讲，他马上被当作伟人记录下来。哪位学究将他平庸的著作节略出版对开本，他迅速伟大起来。哪个诗人把陈腐的伤感押韵贯串起来，他也即刻成了大人物。敬慕的对象如此微不足道，而每人背后又跟着一群更加微不足道的崇拜者。随从中发出一声欢呼，他就一路

跑进千古不朽的史册，洋洋自得地回顾身后那群追随者，饱览沿途各种各样的古怪、离奇、荒唐以及自命不凡的渺小。

昨天一位先生邀请我去赴宴。此公许诺，晚宴精彩部分包括鹿腿、海龟肉和一个大人物。我应约赴会。鹿肉鲜美，海龟可口，但大人物却不敢恭维。我一张口说话，便马上招来厉声驳斥。我又作了一两次尝试，想挽回一点面子，但又被狼狈击退。我决心再一次从堑壕跃起向他进攻，将话题转到中国政体这个我的权威领域。但即使在这方面，他照样大言不惭，厉声驳斥。天哪，我心想，此人竟然装得比我更了解中国！我四周打量，看看有谁站在我这一边，但每一双眼睛都充满敬慕地注视着这位大人物。于是我最后决定静静坐着为好，在接下来的谈话中扮演一个知趣的绅士角色。

一个人一旦有了一群捧场的人，他就可以随心所欲，做任何荒唐事。他的所言所行会被看作感情升华，或大智若愚的表现。即使他违背常理，甚至将茶壶当作烟盒，也有人会说，他心不在焉，正思考着更重大的事情。言行举止若同常人一般，也就不见其伟大了。伟大这个概念实在有点不可思议，因为类似于我们的东西，我们就不再感到惊奇。

鞑靼人新立喇嘛时，他们首先要将他置于庙宇的一处暗角。他坐在那儿半隐半现，调整手、嘴唇和眼睛的姿态神情。但最主要的，他必须庄严肃穆，一本正经。然而，这只是敬奉神明的第一步。一批密使被派往民间，大唱颂歌，赞美他虔诚，庄重，爱食生肉。人们听信其言，把他当作偶像，跪伏在他的脚下，而他无动于衷地接受他们的膜拜，羽化登仙，从此由僧人们当作神明供奉起来。我们国家里造就大人物的方式与此如同一辙。偶像只须藏匿起来，不动声色，派出小小的密使为他歌功颂德，不管是政客还是作者，他都能名垂青史。或者由于赞美是一种时尚，或者因为他谨慎地掩饰了他的渺小，他继续得到人们的称颂。

我造访过许多国家，到过无数城市。然而在我踏入的城

市中，没有一处不能招出十余名诸如此类的小小大人物，个个自以为已名扬四海，互相恭维对方的鼎鼎大名。两个当地才子客套起来，互吹互拍，甚是滑稽。我曾见到一个德国医生，他发表了一通溢美之词，对一名修道士大加赞扬后，被人认为是世界上最有天赋的人；不久修道士奉还一片恭维，从而分享了他的声誉。这样，两人在众人的吹呼中双双平步青云。

我们的大人物活着时领受的那份阿谀奉承，常常也陪伴着他走进坟墓。这类情况并不少见：他的某个小小崇拜者坐下来干起了大事业，把他的生平著述编成年表。我们也许可以恰如其分地把这称为炉边和安乐椅间的人生革命。在这里我们获知他哪年出生，几岁就显示了不同凡响的天才和勤奋，还附有他母亲和姨妈收集的他孩提时的妙语佳句。下一本书介绍他的大学生活，告诉我们他学业上如何突飞猛进，补袜子技术如何高明，以及他如何发明用纸把书包起来保护封面。之后，他在文坛出现，出版了他的对开本。现在他的巨像已高高竖起，喜欢善本书籍的人争购他的作品。学术团体请他入会；他与某个带着长长的拉丁名字的外国人辩论并且战而胜之，得到了几位严肃而地位重要的作家的赞许；他非常喜欢用鸡蛋沙司蘸猪肉，成了某个文学俱乐部的主席，在荣耀的顶点溘然长逝。这样的人心满意足，忠实的帮闲永远不会背弃他们，而随时准备颂扬他们的伟绩，与任何反对他们的人进行舌战，在他们活着时抬高他们的声誉，死后美化他们的品格。朋友，至于你我凡夫俗子，我们没有卑躬屈膝的追随者，既不是，也永远不会成为大人物，也不在乎我们是否大人物，但我们至少可以努力做个诚实的人，不至于丧失了理智。

【赏析】

这篇小品文假借中国游客的眼光，对伦敦本埠各家报纸的新闻人物作了一番挖苦。人世间处处可见争名于朝、夺利于市的小人，作者运用诙谐而又辛辣的语言，展示了一时得志飘飘然的红人以及那班奉承捧场的家伙的丑恶嘴脸。庄子曾刻画过曹商这个人物，一趟出使秦国，得车百乘，荣归故里，可以说是异曲同工。江河不尽千古流，一时一地的风流人物犹如过眼烟云，若无自知之明，不免会闹出些笑话来，贻人笑柄。庄子崇尚的境界是物我两忘，荣辱贫富置之度外，神游天地而以逍遥为适。所谓“至人无己，神人无功，圣人无名”。哥尔德斯密斯曾周游欧陆，见过外面的世界，目睹过大同小异的世态，所以一来对国人的自大狂不以为然，一来又通过自己的点滴见闻针砭了这种具有普遍性的社会现象。他抱着十分冷静的态度，最终善意地规劝大家“至少努力做个诚实的人”。文章发表于1762年，距今已有两个多世纪，现在读起来仍觉发聋振聩，仍有现实意义。从结构和行文来看，作者运笔自如，文章如谈话，娓娓道来，有叙述，有说理，有调侃，有共相，也有殊相。时而犹如说书，时而笑骂群愚，时而发表高论，文势如行云流水，自然而有生气。

that Johnson was very much his friend, and came frequently to his house, where he more than once invited me to meet him; but by some unlucky accident or other he was prevented from coming to us.

Mr. Thomas Davies was a man of good understanding and talents, with the advantage of a liberal education. Though somewhat pompous, he was an entertaining companion; and his literary performances have no inconsiderable share of merit. He was a friendly and very hospitable man. Both he and his wife (who has been celebrated for her beauty), though upon the stage for many years, maintained an uniform decency of character; and Johnson esteemed them, and lived in as easy an intimacy with them, as with any family which he used to visit. Mr. Davies recollected several of Johnson's remarkable sayings, and was one of the best of the many imitators of his voice and manner, while relating them. He increased my impatience more and more to see the extraordinary man whose works I highly valued, and whose conversation was reported to be so peculiarly excellent.

At last, on Monday the 16th of May, when I was sitting in Mr. Davies's back parlour, after having drunk tea with him and Mrs. Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop; and Mr. Davies having perceived him through the glass-door in the room in which we were sitting, advancing towards us, — he announced his aweful approach to me, somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of Horatio, when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost, 'Look, my Lord, it comes.' I found that I had a very perfect idea of Johnson's figure, from the portrait of him painted by Sir Joshua

Reynolds[1] soon after he had published his Dictionary, in the attitude of sitting in his easy chair in deep meditation, which was the first picture his friend did for him, which Sir Joshua has very kindly presented to me, and from which an engraving has been made for this work[2]. Mr. Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully introduced me to him. I was much agitated; and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies, 'Don't tell where I come from.'—'From Scotland,' cried Davies roguishly. 'Mr. Johnson (said I), I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it.' I am willing to flatter myself that I meant this as light pleasantry to soothe and conciliate him, and not as an humiliating abasement at the expence of my country. But however that might be, this speech was somewhat unlucky; for with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable, he seized the expression 'come from Scotland', which I used in the sense of being of that country; and, as if I had said that I had come away from it, or left it, retorted, 'That, Sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help.' This stoke stunned me a good deal; and when we had sat down, I felt myself not a little embarrassed, and apprehensive of what might come next. He then addressed himself to Davies: 'What do you think of Garrick[3]? He has refused me an order for the play for Miss Williams[4], because he knows the house will be full, and that an order would be worth three shillings.' Eager to take

① 乔舒亚·雷诺兹(1723-1792),画家、艺术理论家,创建皇家美术院。
② 指鲍斯韦尔的《约翰逊传》,本篇即是选自该书。
③ 大卫·加里克(1717-1779),著名演员和戏院经理。
④ 安娜·威廉姆斯(1706-1783),约翰逊夫人的伴侣,约翰逊家的座上客,写过诗文。

mankind.'

'Sir, this book ('The Elements of Criticism'[1], which he had taken up) is a pretty essay, and deserves to be held in some estimation, though much of it is chimerical.'

Speaking of one who with more than ordinary boldness attacked public measures and the royal family, he said, 'I think he is safe from the law, but he is an abusive scoundrel; and instead of applying to my Lord Chief Justice[2] to punish him, I would send half a dozen footmen and have him well ducked.'

'The notion of liberty amuses the people of England, and helps to keep off the *taedium vitae*. When a butcher tells you that his heart bleeds for his country, he has, in fact, no uneasy feeling.'[3]...

I was highly pleased with the extraordinary vigour of his conversation, and regretted that I was drawn away from it by an engagement at another place. I had, for a part of the evening, been left alone with him, and had ventured to make an observation now and then, which he received very civilly; so that I was satisfied that though there was a roughness in his manner, there was no ill-nature in his dispositon. Davies followed me to the door, and when I complained to him a little of the hard blows which the great man had given me, he kindly took upon him to console me by saying, 'Don't be uneasy. I can see he likes you very well.'

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① 苏格兰法官凯姆斯勋爵于1762年发表的批评著作。
② 英国最高法院的一个部分。
③ 约翰逊博士是说有人口是心非侈谈自由。

【译文】

初次与约翰逊会面

程雨民　译

演员托马斯·戴维斯先生，当时在科文特加登区的罗素街上开有一家书店，他告诉我，约翰逊对他很够朋友，还经常到他家里去，所以他不止一次地邀请我去家中和约翰逊会面；但都因不巧有意外的事情使约翰逊没能来。

托马斯·戴维斯先生受惠于曾受过文科教育，为人通达而富有才情。虽然有些浮夸，却是个娱人的伴侣；而且他笔头上的成就亦然不容小看。他是个友善而又十分好客的人。他和他素以美貌著称的妻子，虽已经历多年的舞台生活，却依旧保持着一贯正派的性格；所以约翰逊看重他们，很随和地同他们亲切相处，正像他在常去的其他人家一样。戴维斯先生记得约翰逊的一些名言，而且在复述的时候，总是把他的声音和姿态模仿得维妙维肖，在许多模仿者之中，属于最好的之列。他使我越来越迫不及待地想要见到这位不同凡响的人物，他的著作为我所高度评价，而他的谈话据称又异乎寻常之精彩。

终于，在五月十六日星期一，当我同戴维斯先生和夫人一起用过茶点，正在他们书店后客厅里坐着的时候，约翰逊不期而然地来到书店；戴维斯先生已经从我们坐的房间中打开的玻璃门里看到他正在朝我们走来——故而向我宣布了他的大驾光临，他这时的姿势就仿佛是扮演霍拉旭的演员，在看到先王亡灵出现时向哈姆莱特说的："瞧，王子，他来了。"我发现，我对约翰逊的身材有非常正确的概念，那是从乔舒亚·雷诺兹

爵士在约翰逊的《词典》出版后不久为他画的那幅像中得来的，画中的姿态是沉思着坐在安乐椅里，这是他那位朋友为他画的第一张画，已蒙乔舒亚爵士慨然见赠与我，本书中的画像也是据这幅画复制的。戴维斯先生报出我的名字，并把我介绍给他。我十分激动；因为听到过许多他对苏格兰人的偏见，所以这时想起便对戴维斯先生说："别说我是从哪里来的。"戴维斯先生却因此故意恶作剧地大声说道："是从苏格兰来的。"

于是我说："约翰逊先生，我确实是从苏格兰来的，但那是不由自主的呀。"老实说我说这话原是想用一句轻松的戏言抚慰和笼络他，而不想卑躬屈膝有伤国格。然而尽管如此，这话却说得有点不幸；因为他素以思路敏捷著称，一下就抓住了"从苏格兰来"这几个字，我指的是籍贯，他却当作仿佛我说的是我离乡背井来到这里，所以接嘴就说："先生，我发现那正是许许多多贵同乡所不由自主地要做的。"这当头一棍真叫我蒙住了；当我们就座之后，我还感到十分窘迫，担心着下一手不知将是什么。此时他转向戴维斯说道："你知道加里克怎么着？我要订个座请威廉斯小姐看戏，被他回绝了，因为他知道会满座，一张订票值三先令。"由于急切想乘机插嘴同他攀谈，我冒昧说道："啊，先生，我不能想象加里克先生会在这样一件微不足道的事上对您吝啬。""先生，"他脸色严厉地说道："我认识大卫·加里克比你久，而且凭我所知你并无权利在这个问题上对我说话。"或许这顿申斥是我自讨的；因为那是他申讨老熟人和学生的檄文，我作为一个生人，竟然表示怀疑，确乎相当狂妄。这时我感到不胜惶恐，心想长时间以来渴望结识他的愿望，这下眼看着砸了。而且说真的，要不是我的热诚特别强烈，决心特别坚定，这样粗暴的对待也真够叫我不敢再试第二次的。然而，幸运的是我并未给他完全吓退；所以不久就得到回报，听到了他的一些谈话，以下就是简要的记录，至于引出这些话的问题和话语，则略而不提了。

他说："凡是认为作家在私生活中比其他人都伟大的人，

都可能上一回当。不寻常的才能必须有不寻常的机会才能得到施展。”

“在野蛮社会中，才能上的优越性是至关紧要的。力大无比和聪明过人，对一个人说来都有很大价值。但是在比较开化的时代里，为了钱什么事情都有人做；于是就有了其他许多优越性，比如出身和财富，还有地位，足以分散人们的注意力，以致于对个人体力和智力的敬仰已经所剩无几。这是上天睿智的安排，使得人间还能保留一些平等。”

“先生，这本书(他举起了《批评原理》一书)是一篇写得很漂亮的论著，值得给予一定的重视，尽管很大部分是想入非非的。”

在谈到某人异常狂妄竟敢攻击法令和王室时，他说道：“我想他能安然逃脱法律，但他是个出言不逊的混蛋；我不想诉请王座庭庭长把他法办，却想派三五个男仆去把他按着头好好呛呛水。”

“谈论自由逗英国人喜欢，还能排遣生活的烦闷。当一个屠夫对你说他的心为祖国淌着血时，其实他并没有不好受的感觉。”……

我很喜欢他谈吐中显示的魄力，可惜因为另有约会，只得忍痛离去。当晚我曾有一些时间与他单独交谈，并且时而大胆提过一些看法，他都能礼貌相待；因此我断定，他的态度虽有粗鲁的一面，他的性格中却并无恶毒的成分。戴维斯送我到门口，当我对这位大人物给我的当头棒击略有怨言时，他好意安慰我说：“不要感到不安。我看得出他很喜欢你。”

【赏析】

本文为《约翰逊传》里最精彩的一节，标题系编者所加。鲍斯韦尔对约翰逊博士心仪已久而缘悭一面。1763 年 5 月 16 日，他终于在友人家中与约翰逊不期而遇，两人从此成为莫逆之交。文坛大亨与外乡生客的会面经过，在这篇文字里栩栩如生地记载下来。

英国文学史上以一部传记文学作品名扬四海者，唯鲍斯韦尔一人而已。一则是文以人贵而流传久远，再则是人以文传而写照传神，二者相得益彰。文章开头交代了背景，随后切入正题，善于运用对话来刻画人物性格，写出了生动的形象，鲜明的个性，作者本人的心理活动也不加掩饰，和盘托出。由于耳闻约翰逊对苏格兰人素有偏见，所以起初作者惶惶不安，接着出于结识大文豪的心理，对人信口雌黄而遭到斥责。这里读者不难发现鲍斯韦尔作文的坦白和约翰逊的正直，就在这初次见面非常尴尬的一刻，博士毕竟器宇不凡，雅量过人，指出“作家在私生活中比其他人都伟大”不过是人们通常的想象罢了。一句话便缓和了有点儿紧张的气氛，从而见面交谈可以进行下去。

鲍斯韦尔描绘人物往往不从正面落笔，比如写加里克时搬出了他演哈姆雷特时的台词。再如要说明约翰逊对苏格兰人并无偏见时，只通过他的三言两语，即对苏格兰法官、哲学家凯姆斯勋爵的论著《批评原理》一书的公允评价。“大人物”与“小人物”的形象都跃然纸上，作者写人物传记的高超本领于此可见。

ing the "Loves of the Angels"[1], and went to bed with my head full of speculations, suggested by that extraordinary legend. It had given birth to innumerable conjectures; and, I remember, the last waking thought, which I gave expression to on my pillow, was a sort of wonder "what could come of it".

I was suddenly transported, how or whither I could scarcely make out — but to some celestial region. It was not the real heavens neither — not the downright Bible heaven — but a kind of fairyland heaven, about which a poor human fancy may have leave to sport and air itself, I will hope, without presumption.

Methought — what wild things dreams are! — I was present — at what would you imagine? — at an angel's gossiping[2].

Whence it came, or how it came, or who bid it come, or whether it came purely of its own head, neither you nor I know — but there lay, sure enough, wrapt in its little cloudy swaddling bands — a Child Angel.

Sun-threads — filmy beams — ran through the celestial napery of what seemed its princely cradle. All the winged orders hovered around, watching when the new-born should open its yet closed eyes; which, when it did, first one, and then the other — with a solicitude and apprehension, yet not such as, stained with fear, dim the expanding eye-lids of mortal infants, but as if to explore its path in those its unhereditary palaces — what an inextinguishable titter that time spared not celestial visages! Nor wanted there to my seeming — O the inexplicable

① 爱尔兰诗人托马斯·穆尔(1779-1852)的诗作，参见赏析。
② 意为"Christening-feast"。当时教父也叫"gossip"。

simpleness of dreams! — bowls of that cheering nectar,

— which mortals *caudle* call below.

Nor were wanting faces of female ministrants, — stricken in years, as it might seem, — so dexterous were those heavenly attendants to counterfeit kindly similitudes of earth, to greet, with terrestrial child-rites the young *present*, which earth had made to heaven.

Then were celestial harpings heard, not in full symphony as those by which the spheres are tutored; but, as loudest instruments on earth speak oftentimes, muffled so to accommodate their sound the better to the weak ears of the imperfect-born. And, with the noise of those subdued soundings, the Angelet sprang forth, fluttering its rudiments of pinions — but forthwith flagged and was recovered into the arms of those full-winged angels. And a wonder it was to see how, as years went round in heaven — a year in dreams is as a day — continually its white shoulders put forth buds of wings, but, wanting the perfect angelic nutriment, anon was shorn of its aspiring, and fell fluttering — still caught by angel hands — for ever to put forth shoots, and to fall fluttering, because its birth was not of the unmixed vigour of heaven.

And a name was given to the Babe Angel, and it was to be called *Ge-Urania*[①], because its production was of earth and heaven.

And it could not taste of death[②], by reason of its adoption

① 希腊文，意为"Earth-Heaven"。
② 典出《圣经·马太福音》，第16章，第28节。

into immortal palaces; but it was to know weakness, and reliance, and the shadow of human imbecility; and it went with a lame gait; but in its goings it exceeded all mortal children in grace and swiftness. Then pity first sprang up in angelic bosoms; and yearnings (like the human) touched them at the sight of the immortal lame one.

And with pain did then first those Intuitive Essencess[①], with pain and strife to their natures (not grief), put back their bright intelligences, and reduce their ethereal minds, schooling them to degrees and slower processes, so to adapt their lessons to the gradual illumination (as must needs be) of the half-earth-born; and what intuitive notices they could not repel (by reason that their nature is, to know all things at once), the half-heavenly novice, by the better part of its nature, aspired to receive into its understanding; so that Humility and Aspiration went on even-paced in the instruction of the glorious Amphibium[②].

But, by reason that Mature Humanity is too gross to breathe the air of that super-subtile region, its portion was, and is, to be a child for ever.

And because the human part of it might not press into the heart and inwards of the palace of its adoption, those full-natured angels tended it by turns in the purlieus of the palace, where were shady groves and rivulets, like this green earth[③] from which it came: so Love, with Voluntary Humility, waited upon the entertainments of the new-adopted.

And myriads of years rolled round (in dreams Time is

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① 指"直觉精英",参见约翰·弥尔顿《失乐园》,第5卷,第485-490行。
② 原指有两种生活习性的生物,此处指天地双重产儿。
③ 参见威廉·华兹华斯《丁登寺》,第105行。

nothing), and still it kept, and is to keep, perpetual childhood, and is the Tutelar Genius of Childhood upon earth, and still goes lame and lovely.

By the banks of the river Pison[①] is seen, lone-sitting by the grave of the terrestrial Adah[②], whom the angel Nadir loved, a Child; but not the same which I saw in heaven. A mournful hue overcasts its lineaments; nevertheless, a correspondency is between the child by the grave, and that celestial orphan, whom I saw above; and the dimness of the grief upon the heavenly, is a shadow or emblem of that which stains the beauty of the terrestrial. And this correspondency is not to be understood but by dreams.

And in the archives of heaven I had grace to read, how that once the angel Nadir, being exiled from his place for mortal passion, upspringing on the wings of parental love (such power had parental love for a moment to suspend the else-irrevocable law) appeared for a brief instant in his station; and, depositing a wondrous Birth, straightway disappeared, and the palaces knew him no more. And this charge was the self-same Babe, who goeth lame and lovely — but Adah sleepeth by the river Pison.

① 典出《圣经·创世纪》,第 2 章,第 10-11 节。

② 见乔治·拜伦《该隐》。

【译文】

小天使:一场梦

张建平　译

那天夜里,我发现了梦里最美妙、奇怪、荒诞的事情,你们不妨来听听。我先是一直在读《天使之爱》,后来带着那个奇异的传奇使我产生的满脑子遐想,我上床去了。它给我出了无数个谜;我记得,醒来的最后一个念头,我是在枕头上用言语表达出来的,它令我有些纳闷:“这个传奇里会引出什么结果呀。”

突然,不知怎样一来,我竟被送到了上界的什么地方。那不是真正的天国,也不完全是《圣经》里的那个天国,而是一处恍如仙境的天堂,但愿每个穷人的幻想都可以遨游其中,呼吸一番,而没有冒昧之处。

我想——作梦是多么离奇古怪的事情啊!——我竟出现——在哪儿你们想象得到吗?——出现在一个天使的洗礼命名仪式上。

天使来自何方,如何而来,是谁命令它来的,还是纯粹它自己的意思要来,你我都不得而知——但是,确切无疑,那儿躺着的是,裹在云团缭绕的小襁褓里——一位小天使。

太阳的光束——薄雾似的日光——穿过那王子气派的摇篮上精美的亚麻布。身带羽翼的九极天使个个都在四周盘旋,看着这新生儿睁开合闭的双眼;它睁眼的时候,先是一只,接着又是一只——流露出一种焦虑和担忧,不过并没有因为透露出害怕而使那双和凡胎一样肿起的眼皮暗然无光,却是

仿佛在它那些并非先天而来的殿堂里探索道路——多么难以抑制的一团憨笑呀，时光仍然赋予了天神之相！我似乎觉得——哦，梦境真是单纯得无法言表！——那儿也并不缺少一碗碗令人神清志爽的琼浆玉液，

——下界的凡人谓之半流质食品。

也不缺少侍女的脸庞，——看上去已年迈色衰，——这些天国的侍女实在是心灵手巧，在好心地冒用尘世的形式给孩子洗礼，迎接幼小的**天赐**，尘世造就它升入天堂。

随后听见了天国的竖琴声，不像凡间教授时弹得那么和谐；但是，如同尘世最响的乐器常常发出的声音那样，故意将声音调低，这样比较适宜听力不强的天生残缺儿。随着那些变得低缓的乐音的声响，小天使一跃而起，拍动着稚嫩的翅羽——但是向前一栽，在那些羽翼丰满的天使的怀抱里才恢复了元气。目睹此情此景不禁为之惊奇：天国中岁月悠悠流逝——梦中一年恍如一日——白色的肩膀上不断长出萌芽般的翅羽，可是，由于缺少精良的天使养料，向上的意愿不久便遭挫折，拍动着幼翅栽落下来——依然是天使之手抓住了——永远是长出新羽，又拍动幼翅栽落下来，原来它的诞生并不是出自天堂纯然不杂的元气。

该给这位小小天使取个名字，可以把它叫作**天地之子**，因为它是尘世和天国共同的产儿。

由于它为不朽的殿堂所接纳，所以它不会尝到死亡的滋味；但是它会知道衰弱、依赖以及凡人低能的阴影；它跛着脚行走；但在行走时，不论步履优美还是匆匆，都胜似一切凡胎的孩子。于是同情心首先在天使的胸怀里油然而生，看见一个不朽的跛子，怜悯之情（如同凡人）就会触动方寸。

因而首先是这些“直觉精英”怀着痛苦——怀着与他们的天性（而不是悲哀）格格不入的痛苦，收起了他们的聪明机智，

约束了他们精妙的神思,让其渐渐缓慢地发展,这样才能使其课程适合半个凡人那种逐步启蒙开化的状况(这是必需的);至于直觉观察,他们是无法抵御的(因为他们的天性就是顿悟万有),半个天国之子,从其较好的天性来说,立志能被理解;于是在光荣的天地双重产儿的训导之下,谦恭与志向就并驾齐驱了。

但是,由于成熟的人太粗俗,不能呼吸那个超凡精妙之境的空气,所以不论过去还是现在,它命中注定永远是个孩子。

由于它的凡人成份或许无法挤入接纳它的殿堂的心脏内部,那些天性纯厚的天使便轮流在殿堂的外围照料它,那儿有葱茏的树林和涓涓细流,和它所来自的那片绿野一样:于是,爱,带着自发的谦恭,款款护持着这位新接纳的产儿。

数不尽的岁月流逝了(在梦中光阴变成了虚无),它仍然保持着,也终将保持着永恒的童心,而且它是地球上孩童的守护神,行走起来仍然一拐一拐,十分可爱。

在皮松河边,可以看见一个孩子,孤单地坐在纳德天使热爱的尘世艾达的墓边;但它已不是我在天堂看见的那个小孩了。它的外表笼罩着悲伤的神色;但是,这个墓边的孩子和我在上界见到的天国孤儿之间还有几分相似;天国的那种悲哀所产生的昏暗,是玷污尘世之美的一个阴影或标志。这种相似唯有梦中才能理解。

在天国的档案室里,我有幸读到纳德天使的故事,他曾经由于凡人的情欲而被逐出天使行列,跌在父母之爱的翅膀上(这种力量在一瞬间会具有父母之爱,中止照理说来不可废止的律法)以他的身份显形短暂的片刻;留下一个令人惊叹的产儿,立刻便消失了,那些殿堂再也不记得他。那个同样的孩子也受到同样的照看,行走时一拐一拐,十分可爱——但是艾达则长眠于皮松河边。

【原文】

On a Landscape of Nicolas Poussin[①]

And blind Orion hungry for the morn. [②]

Orion, the subject of this landscape, was the classical Nimrod;[③] and is called by Homer, 'a hunter of shadows, himself a shade'[④]. He was the son of Neptune[⑤]; and having lost an eye in some affray between the Gods and men, was told that if he would go to meet the rising sun, he would recover his sight. He is represented setting out on his journey, with men on his shoulders to guide him, a bow in his hand, and Diana[⑥] in the clouds greeting him. He stalks along, a giant upon earth, and reels and falters in his gait, as if just awaked out of sleep, or uncertain of his way; — you see his blindness, though his back is turned. Mists rise around him, and veil the sides of the green forests; earth is dank and fresh with dews, the 'gray dawn and the Pleiades before him dance,'[⑦] and in

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① 尼古拉·普桑(1594-1665),法国画家,深受意大利古典时期艺术的熏陶,长期居住在意大利。《俄里翁》作于1658年。哈兹里特1821年观赏过这幅画。

② 见约翰·济慈(1795-1821)《恩底弥翁》,第2卷,第198行:"Or blind Orion hungry for the morn."俄里翁,希腊神话中的巨人和猎手。

③ 见《圣经·创世纪》,第10章,第8、9节。

④ 见《奥德修纪》,第11卷,第572行以下。

⑤ 尼普顿,罗马神话中的海神。

⑥ 狄安娜,罗马神话中的月亮和狩猎女神。

⑦ 见弥尔顿《失乐园》,第7卷,第374行。普顿阿德斯七姐妹,希腊神话人物。俄里翁追求她们,最后一起升天,化为星团。

the distance are seen the blue hills and sullen ocean. Nothing was ever more finely conceived or done. It breathes the spirit of the morning; its moisture, its repose, its obscurity, waiting the miracle of light to kindle it into smiles: the whole is, like the principal figure in it, 'a forerunner of the dawn'[①]. The same atmosphere tinges and imbues every object, the same dull light 'shadowy sets off'[②] the face of nature: one feeling of vastness, of strangeness, and of primeval forms pervades the painter's canvas, and we are thrown back upon the first integrity of things. This great and learned man might be said to see nature through the glass of time[③]: he alone has a right to be considered as the painter of classical antiquity. Sir Joshua[④] has done him justice in this respect. He could give to the scenery of his heroic fables that unimpaired look of original nature, full, solid, large, luxuriant, teeming with life and power; or deck it with all the pomp of art, with temples and towers, and mythologic groves. His pictures 'denote a foregone conclusion'[⑤]. He applies nature to his purposes, works out her images according to the standard of his thoughts, embodies high fictions; and the first conception being given, all the rest seems to grow out of, and be assimilated to it, by the unfailing process of a studious imagination. Like his own Orion, he overlooks the surrounding

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① 出处不详,待査。

② 见弥尔顿《失乐园》,第5卷,第43行以下。原句为"with more pleasing light, Shadowy sets off the face of things"

③ 借用阿尔弗雷德·丁尼生(1809-1892)的诗句,见《洛克斯利堂》,第31行。原句为"Love took up the glass of Time"。

④ 即乔舒亚·雷诺兹,这里谈到他对普桑的公正评价,参阅他的《艺术讲演录》,第5讲。

⑤ 借用莎士比亚的名句,见《奥赛罗》,第3幕,第3场,第428行。原句直译为"但是这预示着料想中的结局"。

scene, appears to 'take up the isles as a very little thing, and to lay the earth in a balance'[1]. With a laborious and mighty grasp, he put nature into the mould of the ideal and antique; and was among painters (more than any one else) what Milton was among poets. There is in both something of the same pedantry, the same stiffness, the same elevation, the same grandeur, the same mixture of art and nature, the same richness of borrowed materials, the same unity of character. Neither the poet nor the painter lowered the subjects they treated, but filled up the outline in the fancy, and added strength and reality to it; and thus not only satisfied, but surpassed the expectations of the spectator and the reader. This is held for the triumph and the perfection of works of art. To give us nature, such as we see it, is well and deserving of praise; to give us nature, such as we have never seen, but have often wished to see it, is better, and deserving of higher praise. He who can show the world in its first naked glory, with the hues of fancy spread over it, or in its high and palmy state,[2] with the gravity of history stamped on the proud monuments of vanished empire, — who, by his 'so potent art,'[3] can recall time past, transport us to distant places, and join the regions of imagination (a new conquest) to those of reality, — who shows us not only what nature is, but what she has been, and is capable of, — he who does this, and does it with simplicity, with truth, and grandeur , is lord of nature and her powers ; and his mind is

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① 借用《圣经·以赛亚书》,第40章,第12、15节。引文稍有出入,原句为"behold, he taketh up the isles as a very little thing"和"and weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance"。

② 见《哈姆雷特》,第1幕,第1场,第113行。

③ 见《暴风雨》,第5幕,第1场,第50行。

universal, and his art the master-art!

There is nothing in this 'more than natural'[①], if criticism could be persuaded to think so. The historic painter does not neglect or contravene nature, but follows her more closely up into her fantastic heights, or hidden recesses. He demonstrates what she would be in conceivable circumstances, and under implied conditions. He 'give to airy nothing a local habitation,' not 'a name'[②]. At his touch, words start up into images, thoughts become things. He clothes a dream, a phantom with form and colour and the wholesome attributes of reality. *His* art is a second nature; not a different one. There are those, indeed, who think that not to copy nature, is the rule for attaining perfection. Because they cannot paint the objects which they have seen, they fancy themselves qualified to paint the ideas which they have not seen. But it is possible to fail in this latter and more difficult style of imitation, as well as in the former humbler one. The detection, it is true, is not so easy, because the objects are not so nigh at hand to compare, and therefore there is more room both for false pretension and for self-deceit. They take an epic motto or subject, and conclude that the spirit is implied as a thing of course. They paint inferior portraits, maudlin lifeless faces, without ordinary expression, or one look, feature, or particle of nature in them, and think that this is to rise to the truth of history. They vulgarise and degrade whatever is interesting or sacred to the mind, and sup-

① 见《哈姆雷特》,第 2 幕,第 2 场,第 384 行:"There's something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out"。

② 见《仲夏夜之梦》,第 5 幕,第 1 场,第 16 行:"gives to airy nothing/A local habitation and a name"。

pose that they thus add to the dignity of their profession. They represent a face that seems as if no thought or feeling of any kind had ever passed through it, and would have you believe that this is the very sublime of expression, such as it would appear in heroes, or demi-gods of old, when rapture or agony was raised to its height. They show you a landscape that looks as if the sun never shone upon it, and tell you that it is not modern — that so earth looked when Titan[①] first kissed it with his rays. This is not the true *ideal*. It is not to fill the moulds of the imagination, but to deface and injure them: it is not to come up to, but to fall short of the poorest conception in the public mind. Such pictures should not be hung in the same room with that of Orion.

Poussin was, or all painters, the most poetical. He was the painter of ideas. No one ever told a story half so well, nor so well knew what was capable of being told by the pencil. He seized on, and struck off with grace and precision, just that point of view which would be likely to catch the readers' fancy. There is a significance, a consciousness in whatever he does (sometimes a vice, but oftener a virtue) beyond any other painter. His Giants[②] sitting on the tops of craggy mountains, as huge themselves, and playing idly on their Pan's-pipes, seem to have been seated there these three thousand years, and to know the beginning and the end of their own story. And infant Bacchus or Jupiter[③] is big with his future destiny. Even inani-

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① 泰坦，希腊神话人物，在阿波罗之前是太阳神，许佩里翁之子。参阅济慈《许佩里翁》。

② 这里的描写是指普桑的两幅风景画。

③ 一幅为《巴克斯的教育》，一幅为《巴克斯的童年》。普桑还画过两幅不同的《朱庇特的幼年》

mate and dumb things speak a language of their own. His snakes[1], the messengers of fate, are inspired with human intellect. His trees grow and expand their leaves in the air, glad of the rain, proud of the sun, awake to the winds of heaven. In his Plague of Athens[2], the very buildings seem stiff with horror. His picture of the Deluge[3] is, perhaps, the finest historical landscape in the world. You see a waste of waters, wide, interminable: the sun is labouring, wan and weary, up the sky; the clouds, dull and leaden, lie like a load upon the eye, and heaven and earth seem commingling into one confused mass! His human figures are sometimes 'o'er-informed'[4] with this kind of feeling. Their actions have too much gesticulation, and the set expression of the features borders too much on the mechanical and caricatured style. In this respect, they form a contrast to Raphael's, whose figures never appear to be sitting for their pictures, or to be conscious of a spectator, or to have come from the painter's hand. In Nicolas Poussin, on the contrary, every thing seems to have a distinct understanding with the artist: 'the very stones prate of their whereabout'[5]: each object has its part and place assigned, and is in a sort of compact with the rest of the picture. It is this conscious keeping, and, as it were, *internal* design, that gives their peculiar char-

① 下文讲到的《洪水》及《亚伦的杖棍变为毒蛇》两幅画都描绘了蛇

② 据今人考证,这里可能指的是另一幅画,即"The Plague among the Philistines at Ashdod"。

③ 通常又称《冬日》。

④ 见约翰·德莱顿(1631-1700)《押沙龙与阿奇托菲尔》一诗,第153行。意为"over-filled"。

⑤ 见《麦克白》,第2幕,第2场,第58行:"The very stones prate my whereabout"。

acter to the works of this artist. There was a picture of Aurora[1] in the British Gallery a year or two ago. It was a suffusion of golden light. The Goddess wore her saffron-coloured robes, and appeared just risen from the gloomy bed of old Tithonus[2]. Her very steeds, milk-white, were tinged with the yellow dawn. It was a personification of the morning. — Poussin succeeded better in classic than in sacred subjects. The latter are comparatively heavy, forced, full of violent contrasts of colour, of red, blue, and black, and without the true prophetic inspiration of the characters. But in his Pagan allegories and fables he was quite at home. The native gravity and native levity of the Frenchman were combined with Italian scenery and an antique gusto, and gave even to his colouring an air of learned indifference. He wants, in one respect, grace, form, expression; but he has every where sense and meaning, perfect costume and propriety. His personages always belong to the class and time represented, and are strictly versed in the business in hand. His grotesque compositions in particular, his Nymphs and Fauns[3], are superior (at least, as far as style is concerned) even to those of Rubens. They are taken more immediately out of fabulous history. Rubens's Satyrs and Bacchantes have a more jovial and voluptuous aspect, are more drunk with pleasure, more full of animal spirits and riotous impulses; they laugh and bound

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① 据今人考证，似指"Cephalus and Aurora"一画。罗马神话中的"奥罗拉"即希腊神话中的"厄俄斯"，为曙光女神。

② 提托诺斯为奥罗拉的丈夫，神明答应给他永生。在他身体干缩之后，奥罗拉将他变为蚱蜢。

③ Nymph，希腊神话中的仙女，Faun，罗马神话中的农牧神，下文的 Satyr 和 Bacchante，分别为希腊神话中的森林神和罗马神话中的酒神的女祭司 普桑和鲁本斯画过相同题材的作品，故这里均用复数。

along —

Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant spring. [1]

but those of Poussin have more of the intellectual part of the character, and seem vicious on reflection, and of set purpose. Rubens's are noble specimens of a class; Poussin's are allegorical abstractions of the same class, with bodies less pampered, but with minds more secretly depraved. The Bacchanalian groups of the Flemish painter were, however, his masterpieces in composition. Witness those prodigies of colour, character, and expression, at Blenheim[2]. In the more chaste and refined delineation of classic fable, Poussin was without a rival. Rubens, who was a match for him in the wild and picturesque, could not pretend to vie with the elegance and purity of thought in his picture of Apollo[3] giving a poet a cup of water to drink, nor with the gracefulness of design in the figure of a nymph[4] squeezing the juice of a bunch of grapes from her fingers (a rosy wine-press) which falls into the mouth of a chubby infant below. But, above all, who shall celebrate, in terms of fit praise, his picture of the shepherds in the Vale of Tempe[5] going out in a fine morning of the spring, and coming to a tomb with this

① 见埃德蒙·斯宾塞(1552? -1599)《仙后》，第1卷，第4章，第14节。

② 英军名将约翰·丘吉尔·马尔伯勒公爵(1650-1772)，1704年在德国巴伐利亚州西部村庄布莱尼姆大败法军后，英国议会奖赏给他一座邸宅，名为"布莱尼姆宫"。他对普桑极为崇拜，收藏名画数十幅。

③ 在"The Inspiration of Anacreon"和"The Inspiration of the Poet"这两幅画中，普桑都描绘过阿波罗的形象。

④ 指"A Bacchanalian Dance"这幅画的左边描绘的一位仙女。

⑤ 指"The Shepherds of Arcadia"一画，普桑最著名的作品。Vale of Tempe，滕比河谷，位于希腊奥林匹斯和奥萨山之间。

inscription: — ET EGO IN ARCADIA VIXI! ① The eager curiosity of some, the expression of others who start back with fear and surprise, the clear breeze playing with the branches of the shadowing trees, 'the valleys low, where the mild zephyrs use,' ② the distant, uninterrupted, sunny prospect speak (and for ever will speak on) of ages past to ages yet to come!

Pictures are a set of chosen images, a stream of pleasant thoughts passing through the mind. It is a luxury to have the walls of our rooms hung round with them, and no less so to have such a gallery in the mind, to con over the relics of ancient art bound up 'within the book and volume of the brain, unmixed (if it were possible) with baser matter!' ③ A life passed among pictures, in the study and the love of art, is a happy noiseless dream: or rather, it is to dream and to be awake at the same time; for it has all 'the sober certainty of waking bliss,' ④ with the romantic voluptuousness of a visionary and abstracted being. They are the bright consummate essences of things, and 'he who knows of these delights to taste and interpose them oft, is not unwise!' ⑤— The Orion, which I have here taken occasion to descant upon, is one of a collection of excellent pictures, as this collection is itself one of a series from

① 拉丁碑文，一说指"死者"，一说指"坟墓"。Arcadia，古希腊田园风光的山区，现为"世外桃源"的代称。全句意为"我也在阿卡狄亚栖身"。

② 参阅弥尔顿《利西达斯》，第 136 行："Ye valleys low where the milk whispers use"。"use"意为"to frequent"。

③ 见《哈姆雷特》，第 1 幕，第 5 场，第 103 行："Within the book and volume of my brain, / Unmixed with baser matter."

④ 见弥尔顿《科摩斯》，第 263 行："Such sober certainty of waking bliss, / I never hear till now."

⑤ 参阅弥尔顿十四行诗《致劳伦斯先生》最后两行："He who of these delights can judge, and spare / To interpose them oft, is not unwise."

Their works seem endless as their reputation — to be many as they are complete — to multiply with the desire of the mind to see more and more of them; as if there were a living power in the breath of Fame, and in the very names of the great heirs of glory 'there were propagation too!'[1] It is something to have a collection of this sort to count upon once a year; to have one last, lingering look yet to come. Pictures are scattered like stray gifts through the world; and while they remain, earth has yet a little gilding left, not quite rubbed off, dishonoured, and defaced. There are plenty of standard works still to be found in this country, in the collections at Blenheim, at Burleigh[2], and in those belonging to Mr Angerstein[3]. Lord Grosvenor, the Marquis of Stafford[4], and others, to keep up this treat to the lovers of art for many years: and it is the more desirable to reserve a privileged sanctuary of this sort, where the eye may dote, and the heart take its fill of such pictures as Poussin's Orion, since the Louvre is stripped of its triumphant spoils, and since he, who collected it, and wore it as a rich jewel in his Iron Crown[5], the hunter of greatness and of glory, is himself a shade!

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① 出处不详，待查。
② 埃克塞特的伯爵邸宅，据说 19 世纪初以名画收藏出名。
③ 当时的大贾，慈善家，1823 年过世后国家以六十万英镑购下他的二十九幅名画。
④ 当时的两位贵族，酷爱收藏名画。
⑤ "铁王冠"为古代伦巴第人的王位象征，1805 年拿破仑曾戴在自己的头上。

【译文】

论尼古拉·普桑的一幅风景画

杨自伍　译

失明的俄里翁渴望曙光。

俄里翁，这幅风景画的主题，是古典文学中的宁禄；荷马称其为“幽灵的猎手，自己便是一个鬼魂”。他是尼普顿的儿子，在神祇与凡人的争斗中一只眼睛失明了，他听说如果他去迎接朝阳，便可恢复视力。在画家的笔端，俄里翁动身起程了，众生在他的肩膀上为他引路，他一手执弓，狄安娜则在云端迎接。他昂首阔步，尘世的巨人，步履踉踉跄跄一摇一晃，仿佛大梦初醒，或者不辨东西；——你这才看出他的失明，虽然他转过背来。身边薄雾冉冉而升，笼罩着苍翠的树林四周；大地湿乎乎的，弥漫着清新的朝露，“灰蒙蒙的黎明和普勒阿德斯七姊妹在他面前翩翩起舞”，远处青山滞水依稀可见。构思或运笔之美妙莫过于此。画面散发出清晨的气息；其中的潮湿，静谧，朦胧，都等待着光明的神力来照亮，化为一片欢乐：整体一如画中的主要人物，是“黎明的先导”。相同的气氛也点染和浸渍着每个景物，相同的熹微晨光“隐隐约约衬托着”大自然的面貌：广袤、奇异、原始形式，这样一种感受渗透了画师的尺幅，我们不由自主地回溯到万物完好的原初状态。这位伟大而博学的人物可谓是透过光阴的明镜去认识自然：有资格被视为体现古典风味的古风的画家，唯此一人而已。乔舒亚爵士在这方面对他作了公正评价。在描绘英雄寓言的

景色中,他能够融入原有自然的那种完整无损的气象,充实、浑厚、博大、丰饶、生机盎然大气磅礴;也能够铺张扬厉,尽艺术渲染之能事,庙宇楼塔和神话幽林随处落墨。他的画作"意在笔先"。他用造化来反映自己的旨趣,依照自己的立意水准来刻画自然的形象,体现了高超的虚构手法;一旦有了初步的构思,其余的一切仿佛油然而生,而且为其所吸收,经过了神思贯注的想象这样一个坚持不懈的过程。宛如他手笔下的俄里翁,他俯视着周围的景象,仿佛"擎举群岛轻若鸿毛,将地球置于天平"。下了一番功夫领悟之后,他便把造化置于理想和古色古香的模式:他在画家之中的地位(较之其他任何人)好比诗人之中的弥尔顿。两人都有几分相同的迂阔,相同的刻板,相同的崇高,相同的恢弘,相同的人工与自然并陈,相同的假借而来的素材上的丰富,相同的性格上的统一性。不论这位诗人还是这位画家,都不曾降低他们所处理的主题的格调,而是在幻想中充实了轮廓,并且增添了活力和真实感;从而不仅满足而且超乎观者和读者的期望。这就为人看作艺术作品的极致和化境。给我们展现自然面貌,如同我们看到的本相一样,固然不错而且值得称许;但更佳而又值得更高的称许的则是,给我们所展现的是我们前所未见却又时常希望目睹的自然面貌。能够显示世界开天辟地的壮观,同时带有挥洒其上的幻想的色彩;或者显示世界繁荣昌盛的景象,同时带有消亡的帝国曾引以为豪的丰碑上庄严的历史烙印,——通过自己"千钧之力的艺术",能够令人回想起昔日的光景,使我们恍然置身于遥远的地方,把想象的领域(一种新的征服)和现实的领域结合起来,——给我们显示的不仅是现在的自然面貌,而且是过去的面貌,同时也是能够具有的面貌,——显示这一切的人,而且以素朴、真实、恢弘的笔调来显示的人,便是驾御自然和她的力量的泰斗;他的襟怀是放眼天下的,他的艺术是大师的艺术。

这里面毫无"超乎自然"之处,要是可能的话,应该说服批

普桑是所有的画家中最具诗意的。他是表现意境的画家。如此活灵活现地宣传一个故事,如此通晓以画笔传达故事的潜力所在,古今一人而已。可能引起读者遐想的那个视角,他把握住了,一挥而就,笔墨潇洒而精致。凡所命笔(时而也有瑕疵,不过更多的则是妙笔),其中都包含着一番意蕴,一番领悟,其他任何画家都望尘莫及。他笔下的巨人都坐在悬崖峭壁的山顶,高大得如巍巍群山,悠然地吹着排箫,俨然稳坐了三千载,仿佛知道自己身世的来龙去脉。婴儿的巴克斯或朱庇特孕育着自身的未来命运。甚至无生命不会言语的东西也表达着属于它们的语言。他画中的蛇,天命的使者,无不灌注着人的智力。他画中的树木欣欣向荣,绿叶繁茂直入九霄,为甘霖而喜悦,为太阳而自豪,天际四面的来风恍然有觉。在他的《雅典的瘟疫》中,那些楼房似乎恐惧得僵硬了。他的《洪水滔天》或许是世界上最出色的历史风景画。你看到的是一片汪洋,泱泱无边;太阳显得很吃力,恹恹怠倦,高悬在天空;云团呢,呆滞沉闷,木然不动,犹如一堆重荷遮住了视线,天地昏然,好像混为一团! 他的人体外表有时"灌注"着这种感觉。他们的动作总有太多的示意手势,这些人物的呆板表情往往接近于机械的和漫画的风格。在这一方面他们与拉斐尔的人物画形成了对比,后者的人物从来不是看上去坐着让人作画的,或意识到有观者,或出自这位画家的手笔。在尼古拉·普桑的作品中,恰恰相反,一切好像带有与这位艺术家的明确的默契:"这些砖石的声音泄露了他们的行踪";每个客体都有其指定的部分和位置,和画的其余部分都有几分契合。正是由于这种有意识的协调,以及某种程度上的内在的布局,才使这位艺术家的作品具有与众不同的特质。一二年前不列颠美术馆藏有一幅曙光女神奥罗拉的画像,显得金光熠熠,大放异彩。女神身着桔红色的睡袍,看上去从老提托诺斯扫兴的卧榻刚起身。她的坐骑乳白皎然,泛出淡黄的曙光。这幅画表现的是黎明的化身。普桑运用古典题材较之宗教题材更

有些人好奇心切，还有些人的神情惊恐得退缩了，一见清风吹拂着茂叶成荫的大树枝桠，"低回的波谷，和煦的徐风飒然而至，"广漠、连绵、阳光普照，好一派风光无声胜有声（永生永世滔滔不绝），向未来的千秋万代倾诉着历代的前尘往事！

画卷是一组精心挑选的形象，陶然思绪漫过心田的一泓清流。居室的四壁悬挂着画卷固然是一份奢侈，而心里拥有这样一处画廊，玩味古代艺术的遗泽，与之息息相通的是"留在我脑海里的书卷，（倘若可能的话）不掺杂拙劣的东西！"，也不失为一份奢侈。在画卷之中，在琢磨和爱好艺术中度过的一生，乃是幸福的寂然梦境；或者毋宁说，那就意味着同时保持半梦半醒；因为那种状态具有全部的"适度确然的清醒喜悦"，伴随着一个虚幻出神的身心的浪漫放纵。画卷是万象光明的完美精华，而且"懂得这些乐趣而时常品味并且置身其间的人，不会是不聪明的！"——《俄里翁》，我在本文乘便大谈了一番，是一批精品藏画中的一幅，因为这批藏画本身便是历代大师组画中的一种，过去几年里它们已使不列颠美术馆的墙壁显得黯然，而且让公众大开眼界。我们一踏进去，但见周围散溢着多美的色调啊（岁月已使自然的色调变得醇厚了）！多美的形式啊，全交织在记忆中了！多美的神色啊，唯有观者会意的神色才能表达！古代艺术的圣殿里年年源源不断发掘出多少才智的珍藏！作品千姿百态，可是名字相同——大量的伦勃朗画从黯然的墙壁看去露出嗔容，鲁本斯那些欢快绚丽的群像，提香比较浓艳奇异的画作，一向精致、有时是无可比拟的克劳德的画作，圭多无穷无尽腻人的甜蜜，普桑和卡拉齐画派的学识，冠绝画林的拉斐尔的王者高贵气象。我们在目录里读到字母和音节，一听到名扬天下的迷人声音，妙笔生花的奇观便呈现目前。有人也许会想，为时一年美不胜收的这类完美的画展要耗尽一个人毕生的精力；但是明年，后年，我们发现又一次丰收果实，经过收割采集而收入了艺术的巨大宝藏，出自相同的不朽之手——

老元灵是它们的司阍,
他允许它们进来,他允许它们出去离开……

他们的作品如同他们的美名一样天长地久——丰富而完满——愈来愈多,就象观看愈来愈多的作品的渴望心情一样;仿佛在声誉的元气之中存在着一股生气贯注的力量,在光荣的伟大后嗣的名字中间"也存在繁衍"!拥有一批这类藏画,好比一年一度有所指望:日后还要最后恋恋不舍看上一眼。画卷宛如零星的礼物散布在天下;一方面它们幸存于世,而尘世间还有些许金光遗留下来,没有完全剥去光彩,蒙受耻辱,面目全非。在这个国家,布莱尼姆宫的收藏品中,在伯利故居,在那些属于安格斯坦先生、格罗夫纳勋爵、斯塔福德的侯爵诸人的收藏品中,还有许多入流的作品有待发现,足以使得艺术爱好者们的这番享受经久不衰;更为可取的方式是,为这类作品保留一个享有特权的圣堂,大家可以在此游目流连,心灵可以尽情体会普桑《俄里翁》一类的作品,因为罗浮宫的战利品已被搬空,因为凡是收藏而且当作一颗昂贵宝石藏在自己铁王冠上的人,也是沽名钓誉之徒,他本身便是一个鬼魂。

【赏析】

自古以来,诗画相通之说由来已久,影响深远,贯穿于中西诗学画论。贺拉斯留给后人的古训是"诗如画"。苏东坡评价唐代诗人王维时说,"味摩诘之诗,诗中有画;观摩诘之画,画中有诗。"又云:"诗画本一律。"莱辛在《拉奥孔》中开宗明义,认为诗与画可以相互照明。哈兹里特深得个中奥秘,所以这篇画论堪称文艺批评的典范之作,同时也是浓得化不开的散文绝唱。他在从事写作之前,习画有年而又好之乐之,这种

得天独厚的艺术经验以及十分敏锐的艺术感受使他的文字具有鲜明的个性和特色。普桑其人其画，现今的读者或许不甚了了。作者细致入微地讲解了《俄里翁》的出典，点出了精妙之处，读毕全文，可以尝鼎一脔而其味尽知。体会再三，便可对普桑的画风有一个非常感性的认识，哈兹里特的手笔功力于此亦可见一斑。同时读者也能认识到，只有读破书几架，方能厚积薄发，恣肆为文。用"学富五车"来形容他的文学知识，并非溢美之辞。上下千载罗列胸中，从《圣经》、莎士比亚到济慈和华兹华斯，以诗论画左右逢源，绝非寻章摘句以显博学。他从神与形、画与人两方面着眼，纵横交错，舒卷开合，气贯如虹而有排江之势，如此文章可谓千古独步，当与天地共存而嘉惠学林。

JAMES H. L. HUNT (1784-1859)

【简介】

詹姆斯·亨·利·亨特，散文家、评论家和诗人。出身寒微，与兰姆和柯尔律治一样属于慈善儿童，在伦敦基督公学念书。1808 年和兄长一起创办周报《检察者》，发表观点开明的政论文章。后因批评摄政王，以诽谤罪入狱，在狱中继续从事写作和编辑工作，完成长诗《里米尼的故事》。和当时的浪漫派诗人及文坛名流多有交往，1821 年应雪莱之约前往意大利，协同他和拜伦主办评论刊物《自由者》。文章题材涉猎广泛，风格轻松活泼，所以亨特成为英国文学史上公认的杂文家。在文学批评方面写过大量优秀文字，较为著名的文集有《圆桌》、《男人、女人和书》等。另有《自传》及《伦敦城》等。

【原文】

Getting Up on Cold Mornings

An Italian author — Giulio Cordara, a Jesuit — has written a poem upon insects, which he begins by insisting, that those troublesome and abominable little animals were created for our annoyance, and that they were certainly not inhabitants

of Paradise. We of the north may dispute this piece of theology; but on the other hand, it is as clear as the snow on the housetops, that Adam was not under the necessity of shaving; and that when Eve walked out of her delicious bower, she did not step upon ice three inches thick.

Some people say it is a very easy thing to get up of a cold morning. You have only, they tell you, to take the resolution; and the thing is done. This may be very true; just as a boy at school has only to take a flogging, and the thing is over. But we have not at all made up our minds upon it; and we find it a very pleasant exercise to discuss the matter, candidly, before we get up. This at least is not idling, though it may be lying. It affords an excellent answer to those, who ask how lying in bed can be indulged in by a reasoning being, — a rational creature. How? Why with the argument calmly at work in one's head, and the clothes over one's shoulder. Oh — it is a fine way of spending a sensible, impartial half-hour.

If these people would be more charitable, they would get on with their argument better. But they are apt to reason so ill, and to assert so dogmatically, that one could wish to have them stand round one's bed of a bitter morning, and lie before their faces. They ought to hear both sides of the bed, the inside and out. If they cannot entertain themselves with their own thoughts for half an hour or so, it is not the fault of those who can. If their will is never pulled aside by the enticing arms of imagination, so much the luckier for the stage-coachman.

Candid inquiries into one's decumbency, besides the greater or less privileges to be allowed a man in proportion to his ability of keeping early hours, the work given his faculties, etc, with at least concede their due merits to such representa-

tions as the following. In the first place, says the injured but calm appealer, I have been warm all night, and find my system in a state perfectly suitable to a warm-blooded animal. To get out of this state into the cold, besides the inharmonious and uncritical abruptness of the transition, is so unnatural to such a creature, that the poets, refining upon the tortures of the damned, make one of their greatest agonies consist in being suddenly transported from heat to cold, — from fire to ice. They are 'haled' out of their 'beds', says Milton, by 'harpy-footed furies'[①], — fellows who come to call them. On my first movement towards the anticipation of getting up, I find that such parts of the sheets and bolster, as are exposed to the air of the room, are stone-cold. On opening my eyes, the first thing that meets them is my own breath rolling forth, as if in the open air, like smoke out of a cottage chimney. Think of this symptom. Then I turn my eyes sideways and see the window all frozen over. Think of that. Then the servant comes in. 'It is very cold this morning, is it not?'—'Very cold, Sir.'—'Very cold indeed, isn't it?'—'Very cold indeed, Sir.'—'More than usually so, isn't it, even for this weather?' (Here the servant's wit and good-nature are put to a considerable test, and the inquirer lies on thorns for the answer.) 'Why, Sir ... I think it *is*.' (Good creature! There is not a better, or more truth-telling servant going.) 'I must rise, however — get me some warm water.' — Here comes a fine interval between the departure of the servant and the arrival of the hot water; during which, of course, it is of 'no use' to get up. The hot water comes. 'Is it quite hot?'—'Yes, Sir.'—'Perhaps too hot for

① 见弥尔顿《失乐园》,第2卷,第596行。

shaving: I must wait a little?'—'No, Sir; it will just do.' (There is an over-nice propriety sometimes, an officious zeal of virtue, a little troublesome.) 'Oh — the shirt — you must air my clean shirt; — linen gets very damp this weather.'—'Yes, Sir.' Here another delicious five minutes. A knock at the door. 'Oh, the shirt — very well. My stockings — I think the stockings had better be aired too.'—'Very well, Sir.'— Here another interval. At length everything is ready, except myself. I now, continues our incumbent (a happy word, by the by, for a country vicar) — I now cannot help thinking a good deal — who can? — upon the unnecessary and villainous custom of shaving: it is a thing so unmanly (here I nestle closer) — so effeminate (here I recoil from an unlucky step into the colder part of the bed). — No wonder that the Queen of France took part with the rebels against the degenerate King, her husband, who first affronted her smooth visage with a face like her own. The Emperor Julian never showed the luxuriancy of his genius to better advantage than in reviving the flowing beard. Look at Cardinal Bembo's[①] picture — at Michael Angelo's — at Titian's — at Shakespeare's — at Fletcher's — at Spenser's — at Chaucer's — at Alfred's — at Plato's — I could name a great man for every tick of my watch. — Look at the Turks, a grave and otiose people. — Think of Haroun Al Raschid[②] and Bedridden Hassan[③]. — Think of Wortley Montague, the worthy son of his mother[④], a man above the prejudice of his time. —

① 皮特洛·本博(1470-1547)是意大利文艺复兴时期人物。
② 古代阿拔斯王朝第五代哈里发,《一千零一夜》中对他有描写。
③ 伊斯兰教创始人穆罕默德的后代。
④ 指玛丽·沃特利·蒙塔古夫人(1689-1762),英国书信作家、散文家。

Look at the Persian gentlemen, whom one is ashamed of meeting about the suburbs, their dress and appearance are so much finer than our own. — Lastly, think of the razor itself — how totally opposed to every sensation of bed — how cold, how edgy, how hard! how utterly different from anything like the warm and circling amplitude, which

> Sweetly recommends itself
> Unto our gentle senses.

Add to this, benumbed fingers, which may help you to cut yourself, a quivering body, a frozen towel, and a ewer full of ice; and he that says there is nothing to oppose in all this, only shows, at any rate, that he has no merit in opposing it.

Thomson the poet, who exclaims in his *Seasons:*

> Falsely luxurious! Will not man awake?

used to lie in bed till noon, because he said he had no motive in getting up. He could imagine the good of rising; but then he could also imagine the good of lying still; and his exclamation, it must be allowed, was made upon summer-time, not winter. We must proportion the argument to the individual character. A money-getter may be drawn out of his bed by three or four pence; but this will not suffice for a student. A proud man may say, 'What shall I think of myself, if I don't get up?' but the more humble one will be content to waive this prodigious notion of himself, out of respect to his kindly bed. The mechanical man shall get up without any ado at all; and so shall the barometer. An ingenious lier in bed will find hard matter of discussion

even on the score of health and longevity. He will ask us for our proofs and precedents of the ill effects of lying late in cold weather; and sophisticate much on the advantages of an even temperature of body; of the natural propensity (pretty universal) to have one's way; and of the animals that roll themselves up, and sleep all the winter. As to longevity, he will ask whether the longest life is of necessity the best; and whether Holborn is the handsomest street in London.

We only know of one confounding, not to say confounded argument, fit to overturn the huge luxury, the 'enormous bliss'[①]— of the vice in question. A lier in bed may be allowed to profess a disinterested indifference for his health or longevity; but while he is showing the reasonableness of consulting his own or one person's comfort, he must admit the proportionate claim of more than one; and the best way to deal with him is this, especially for a lady; for we earnestly recommend the use of that sex on such occasions, if not somewhat *over*-persuasive; since extremes have an awkward knack of meeting. First then, admit all the ingeniousness of what he ways, telling him that the Bar has been deprived of an excellent lawyer. Then look at him in the most good-natured manner in the world, with a mixture of assent and appeal in your countenance, and tell him that you are waiting breakfast for him; that you never like to breakfast without him; that you really want it too; that the servants want theirs; that you shall not know how to get the house into order, unless he rises; and that you are sure he would do things twenty times worse, even than getting out of his warm bed, to put them all into good humour and a state of

① 出自弥尔顿《失乐园》，第5卷，第297行。

comfort. Then, after having said this, throw in the comparatively indifferent matter, to *him*, about his health; but tell him that it is no indifferent matter to you; that the sight of his illness makes more people suffer than one; but that if, nevertheless, he really does feel so very sleepy and so very much refreshed by — Yet stay; we hardly know whether the frailty of a — Yes, yes; say that too, especially if you say it with sincerity; for if the weakness of human nature on the one hand and the *vis inertiae* on the other, should lead him to take advantage of it once or twice, good-humour and sincerity form an irresistible junction at last: and are still better and warmer things than pillows and blankets.

Other little helps of appeal may be thrown in, as occasion requires. You may tell a lover, for instance, that lying in bed makes people corpulent; a father, that you wish him to complete the fine manly example he sets his children; a lady, that she will injure her bloom or her shape, which M. or W. [①] admires so much; and a student or artist, that he is always so glad to have done a good day's work, in his best manner.

Reader. And pray, Mr Indicator[②], how do *you* behave yourself in this respect?

Indic. Oh, Madam, perfectly, of course; like all advisers.

Reader. Nay, I allow that your mode of argument does not look quite so suspicious as the old way of sermonising and severity, but I have my doubts, especially from that laugh of

① 指男人或女人。

② 亨特于1819-1821年间创办的文学刊物叫 *The Indicator*，故下文 Indicator 的话不妨看作是夫子自道。

亲切地把它自己向我们
细腻的感官推荐。

除此之外还有冻僵的手指(可能帮助你把皮肤刮破),发抖的身体,结冰的毛巾和充满碎冰的水罐;说这一切没有什么可反对的人只不过表明他没有本领来反对这一切。

诗人汤姆森在他的《四季》中大声急呼:

虚假的舒适!难道人们不想醒来?

这位诗人惯常在床上一直躺到中午,因为他说他没有起床的动机。他能够想象起床的好处;但另一方面,他也能够想象躺在床上不动的好处;必须承认,他的大声疾呼说的是夏天,而不是冬天。我们必须把对这个问题的看法和个人的特性联系在一起。三四个便士也许就能使贪财的人从床上爬起来;但对学生来说,这点钱就不够了。自尊的人可能说:"如果我不起床,我会把自己看成是什么样的人?"但较为谦恭的人会出于对温柔体贴的床的看重而放弃自尊心。做工的人起床根本不是麻烦事;气压表的上升也同样如此。聪明的卧床者甚至连健康和长寿的问题也不愿讨论。他要我们提出冷天睡懒觉有害健康的证据和先例,并对保持人体温度均衡的好处,对随心所欲这种人之天性的好处,和动物在整个冬天蜷曲起身体进入冬眠的好处大加辩解。至于长寿的问题,他会问最长的一生是否就是最好的一生;霍尔本是否就是伦敦最漂亮的街。

我们只知道一个能够打消卧床陋习的莫大享受和"过度逸乐"的理由,这个理由不说是令人不知所措,也可以说是使人窘困的。卧床者可以承认他对自己的健康或长寿漠不关心,但他在合理地考虑自己的或某个人的舒适时,也必须承认由一个以上的人提出的要求具有相应的分量;对付他,特别是

由一位女士来对付他(我们诚恳建议——即使不是强行说明——指派女性来应付这种情况,因为两个极端也有其笨拙的办法相通)的最好办法是这样的:首先,承认他的话说得巧妙动听,对他说他没有去当律师是律师界的损失。然后,用世界上最和蔼的态度朝他看,脸上带着既赞成又恳求的表情,告诉他你在等他吃早饭;说如果没有他陪伴你就决不吃早饭;说你真的想吃早饭;说佣人们也想吃早饭;说如果他不起床,你就不知道怎样才能把屋里收拾得井井有条,说你确信为了让大家高兴和舒服,比从温暖的床上爬起来更糟二一倍的事他也愿意干。接着,在说完这些话之后,插进对他来说是不重要的关于他的健康的事;但要告诉他对你来说这可不是不重要的事;告诉他看到他生病不只一个人会感到痛苦;虽然如此,但如果他真的瞌睡而且疲乏能够消除只要——停下别说;我们还不知道弱点——对,对,这也要说,如果你能说得诚恳;因为如果一方面是人性的弱点,另一方面是惰性使他有一两次接受了你前面所说的话,那么和善的态度和真诚的心意会最终汇成一股不可抗拒的力量;于是就有了比枕头和毯子更好、更温暖的东西。

根据情况的需要,还可以附带找着其他有助于恳求的由头。例如,你可能对情郎说,躺在床上使人发胖;你可能对父亲说,你希望他为孩子们树立一个男子汉的完整榜样;你可能对一位女士说,那会损害她那使男士们或女士们大为羡慕的姣容或风姿;你可能对一个学生或画家说,你总是为能够出色地干完整整一天的工作而感到愉快。

读者:请问,指示者先生,在这方面你是怎样做的?

指示者:哦,夫人,当然,做得完美无缺,就像所有的提供意见者一样。

读者:我承认你的说理方式看起来不像老式说教那样可疑,那样严厉,可是我很怀疑,特别是听到你的那种笑声。万一我明天早晨顺道来访——

指示者：啊，夫人，有你这样漂亮的女士来访，会叫我喜出望外。这会使我九点钟起床，对不起——我的意思是六点钟起床。

【赏析】

冷天早起人人害怕，虽然大家都知道需要的只是意志而已。作者善于即事为文，细大不捐，借题发挥，充满着生活气息。这篇小品的题目十分简单，是日常生活中极为普通的体验，作者却能铺陈出一篇令人忍俊不禁的佳构，成为历来选家青睐的篇目，为后世所传诵不已。全文结构松散，一路缓写，几经转折，如游者入幽邃之境，数步一景，风光各异。笔调不拘一格，时而说理论述，时而巧妙安排主仆之间的幽默对话，时而浮想联翩，以叙述开头，以对白结尾。通篇文势如神龙见首不见尾，这种笔路在英国随笔中颇为少见，可谓别开手眼，家数自成。18世纪欧洲文坛有"南北文学"之说，故作者落笔并不急于点题，而是借人之口说话，令读者有"仁者见仁，智者见智"的心理准备。同时又举出亚当和夏娃为隐喻，暗示尘世总有烦恼，为下文打下伏笔。乍看起来，该说的是早起便当而必要，但作者态度超然，没有正面说理，而是设想各色人等的不同反应。俗话说"看人挑担不吃力"，题旨不着痕迹而意在言外，最终让读者自己去引出各自的结论。尤为精彩的是末尾处理的手法，不仅妙趣风生，而且具有警策意味。桐城派大家刘大魁在《论文偶记》中谈到，"文贵奇"和"文贵变"，亨特命意奇特而运笔多变，这是本文的两大特色。

THOMAS DE QUINCEY (1785-1859)

【简介】

托马斯·德·昆西,散文家、评论家。出身于富商家庭。聪颖早慧,十五岁已通晓古典语言,能用拉丁文作诗。大学读书期间只身离校,漫游威尔士和伦敦。后与柯尔律治及华兹华斯相识,写有《湖畔诗人回忆录》。因病吸鸦片,遂成瘾君子。在《伦敦杂志》发表《一个英国鸦片烟民的自白》,一举成名。因生活拮据,为报章杂志撰写了大量文字。他曾对梦境进行心理分析,研究儿童经历化为梦中象征后与文学创作源泉的联系,对爱伦·坡和波德莱尔等产生过较大影响。散文特色在于充满激情并将经历、书卷、梦境融为一体。

【原文】

On the Knocking at the Gate in "Macbeth"[①]

From my boyish days I had always felt a great perplexity on one point in *Macbeth*. It was this: the knocking at the gate which succeeds to the murder of Duncan produced to my feel-

① 最初发表于1823年10月号《伦敦杂志》。

ings an effect for which I never could account. The effect was that it reflected back upon the murderer a peculiar awfulness and a depth of solemnity; yet, however obstinately I endeavoured with my understanding to comprehend this, for many years I never could see *why* it should produce such an effect.

Here I pause for one moment, to exhort the reader never to pay any attention to his understanding when it stands in opposition to any other faculty of his mind. The mere understanding, however useful and indispensable, is the meanest faculty in the human mind, and the most to be distrusted; and yet the great majority of people trust to nothing else — which may do for ordinary life, but not for philosophical purposes. Of this out of ten thousand instances that I might produce I will cite one. Ask of any person whatsoever who is not previously prepared for the demand by a knowledge of the perspective to draw in the rudest way the commonest appearance which depends upon the laws of that science — as, for instance, to represent the effect of two walls standing at right angles to each other, or the appearance of the houses on each side of a street as seen by a person looking down the street from one extremity. Now, in all cases, unless the person has happened to observe in pictures how it is that artists produce these effects, he will be utterly unable to make the smallest approximation to it. Yet why? For he has actually seen the effect every day of his life. The reason is that he allows his understanding to overrule his eyes. His understanding, which includes no intuitive knowledge of the laws of vision, can furnish him with no reason why a line which is known and can be proved to be a horizontal line should not *appear* a horizontal line: a line that made any angle with the perpendicular less than a right angle would seem to him to indicate

that his houses were all tumbling down together. Accordingly, he makes the line of his houses a horizontal line, and fails, of course, to produce the effect demanded. Here, then, is one instance out of many in which not only the understanding is allowed to overrule the eyes, but where the understanding is positively allowed *to obliterate the eyes*, as it were; for not only does the man believe the evidence of his understanding in opposition to that of his eyes, but (what is monstrous) the idiot is not aware that his eyes ever gave such evidence. He does not know that he has seen (and therefore *quoad* [1] his consciousness has not seen) that which he *has* seen every day of his life.

But to return from this digression. My understanding could furnish no reason why the knocking at the gate in *Macbeth* should produce any effect, direct or reflected. In fact, my understanding said positively that it could *not* produce any effect. But I knew better; I felt that it did; and I waited and clung to the problem until further knowledge should enable me to solve it. At length, in 1812, Mr. Williams made his *début* on the stage of Ratcliffe Highway, and executed those unparalleled murders which have procured for him such a brilliant and undying reputation. [2] On which murders, by the way, I must observe that in one respect they have had an ill effect, by making the connoisseur in murder very fastidious in his taste, and dissatisfied by anything that has been since done in that line. All other murders look pale by the deep crimson of his; and, as

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① 拉丁语，意为"so far"。

② 1811年12月，水手约翰·威廉斯在伦敦市中心拉特克利夫大道门牌29号房里杀害了马尔一家，十二天以后，又杀害了威廉逊一家。这两起谋杀案震动了伦敦全市。

an amateur once said to me in a querulous tone, 'There has been absolutely nothing *doing* since his time, or nothing that's worth speaking of.' But this is wrong; for it is unreasonable to expect all men to be great artists, and born with the genius of Mr. Williams. Now, it will be remembered that in the first of these murders (that of the Marrs) the same incident (of a knocking at the door[1] soon after the work of extermination was complete) did actually occur which the genius of Shakespeare has invented; and all good judges, and the most eminent dilettanti, acknowledged the felicity of Shakespeare's suggestion as soon as it was actually realized. Here, then, was a fresh proof that I was right in relying on my own feeling, in opposition to my understanding; and I again set myself to study the problem. At length I solved it to my own satisfaction: and my solution is this: murder, in ordinary cases, where the sympathy is wholly directed to the case of the murdered person, is an incident of coarse and vulgar horror; and for this reason — that it flings the interest exclusively upon the natural but ignoble instinct by which we cleave to life: an instinct which, as being indispensable to the primal law of self-preservation, is the same in kind (though different in degree) amongst all living creatures. This instinct, therefore, because it annihilates all distinctions, and degrades the greatest of men to the level of 'the poor beetle that we tread on,'[2] exhibits human nature in its most abject and humiliating attitude. Such an attitude would little suit the purposes of the poet. What then must he do? He must throw the interest on the murderer. Our sympathy must

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① 马尔家一名女仆为准备晚餐出门买牡蛎，归来时曾敲门。
② 引自莎士比亚《一报还一报》剧，第3幕，第1场，第79行

be with *him* (of course I mean a sympathy of comprehension, a sympathy by which we enter into his feelings, and are made to understand them — not a sympathy of pity or approbation). [1] In the murdered person, all strife of thought, all flux and reflux of passion and of purpose, are crushed by one overwhelming panic; the fear of instant death smites him 'with its petrific mace' [2]. But in the murderer, such a murderer as a poet will condescend to, there must be raging some great storm of passion — jealousy, ambition, vengeance, hatred — which will create a hell within him; and into this hell we are to look.

In *Macbeth*, for the sake of gratifying his own enormous and teeming faculty of creation, Shakespeare has introduced two murderers: and, as usual in his hands, they are remarkably discriminated; but — though in Macbeth the strife of mind is greater than in his wife, the tiger spirit not so awake, and his feelings caught chiefly by contagion from her — yet, as both were finally involved in the guilt of murder, the murderous mind of necessity is finally to be presumed in both. This was to be expressed; and, on its own account, as well as to make it a more proportionable antagonist to the unoffending nature of their victim, 'the gracious Duncan,' and adequately to

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① "It seems almost ludicrous to guard and explain my use of a word in a situation where it would naturally explain itself. But it has become necessary to do so, in consequence of the unscholar-like use of the word sympathy, at present so general, by which, instead of taking it in its proper sense, as the act of reproducing in our minds the feelings of another. Whether for hatred, indignation, love, pity, or approbation, it is made a mere synonym of the word *pity*; and hence, instead of saying 'sympathy *with* another', many writers adopt the monstrous barbarism of 'sympathy *for* another'." (De Quincey)

② 引自弥尔顿《失乐园》,第 10 章,第 294 行。

expound 'the deep damnation of his taking off,'[①] this was to be expressed with peculiar energy. We were to be made to feel that the human nature — i. e. the divine nature of love and mercy, spread through the hearts of all creatures, and seldom utterly withdrawn from man — was gone, vanished, extinct, and that the fiendish nature had taken its place. And, as this effect is marvellously accomplished in the *dialogues* and *soliloquies* themselves, so it is finally consummated by the expedient under consideration; and it is to this that I now solicit the reader's attention. If the reader has ever witnessed a wife, daughter, or sister in a fainting fit, he may chance to have observed that the most affecting moment in such a spectacle is *that* in which a sigh and a stirring announce the recommencement of suspended life. Or, if the reader has ever been present in a vast metropolis on the day when some great national idol was carried in funeral pomp to his grave, and, chancing to walk near the course through which it passed, has felt powerfully, in the silence and desertion of the streets, and in the stagnation of ordinary business, the deep interest which at that moment was possessing the heart of man — if all at once he should hear the death-like stillness broken up by the sound of wheels rattling away from the scene, and making known that the transitory vision was dissolved, he will be aware that at no moment was his sense of the complete suspension and pause in ordinary human concerns so full and affecting as at that moment when the suspension ceases, and the goings-on of human life are suddenly resumed. All action in any direction is best ex-

① 引自莎士比亚《麦克白》,第3幕,第1场,第66行和第1幕,第7场,第20行。

pounded, measured, and made apprehensible, by reaction. Now, apply this to the case in *Macbeth*. Here, as I have said, the retiring of the human heart and the entrance of the fiendish heart was to be expressed and made sensible. Another world has stepped in; and the murderers are taken out of the region of human things, human purposes, human desires. They are transfigured: Lady Macbeth is 'unsexed'[1]; Macbeth has forgot that he was born of woman; both are conformed to the image of devils; and the world of devils is suddenly revealed. But how shall this be conveyed and made palpable? In order that a new world may step in, this world must for a time disappear. The murderers and the murder must be insulated — cut off by an immeasurable gulf from the ordinary tide and succession of human affairs — locked up and sequestered in some deep recess; we must be made sensible that the world of ordinary life is suddenly arrested, laid asleep, tranced, racked into a dread armistice; time must be annihilated, relation to things without abolished; and all must pass self-withdrawn into a deep syncope[2] and suspension of earthly passion. Hence it is that, when the deed is done, when the work of darkness is perfect, then the world of darkness passes away like a pageantry in the clouds: the knocking at the gate is heard, and it makes known audibly that the reaction has commenced; the human has made its reflux upon the fiendish; the pulses of life are beginning to beat again; and the re-establishment of the goings-on of the world in which we live first makes us profoundly sensible of the

① 在下狠心谋杀邓肯之前，麦克白夫人曾祈求地狱里的魔鬼使她的心失去女性("unsex me here")——引自《麦克白》，第1幕，第5场，第42行。

② 此处意为"sudden cessation"。

中最低下的能力、并且也是最不可靠的;但是大多数人却除了思考力外什么也不依靠。这样做,在日常生活中是可以的,但是为了哲学的目的,却是不允许的。我可以举一万个这样的例子,但我打算只举其中的一个。叫一个没有为了这种需要事先受过透视画法知识训练的人,用最简单的方法去画根据这门学科的原理所最常见的现象;例如,表现相互成直角的两面墙的效果,或者表现一个人从街道的一端看过去所看到街道两侧一排排房子的样子。在所有这些情况下,除非那个人碰巧曾经在图画里观察到画家是怎样产生这些效果的,否则他会完全无法产生即使是在最小的程度上与这此效果相近似的效果。但是为了什么原故呢?既然事实上他生活里每一天都看见这种效果。原因是:他让自己的思考力压制了自己的观察力。他的思考力并没有包含认识视觉规律的直观知识,因此也就不能向他提供任何理由,足以说明为什么一条已知的,并且可以被证明的水平线,看起来却不像一条水平线;而一条与垂直线成小于直角角度的线,在他看来,却在表现他的一排房子都在倒塌之中。因此他就用一条水平线来画他的一排房子,当然也就不可能产生所要求达到的效果了。这就是许多例子当中的一个:在这种情况下,那个人不仅让自己的思考力去压制自己的观察力,而且,可以说,他断然允许自己的思考力去消灭自己的观察力;因为那个人不仅相信他自己的思考力所提供的证据,尽管这个证据和他的观察力所提供的证据相矛盾,而且(十分荒谬!)这个蠢才竟然毫不意识到他自己的观察力在任何时候曾提供过这样的证据。他不知道他自己曾经看到了(因此,就这一点来说,他的意识并没有看到)他生活里每一天都看到了的东西。

但是,言归正传,我的思考力并不能提供任何理由,足以说明为什么《麦克白》剧中的敲门声会产生任何直接的或反射的效果。事实上,我的思考力断然宣称敲门声不能产生任何效果。但我心里有数,我感觉到它的确起了效果;我等待着,

并且抓住这个问题不肯放，直到更多的知识使我能够解答这个问题。终于，到了 1812 年，威廉斯先生在拉特克利夫大道初次登台表演，实践了那些替他赢得如此光辉和不朽声望的无可比拟的谋杀行为。顺便说一下，关于这些谋杀行为，我必须指出，在一个方面它们起了不良的作用，使谋杀艺术的鉴赏家变得口味太高，不能满足于从那个时期以来这个行业里的任何实践。在和他的谋杀行为的浓厚的深红色彩相形之下，其他一切谋杀行为都显得黯然失色；正像一位艺术爱好者有一次曾用一种抱怨的语调对我说，"自从他的时代以来，简直没有任何**实践**或值得一提的东西"。但是这种看法是错误的；因为不可能期望一切人都生来就是伟大的艺术家，都赋有威廉斯先生的天才。人们或许记得在这些谋杀案件当中的第一个案件（马尔一家被害）里，当谋杀行为完成后不久，果真出现了与莎士比亚的天才所创造的情节完全相同的一个情节（有人敲门）；一切高明的鉴赏家和最杰出的艺术爱好者一看到莎士比亚的这一设想被付诸实践，他们都承认莎士比亚的构思非常巧妙。那么，我们这里就有了新的证据，证明我不顾自己的思考力而相信自己的感觉，这样做是做对了；于是我又开始研究这个问题；终于，我找到了使自己满意的答案，我的答案是：在通常情况下，当人们的同情完全寄托在受害者身上时，谋杀是一件令人恐怖、厌恶的粗俗的事；那是因为这件事把兴趣专门投放在我们坚持生存下去这个自然的、但不光彩的本能上面；由于这个本能对最基本的自卫规律来说是必不可少的，一切生物的这个本能都属于同类（尽管程度不同）；由于这个本能抹煞了一切区别，并且把最伟大的人物降低到"被我们践踏的一只无知的甲虫"的地位，因此这个本能所显示的人性处于十分卑贱、可耻的状态。这种状态不会符合诗人的要求。那么，他该怎么办呢？他必须把兴趣投放在凶手身上。我们的同情必须在**他**的一边（当然我说的是由于理解而同情，通过这种同情我们能够体会他的感情，并能理解这些感情，而不是

一种怜悯或赞许的同情[1]。在被害者身上，一切思想斗争，激情和意图的一切涨落，都淹没在压倒一切的恐惧之中；立即死亡的恐惧“用它的令人惊呆的权杖”袭击他。但在凶手——诗人情愿屈尊描绘的凶手——身上，必须有某种强烈感情的大风暴在发作——妒忌、野心、报复、仇恨——这种感情风暴会在凶手的内心制造一所地狱；我们将研究一下这所地狱的情况。

为了满足自己巨大、丰富的创造力，莎士比亚在《麦克白》剧中介绍了两个凶手：正像经常出现在他的笔下那样，这两个凶手具有显著的区别：尽管麦克白的思想斗争比他妻子的要大，尽管他不像她那样凶残，尽管他的感情主要是受她的感染而得来，但是，由于他们两人最后都牵连在谋杀犯罪之中，最后势必应假定二人都有杀人之心。诗人必须把这一层表达出来；为了这一层本身的缘故，也为了使这一层与他们的受害者“仁慈的邓肯”的不冒犯别人的个性形成更为相称的对照，为了充分说明“害死他是最造孽的事”，诗人必须特别有力地把这一层表达出来。诗人必须使我们感到人性——也就是，散布在一切生物心中，极难从人身上完全排除掉的仁爱与慈悲的神圣性格——已不存在，消失了，熄灭了，而被恶魔的性格所代替。鉴于这个效果已在**对话**和**独白**本身里惊人地达到了，它最后又通过我们所讨论的那个手段而趋于完善；这个手段就是我现在要请求读者予以注意的东西。如果读者曾亲眼看见自己的妻子、女儿或姐妹昏厥过去，不省人事，他或许曾

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[1] 在一个一目了然的情景下，我必须提防，并对我所用的字眼加以解释，这样做看来几乎是荒谬可笑的，但却成为必要的了。这是因为目前“同情”(sympathy)这个词如此普遍地被滥用——根据这种用法，不照它的本义解释为使别人的感情(不论是仇恨、愤怒、爱情、怜悯，或是赞许)在我们自己心灵里重现这一行动，却把它用作仅仅是怜悯这个词的同义词；因此许多作者不说“同别人一起感受”(“sympathy with another”)，而采取了“对别人同情”(“sympathy for another”)这个荒诞的用法。

注意到在这样一个场面，最感动人的时刻就是那一刹那，当一声叹息和一丝微动宣告暂停的生命又重新开始了。或者，如果读者曾到过一个大都市，那天适逢某位举国崇拜的大人物安葬，灵车以隆重的仪式运往坟地。这时读者偶然走近灵车经过的道路。当时街上一片寂静，行人绝迹，日常事务暂告停顿。在这样的气氛中，如果读者曾强烈地感到那个时刻占据人们心灵的深刻的关切——如果他又突然听见嘎嘎的车轮声离开那个场地，打破了死一般的沉寂，同时宣告那短暂的幻影消散了，他会意识到他对人间日常事务暂时完全停顿的感觉，在任何时刻也没有像当停顿结束，人生各项事务突然又重新开始的那一时刻那样强烈，那样有感染力。一切施加于任何方向的作用可以用反作用来加以最好的说明和衡量，更好地为人们所理解。现在把这个道理应用到《麦克白》剧中的情况。在这个剧中，正像我说过的那样，诗人必须把人性的退场和魔性的上台表现出来，使人们能够感觉到、另一个世界出现了；诗人把凶手们置于人间事务、人间意图、人间欲望的范围之外。他们的形象改变了：麦克白夫人“失去了女性”（“unsexed”）；麦克白忘记自己是女人生的；两人都符合恶魔的形象；魔鬼世界突然被显示出来了。但是这一层应该怎样表达，使人一目了然？为了使另一个世界出现，我们这个世界必须暂时消失。诗人必须把凶手们和谋杀罪与我们的世界隔离开来——用一道极大的鸿沟把他们与人间日常事务的河流相切断——把他们关闭、隐藏在秘密、深奥的地方；诗人必须使我们感觉到日常生活的世界突然停止活动——入睡——精神恍惚——陷于可怕的休战状态；诗人必须把时间毁掉；取消与外界事务的联系；一切事物必须自我引退，进入深沉的昏睡状态，脱离尘世间的情欲。因此，当谋杀行为已经完成，当犯罪已经实现，于是罪恶的世界就像空中的幻景那样烟消云散了：我们听见了敲门声；敲门声清楚地宣布反作用开始了；人性的回潮冲击了魔性；生命的脉搏又开始跳动起来；我们生活于其

中的世界重建起它的活动;这个重建第一次使我们强烈地感到停止活动的那段插曲的可怖性。

哦,伟大的诗人!您的作品不像其他人的作品那样,单纯是,仅仅是伟大的艺术品;它们还像自然现象,像太阳和海洋,星星和花朵;像霜和雪,雨和露,雹暴和霹雳。学习您的作品,我们必须使我们自己的思考力和理解力完全顺从您的指挥,我们必须完全相信您的作品增一分则太多,减一分则太少,相信您的作品里没有无用的或不起作用的东西——而且我们还必须完全相信,我们在发现您的过程中前进得愈远,就愈能看到许多证据,证明在粗心的读者看来仅仅是偶然或巧合的地方,却有您的精心设计和前后呼应的安排!

【赏析】

歌德写过一篇著名的文章《说不尽的莎士比亚》,另外在和爱克曼的谈话中指出,"莎士比亚已把全部人性的各种倾向,无论在高度上还是在深度上,都描写得竭尽无余了"。可见莎学成为文学批评中的显学是无怪其然的。在英国历代的批评文字中,德·昆西的文章已经变成了经典,也一向为散文选家看中。

德·昆西抓住了一个细节,从中领悟到莎士比亚戏剧艺术的精心设计和呼应安排,从心理学的角度为莎学开辟了一个新的园地。文章围绕的情节是这样的:麦克白刺死国王邓肯及两名侍卫后,带着两把血淋淋的短刀回到房间时,这时听到了城堡大门的敲门声。麦克白由此联想敲门的手是阴间的还是阳间的,进而看着自己罪恶的双手,十分惊讶地纳闷道,"这是什么手?"。在麦克白夫妇走下场之前,敲门声响了三次。这一幕产生了独特的效果,体现了莎士比亚的创造性。敲门声意味着罪恶的结束和人性的回归。我们也不妨把敲门声理

解为丧钟的敲响，再则，敲门声也把观众从柯尔律治所说的“姑信为真”的悬念感觉中带回到现实界。因此，敲门声这一处理手法起到了承上启下的有机统一的作用。德·昆西在最后总结的时候指出：作为伟大的诗人，莎士比亚的作品不仅是“伟大的艺术品”，同时还像“自然现象”。确乎如此：敲门声固然出于巧妙的构思，但又是十分自然的现象。

本文是批评与欣赏相结合的佳作。在理论方面，德·昆西谈到理解艺术作品时感觉与悟性的关系，沿用了康德哲学中悟性与理性的概念。他通过亲身体验强调感觉与观察，不可让悟性起压制作用，这和浪漫主义崇尚感情的艺术思想是一脉相承的。在实践方面，他观察到了容易忽视之处，道出了别人没有说过的见解，自抒己见，故成一家之言。读者重温一下《麦克白》第二幕第二场，当会对本文有深入一层的体会。

MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822-1888)

【简介】

马修·阿诺德，诗人、评论家。出身于书香人家。牛津大学读书期间发表诗作，获纽迪吉特诗歌奖。长期担任督学，走遍英伦。诗歌灵感得之于古希腊作家、歌德、华兹华斯，主张诗歌要有客观性，反映时代的要求。在诗作中流露出信仰丧失的情绪。中年之后转向散文，写过大量文学、教育、社会问题的随笔，猛烈抨击英国生活和文化方面的地方主义、庸俗风气、功利主义，成为当时知识界的批评之声，影响了托·斯·艾略特、利维斯等一代文人。任牛津大学诗学教授达十年。作品包括《新诗集》、《评荷马史诗译本》、《评论集》、《文化与无政府状态》等。

【原文】

Heine and the Philistines[1]

Heine is noteworthy, because he is the most important German successor and continuator of Goethe in Goethe's most

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① 本文选自《海因里希·海涅》前半部分，标题另加。

important line of activity. And which of Goethe's lines of activity is this? — His line of activity as 'a soldier in the war of liberation of humanity.'[1]...

Modern times find themselves with an immense system of institutions, established facts, accredited dogmas, customs, rules, which have come to them from times not modern. In this system their life has to be carried forward; yet they have a sense that this system is not of their own creation, that it by no means corresponds exactly with the wants of their actual life, that, for them, it is customary, not rational. The awakening of this sense is the awakening of the modern spirit. The modern spirit is now awake almost everywhere; the sense of want of correspondence between the forms of modern Europe and its spirit, between the new wine of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and the old bottles of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, or even of the sixteenth and seventeenth, almost every one now perceives; it is no longer dangerous to affirm that this want of correspondence exists; people are even beginning to be shy of denying it. To remove this want of correspondence is beginning to be the settled endeavour of most persons of good sense. Dissolvents of the old European system of dominant ideas and facts we must all be, all of us who have any power of working; what we have to study is that we may not be acrid dissolvents of it.

And how did Goethe, that grand dissolvent in an age when there were fewer of them than at present, proceed in his task of dissolution, of liberation of the modern European from the old routine? He shall tell us himself. 'Through me the German po-

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[1] 海因里希·海涅(1797 1856)的自我评价，参见赏析。

ets have become aware that, as man must live from within outwards, so the artist must work from within outwards, seeing that, make what contortions he will, he can only bring to light his own individuality. I can clearly mark where this influence of mine has made itself felt; there arises out of it a kind of poetry of nature, and only in this way is it possible to be original.'

My voice shall never be joined to those which decry Goethe, and if it is said tht the foregoing is a lame and impotent conclusion to Goethe's declaration that he had been the liberator of the Germans in general, and of the young German poets in particular, I say it is not. Goethe's profound, imperturbable naturalism is absolutely fatal to all routine thinking; he puts the standard, once for all, inside every man instead of outside him; when he is told, such a thing must be so, there is immense authority and custom in favour of its being so, it has been held to be so for a thousand years, he answers with Olympian politeness, 'But *is* it so? is it so to *me*?' Nothing could be more really subversive of the foundations on which the old European order rested; and it may be remarked that no persons are so radically detached from this order, no persons so thoroughly modern, as those who have felt Goethe's influence most deeply. If it is said that Goethe professes to have in this way deeply influenced but a few persons, and those persons poets, one may answer that he could have taken no better way to secure, in the end, the ear of the world; for poetry is simply the most beautiful, impressive, and widely effective mode of saying things, and hence its importance. Nevertheless the process of liberation, as Goethe worked it, though sure, is undoubtedly slow; he came, as Heine says, to be eighty years old in thus working it, and at the end of that time the old Middle-

Age machine was still creaking on, the thirty German courts and their chamberlains subsisted in all their glory; Goethe himself was a minister, and the visible triumph of the modern spirit over prescription and routine seemed as far off as ever. It was the year 1830; the German sovereigns had passed the preceding fifteen years in breaking the promises of freedom they had made to their subjects when they wanted their help in the final struggle with Napoleon. Great events were happening in France; the revolution, defeated in 1815, had arisen from its defeat, and was wresting from its adversaries the power. Heinrich Heine, a young man of genius, born at Hamburg, and with all the culture of Germany, but by race a Jew; with warm sympathies for France, whose revolution had given to his race the rights of citizenship, and whose rule had been, as is well known, popular in the Rhine provinces, where he passed his youth; with a passionate admiration for the great French Emperor, with a passionate contempt for the sovereigns who had overthrown him, for their agents, and for their policy, — Heinrich Heine was in 1830 in no humour for any such gradual process of liberation from the old order of things as that which Goethe had followed. His counsel was for open war. Taking that terrible modern weapon, the pen, in his hand, he passed the remainder of his life in one fierce battle. What was that battle? the reader will ask. It was a life and death battle with Philistinism.

Philistinism! — we have not the expression in English. Perhaps we have not the word because we have so much of the

a Philistine.

【译文】

海涅与庸人

汪义群　译

海涅引人注目，因为在歌德最重要的活动方式上，他是歌德最重要的接替人和继承人。这里所说的是歌德活动方式中的哪一种呢？——他的活动方式乃是作为“人类解放战争中的一名战士”……

现代社会发现自身与一个庞大的体系相伴相生，这是从非现代的历史时期带来的包括机构、既定事实、公认的信条、习俗、规则在内的庞大体系。现代生活只得在这体系中被裹挟着前进；但现代社会有一种意识：这个体系不是自身创造出来的，它根本不符合现代社会实际生活的需要，对于现代社会来说，它合乎惯例，而不合乎理性。这种意识的觉醒便是现代精神的觉醒。现代精神如今几乎到处为人醒悟；现在几乎人人都觉察到，在现代欧洲的形式与精神之间，在18、19世纪的新酒与11、12世纪甚或16、17世纪的旧瓶之间，缺乏某种一致性；承认这种不一致的存在，已不再是件危险的事了：人们甚至开始羞于否认这种存在了。消除这种不一致，正在开始成为大多数有识之士坚定不移的努力。我们，我们所有这些稍有工作能力的人，都应该成为溶剂，去消除由支配的思想与事实所形成的陈旧的欧洲体系；我们应该学会的是，使自己成为不散发刺鼻气味的溶剂。

那么，处在先驱者少于现在的那个时代，歌德这伟大的溶

剂又是如何着手进行工作,将现代欧洲人从旧秩序中溶化、解放出来呢?他会亲自对我们说的。"德国诗人通过我认识到,由于人的生活必须从内心世界走向外部世界,艺术家的工作也必须从内心感受转向外在表现。看到这一点,不管他怎样曲解,他只会揭示自己的个性。我可以清楚地指出我的这一影响表现在何处;从这影响中,产生出一种天然的诗意,只有这样,它才可能是独创的"

我的声音决不会和那些诋毁歌德的声音汇成一体,歌德曾宣称他一直是法国人的解放者,尤其是法国青年诗人的解放者,如果要有人认为以上的话对于歌德的这一宣称是个站不住脚的、无力的结论的话,那么我要说不。歌德深刻而冷静的自然主义对于一切常规的思考是绝对致命的;他在每个人的内心而不是在其外部一劳永逸地树起了一面旗帜:当他被告知事情应该如此,强有力的权威和习俗都认为应该如此,一千年来人们也一直认为如此时,他会以一种超然的谦恭问道,"确实如此吗?对于我也是如此吗?"对于古老的欧洲秩序建于其上的基础来说,没有任何东西比这话更具颠覆性了;可以这么说,没有人能像深受歌德影响的人那样对现存秩序表现出极端的冷漠,没有人能像他们那样充满彻底的现代精神。如果有人说,歌德承认他的这种方式深深地影响了一些人,而这些人主要是诗人,那么人们会回答,倘若他最终想要影响整个世界,他也不可能采取更好的办法。因为诗歌纯粹是一种最美丽、最感人、最有效的表达方式,因而有其重要性。然而歌德所从事的解放进程,尽管是确定的,却无疑是缓慢的;正如海涅所说,当歌德从事这项事业时,他步入了八十华诞,而在那个时代行将终结之时,古老的中世纪机器仍在吱嘎吱嘎地往前行进,三十个日耳曼小朝廷和它们的宫廷大臣仍然得以体面地维持下去;歌德本人便担任过大臣,现代精神战胜因袭势力和常规陋习的预见得到的胜利变得极其遥远了。这是1830年;德国的君主们已经花了十五年的时间来解除他们给

予臣民以自由的承诺，这承诺是当初他们与拿破仑作最后决战而需要人民的支持时才作出的。在法国发生了巨大的事件；那场1815年招致失败的革命从失败中重新崛起，从它的敌人手中夺回了权力。海因里希·海涅，一位年轻的天才，生于汉堡，浸淫于日耳曼文化，然而论种族却是一个犹太人；对法兰西怀有满腔的同情，法兰西革命赋予他的种族以公民的权利，而法兰西的规章，正如现在人们所知晓的，已经在莱茵河流域诸省广为流传，海涅正是在这一带度过他的青年时代的。怀着对伟大的法兰西帝国狂热的爱慕，怀着对君主们、他们的代理人以及他们的政策的极大蔑视，1830年的海因里希·海涅对于歌德所从事的改造旧秩序的缓慢的解放进程已失去了耐心，他向人们发出的忠告是打一场公开的战争。他手里拿起笔，这可怕的现代武器，便将自己一生剩余的岁月投入一场残酷的战争。这是一场什么样的战争呢？读者会问。这是一场与平庸的生死搏斗。

平庸！——我们在英语中还没有这样一个词儿。我们没有这个词儿，也许是因为我们这儿平庸太多了。我可以想象得出，在索里人们是不会谈论失礼的；而在这儿，在歌利亚的大本营，人们当然也不会谈论平庸。法国人用*épicier*（食品杂货商）一词来指德国人用Philistine（平庸）一词所指的人；但法语的词儿在我看来远不及德语的词儿来得贴切而有表现力。唯一例外的是它所诋毁的那个受人尊敬的阶级是由活生生的、富有感情的成员所组成，而原来的非利士人则早已死亡并被埋葬。在英语中，人们也作出努力，试图找出和*Philister*或*épicier*相同的词；卡莱尔曾作过几次这样的努力：他说过"一千辆轻便马车的体面"这样的话：——是的，在卡莱尔先生的眼中，这些轻便马车的占有者个个都是庸人。然而，**体面**这个词儿分量太重，不能随意变义；要是我们所说的每一件事都得找到一个词儿——而现代精神又导致了如此巨大的变化，总有一天连我们英国人都得需要这样一个词儿——我想我们

最好就用 *Philistine* 这词。

在那些创造这个名词的人的头脑里，*Philistine* 的最初含义一定是指那些和上帝的选民、光明的儿女相对的强壮、固执、愚昧的民族。那些鼓吹变革的人士，那些欧洲传统秩序的未来的重塑者，那些唤起人们反对习俗的人，那些现代精神在每一个适用的领域里的代表，都充满自信地将自己看作上帝的选民，看作光明的儿女。他们把自己的对手看成是乏味的人，墨守成规的奴隶，光明的敌人，既愚蠢又暴虐，同时又非常强大。这一点正说明海涅这位现代精神的卫士对于法国的爱；也说明在法国和德国之间，他更钟情于法国："法国人，"他说，"是宗教的选民，这一宗教的最初福音和信条就是用他们的语言写出的；巴黎是新的耶路撒冷，莱茵河便是约旦河，它将那个受到祝福的自由的国土和非利士人的国土分开。"他的意思是，作为一个民族，法国人对于各种思想比任何其他民族显示出更多的宽容；对于权威性的因袭势力和惯例，他们比任何其他民族受到更少的制约；对于发展和改变，只要是受命于理智，不论是真实的还是假想中的理智，他们都乐于趋认。这一点还可说明海涅对英国人的深恶痛绝："我或许会在英国定居下来，"他在流放时这样说，"除非我在英国找不到两件东西，那就是煤烟和英国人；这两样我都受不了。"对于英国人，他所憎恶的是他称之为"ächtbrittische Beschränktheit"——**地地道道英国式的狭隘**。的确，英国人尽管对古老的中世纪秩序作出过重大的修改，尽管为自身的权益而勇敢地捍卫过自由，但是他们对于旧事物的改变，用一个常用的说法，是根据经验法则来进行的；他们废止了那些带来极度不便并使之难以忍受的东西，他们废止它，不是因为它不合理，而是因为它从实用角度来看不方便。在废止旧事物时，他们很少求助于理性，而只要可能，总是求助于惯例，求助于形式，求助于字面条文，这些东西是他们达到目的的便利的工具，使他们免去寻找普遍原则的必要。这样，从某种意义上讲，他们便成了所有

民族中最远离思想、最不喜欢思想的民族;远离思想,是因为他们对思想缺乏一种亲近感;不喜欢思想,是因为即使没有思想他们依然可以生活得很好。他们瞧不起那些生活得没有他们好的人,对于那些他们不依赖其帮助仍能生活得好东西,仍然表示出很大的不屑。但是在这个国家里从这一点开始,随之而来的必然是纯智力的普遍衰退:庸人居住之地被我们认为是真正的迦南福地,而事实却决非如此;天生爱好思想的人,天生憎恶平庸俗套者,一定会感觉到在这个国家,他头顶上的那片天空是铜铸铁打的。渴慕思想和理性的人,往往珍视理性和思想;他珍视理性的思想,并不考虑它们的成功会给他带来什么实际的便利;一个人若是把拥有这些实际的便利作为满足,作为失去或放弃思想和理性的一种补偿,那么这人在他的眼中,便是一个庸人。这就是为什么海涅如此频繁、如此无情地攻击那些自由主义者;就像他憎恨保守主义一样,他憎恨平庸,而且更甚;谁不是作为一个光明的儿子,不是以思想的名义,而是出于卑鄙的心理攻击保守主义,那么他就是一个庸人。

【赏析】

作为19世纪沟通德英文化的使者,二十年代后期托马斯·卡莱尔首先从德国文学中引入了“庸人”这一概念。三十多年后,阿诺德在《文化与无政府状态》第三章里又对庸人的各种类别作了比较详细的分析。笼统说来,大凡缺少文化修养和开明思想而汲汲于物质利益者,不妨称之为“庸人”。

尽管20世纪文学艺术中的现代主义概念与阿诺德所指的“现代”的含义判然有别,在维多利亚时代,阿诺德却敏锐地意识到现代社会的变化及其对艺术的影响。阿诺德之所以成为时代批评的声音,就在于他认识到了,文学作为武器,在人

WILLIAM HALE WHITE (1831-1913)

【简介】

威廉·黑尔·怀特，小说家、评论家。长期用"马克·拉瑟福德"的笔名发表作品。出身于书商家庭。曾攻读神学，因在宗教方面持怀疑态度和对教师的不满，放弃学业后在海军部文职部门工作。1881 年发表《马克·拉瑟福德自传》，讲述身为不信国教者的精神演变过程。小说《坦纳巷的革命》以同情的笔触刻画不信国教者和普通工人的生活状况。另有散文及短篇小说多种。

【原文】

An Afternoon Walk in October

It was a day by itself, coming after a fortnight's storm and rain. The sun did not shine clearly, but it spread through the clouds a tender, diffused light, crossed by level cloud-bars, which stretched to a great length, quite parallel. The tints in the sky were wonderful, every conceivable shade of blue-grey, which contrived to modulate into the golden brilliance in which the sun was veiled. I went out in the afternoon. It was too ear-

ly in the year for a heavy fall of leaves, but nevertheless the garden was covered. They were washed to the sides of the roads, and lay heaped up over the road-gratings, masses of gorgeous harmonies in red, brown, and yellow. The chestnuts and acorns dropped in showers, and the patter on the gravel was a little weird. The chestnut husks split wide open when they came to the ground, revealing the polished brown of the shy fruit.

The lavish, drenching, downpour in extravagant excess had been glorious. I went down to the bridge to look at the floods. The valley was a great lake, reaching to the big trees in the fields which had not yet lost the fire in their branches. The river-channel could be discerned only by the boiling of the current. It has risen above the crown of the main stone arch, and swirled and plunged underneath it. A furious backwater, repulsed from the smaller arch, aided the tumult. The wind had gone and there was perfect silence, save for the agitation of the stream, but a few steps upwards the gentle tinkle of the little runnels could be heard in their deeply-cut, dark, and narrow channels. In a few minutes they were caught up, rejoicing, in the embrace of the deep river which would carry them with it to the sea. They were safe now from being lost in the earth.

I went a little further up the hill: a flock of about fifty sheep were crossing from a field on one side of the road to another directly opposite. They were packed close together, and their backs were an undulating continuous surface. The shepherd was pursuing a stray sheep, and they stood still for a minute in the middle of the road. A farmer came up in his gig and was held back. He used impatient language. O farmer! which is of more importance to the heavenly powers — that you

should not be stopped, or that the sheep should loiter and go into that field at their own pace? All sheep, by the way, look sad. Perhaps they are dimly aware of their destiny.

It was now about four o'clock. Two teams of plough-horses were coming out of a field on the way home. The owner takes great care of them. More magnificent horse never were seen; glossy coats, tremendous haunches, strong enough to shake a house if it came to an earnest pull, immense feet, slow-stepping: very gentle the huge creatures seemed. The first team was led by a hale, ruddy-faced old man, between seventy and eighty, whom I have known for years. Always he has a cheery word for me. I told him he ought to be proud of such animals, and I am sure he is. He is happy on his eighteen shillings a week, looking neither before nor after, and knowing next to nothing of the world outside his village. Happy? Yes, and reasonably happy.

By the side of the second team marched a boy of about fifteen, with whip almost erect over his shoulder. Put that boy back among his former comrades, the idlers in the village street, and he would be as unpleasant as any of them; but, entrusted with responsibility, he will pass through the middle of them, not knowing one.

I watched the procession through the farmyardgate, which slammed behind them, and, after leaning over it for a while, wandered homewards by the skirts of Hazel Wood just as the sun was setting. The footpath goes along the edge of a field, two sides of which are bounded by trees, for the most part not very tall, but some of them are elms and rise to a considerable height.

There is enough in a very common object to satisfy all our

hunger — more than enough. I never leave the curve which limits the tops of the trees round that field without feeling that there is in it something which I cannot exhaust. The attraction is not the same as that of the 'view' seen in passing. The 'view' of a mountain peak or a waterfall is a surprise. I stay alone with my field for an hour or two and it begets, in addition to a growing sense of loveliness, a religious peace, victorious over trouble and doubt.

In 1814, before they were altered, the lines towards the end of the first book of the *Excursion*[①] stood thus:

> 'those very plumes,
> Those weeds, and the high spear-grass on that wall,
> By mist and silent rain-drops silver'd o'er,
> As once I passed, did to my heart convey
> So still an image of tranquility,
> So calm and still, and looked so beautiful
> Amid the uneasy thoughts which filled my mind,
> That what we feel of sorrow and despair
> From ruin and from change, and all the grief
> The passing shows of Being leave behind,
> Appeared an idle dream, that could not live
> Where meditation was.'

① 华兹华斯的长诗。

【译文】

十月午后漫步

汪梅琼　译

连续两个星期，一直雷雨交加，这个晴天也就分外难得。太阳并不灿烂，但是柔和的光线穿过条状云彩，向四处弥漫；条状云彩横贯长空，仿佛一条条平行线。天空的色彩美得令人惊叹，各种深浅不一的青灰色云彩，仿佛都在竭力化作一片灿烂金光，把太阳遮住。这天午后，我信步出门。这个时候还不到败叶萧萧落的季节，但是花园已被落叶覆盖。落叶被雨水冲到路边，堆积在排水栅格上面，红色的、褐色的、黄色的叶子，一堆堆，一丛丛，既绚丽多彩，又和谐悦目。栗子和橡果雨点般纷纷坠下，吧嗒吧嗒打在砾石地上，那声音给人一种有点神秘的感觉。栗子落到地上，外壳绽裂开来，露出羞涩地躲在里面的油光光的褐色栗肉。

倾天而下的滂沱大雨留下一幅非常壮观的景象。我走到桥边，观赏那泛滥的河水。河谷此时已成一片浩瀚湖泽，河水漫溢到了田野里的大树，树枝上仍有天火留下的余烬。河道只能从沸腾的流水看出一个大致轮廓。河水已经涨到石桥主拱洞的顶部，在桥下回旋翻滚。稍小的那个拱洞挡住河水去路，河水汹涌倒流，形成一幅更加惊心动魄的景象。风已经平息，除了河水的躁动声，四周一片静谧，但是向前再走几步，就可以听到几条小溪沿着幽深狭窄的河槽潺潺流动的声音，只需要几分钟的时间，这些小溪就会欢快地投入那条深河的怀抱，由那条深河把它们汇入大海。那时候，它们就到了安全的

地方,不会再流失在土壤之中。

我继续朝着山上走了一段路:只见一群绵羊,大约五十头,正从路边一块田野穿过大路,走向正对面的另一块田野。它们紧紧挤在一起,背部构成一片绵延起伏的平面。牧羊人去追赶一头离群的羊,羊群一时停在了大路中间。一个农夫这时驾着一辆双轮马车走过来,被挡住了去路。他不耐烦地使用了粗暴的语言。啊,农夫! 对于万能的上帝,哪件事情更加重要呢——你不应该被挡住去路,还是羊群应该以它们自己的速度慢悠悠地走向对面那块田野? 顺便说一句,羊群里的每一头羊,都是满脸悲哀神色。也许,它们已经隐约知道自己的命运。

现在大约是 4 点钟左右。两组耕田的马正离开一块农田,踏上回家的路。马的主人对它们照料得非常好。我从未见过比它们更加健美的马,它们的毛皮光滑闪亮;双胯肥硕犍壮,只要真正用力一拉,足以动摇整幢房子;它们的四蹄虽大,步履却十分轻缓;看得出,它们虽然高大健壮,性情却是十分驯顺。第一组耕马由一个精神矍铄、面色红润的老汉牵引,老汉年纪在七十至八十之间,我认识他已有许多年了。每次见到我,他总要乐呵呵地跟我聊上几句。我对他说,他应该为这些马感到骄傲,其实我也知道,他确实感到骄傲。他每个星期只挣十八个先令,既不回顾过去,也不展望未来,除了自己那个小村庄,对于外部世界几乎一无所知,但是他感到幸福。幸福? 是的,至少是相当幸福。

走在第二组耕马旁边的是个十五岁左右的少年,手里一根马鞭几乎是笔直地举在肩上。如果把这个少年放回到他以前那些同伴,那些在村头街上闲荡的青少年中间,他会和他们一样令人讨厌,但是现在身上担负起了责任,他即使从他们中间走过,也会形同陌路人一样,一个都不理睬。

我看着这马群走进农场大院的大门,大门在它们身后砰然关上。我倚在门上看了一会儿,然后在日落时分绕着赫兹

W. H. HUDSON (1841-1922)

【简介】

威·亨·赫德森，作家、博物学家。出生在南美，父母是英国血统的美国人，后在阿根廷以耕牧为业。小时候喜欢在家庭农牧场玩耍，因病才放弃露天生活。毕生对鸟类研究兴趣浓厚，写过专著。初期在英美刊物发表博物学方面的故事和文章，服膺达尔文学说，对现代文明抱有怨恨。具有敏锐的观察力，充满幻想。散文笔调细腻入微而又生气勃然。作品有系列故事《紫色土地》，以南美为背景，语言生动，风格奇异。长篇小说《绿色公寓》问世后蜚声文坛，英美两国一时为之纸贵。较为著名的作品还有《牧童生活》等。

【原文】

Her Own Village

One afternoon when cycling among the limestone hills of Derbyshire I came to an unlovely dreary-looking little village named Chilmorton. It was an exceptionally hot June day and I was consumed with thirst: never had I wanted tea so badly. Small gritstone-built houses and cottages of a somewhat sordid

aspect stood on either side of the street, but there was no shop of any kind and not a living creature could I see. It was like a village of the dead or sleeping. At the top of the street I came to the church standing in the middle of its churchyard with the public house for nearest neighbour. Here there was life. Going in I found it the most squalid and evil-smelling village pub I had ever entered. Half a dozen grimy-looking labourers were drinking at the bar, and the landlord was like them in appearance, with his dirty shirt-front open to give his patrons a view of his hairy sweating chest. I asked him to get me tea. "Tea!" he shouted, staring at me as if I had insulted him; "there's no tea here!" A little frightened at his aggressive manner I then meekly asked for soda-water, which he gave me, and it was warm and tasted like a decoction of mouldy straw. After taking a sip and paying for it I went to look at the church, which I was astonished to find open.

It was a relief to be in that cool, twilight, not unbeautiful interior after my day in the burning sun.

After resting and taking a look round I became interested in watching and listening to the talk of two other visitors who had come in before me. One was a slim, rather lean brown-skinned woman, still young but with the incipient crow's-feet, the lines on the forehead, the dusty-looking dark hair, and other signs of time and toil which almost invariably appear in the country labourer's wife before she attains to middle age. She was dressed in a black gown, presumably her best although it was getting a little rusty. Her companion was a fat, red-cheeked young girl in a towny costume, a straw hat decorated with bright flowers and ribbons, and a string of big coloured beads about her neck.

In a few minutes they went out, and when going by me I had a good look at the woman's face, for it was turned towards me with an eager questioning look in her dark eyes and a very friendly smile on her lips. What was the attraction I suddenly found in that sunburnt face? — what did it say to me or remind me of? — what did it suggest?

I followed them out to where they were standing talking among the gravestones, and sitting down on a tomb near them spoke to the woman. She responded readily enough, apparently pleased to have someone to talk to, and pretty soon began to tell me the history of their lives. She told me that Chilmorton was her native place, but that she had been absent from it many many years. She knew just how many years because her child was only six months old when she left and was now fourteen though she looked more. She was such a big girl! Then her man took them to his native place in Staffordshire, where they had lived ever since. But their girl didn't live with them now. An aunt, a sister of her husband, had taken her to the town where she lived, and was having her taught at a private school. As soon as she left school her aunt hoped to get her a place in a draper's shop. For a long time past she had wanted to show her daughter her native place, but had never been able to manage it because it was so far to come and they didn't have much money to spend; but now at last she had brought her and was showing her everything.

Glancing at the girl who stood listening, but with no sign of interest in her face, I remarked that her daughter would perhaps hardly think the journey had been worth taking.

"Why do you say that?" she quickly demanded.

"Oh, well, " I replied, "because Chilmorton can't have

much to interest a girl living in a town." Then I foolishly went on to say what I thought of Chilmorton. The musty taste of that warm soda-water was still in my mouth and made me use some pretty strong words.

At that she flared up and desired me to know that in spite of what I thought of it Chilmorton was the sweetest, dearest village in England; that she was born there and hoped to be buried in its churchyard where her parents were lying, and her grandparents and many others of her family. She was thirty-six years old now, she said, and would perhaps live to be an old woman, but it would make her miserable for all the rest of her life if she thought she would have to lie in the earth at a distance from Chilmorton.

During this speech I began to think of the soft reply it would now be necessary for me to make, when, having finished speaking, she called sharply to her daughter, "Come, we've others to see yet, " and, followed by the girl, walked briskly away without so much as a good-bye, or even a glance!

Oh, you poor foolish woman, thought I; why take it to heart like that! and I was sorry and laughed a little as I went back down the street.

It was beginning to wake up now! A man in his shirt-sleeves and without a hat, a big angry man, was furiously hunting a rebellious pig all round a small field adjoining a cottage, trying to corner it; he swore and shouted, and out of the cottage came a frowsy-looking girl in a ragged gown with her hair hanging all over her face, to help him with the pig. A little further on I caught sight of yet another human being, a tall gaunt old woman in cap and shawl, who came out of a cottage and moved feebly towards a pile of faggots a few yards from the

door. Just as she got to the pile I passed, and she slowly turned and gazed at me out of her dim old eyes. Her wrinkled face was the colour of ashes and was like the face of a corpse, still bearing on it the marks of suffering endured for many miserable years. And these three were the only inhabitants I saw on my way down the street.

At the end of the village the street broadened to a clean white road with high ancient hedgerow elms on either side, their upper branches meeting and forming a green canopy over it. As soon as I got to the trees I stopped and dismounted to enjoy the delightful sensation the shade produced: there out of its power I could best appreciate the sun shining in splendour on the wide green hilly earth and in the green translucent foliage above my head. In the upper branches a blackbird was trolling out his music in his usual careless leisurely manner; when I stopped under it the singing was suspended for half a minute or so, then resumed, but in a lower key, which made it seem softer, sweeter, inexpressibly beautiful.

There are beautiful moments in our converse with nature when all the avenues by which nature comes to our souls seem one, when hearing and seeing and smelling and feeling are one sense, when the sweet sound that falls from a bird is but the blue of heaven, the green of earth, and the golden sunshine made audible.

Such a moment was mine as I stood under the elms listening to the blackbird. And looking back up the village street I thought of the woman in the churchyard, her sun-parched eager face, her questioning eyes and friendly smile: what was the secret of its attraction? —what did that face say to me or remind me of? —what did it suggest?

【译文】

她自己的村庄

杨自伍　译

一天下午，在德比郡的石灰岩群山中间骑车的时候，我来到一个难看的阴森森的小村庄，叫做齐尔莫顿村。那是一个热得出奇的六月天，我口渴得要命：从来我还不曾这么急着要茶喝。粗砂岩砌起的小屋和田舍散布在沿街两旁，露出几分脏相，可是什么样的店家都没有，我连一个活的动物也不见踪影。它像一个死人的或沉睡的村庄。在街头我来到坐落于墓地中心的教堂，里面的酒馆是左邻右舍的去处。这儿才有生机。走进去我才发现，原来这是我所踏入的最肮脏不过的臭气熏人的乡村酒馆。五六个一身污垢的帮工在酒柜前喝上了，店主的外表和他们一个样，脏乎乎的衬衣前襟敞开着，让这些个常客一眼就看到他那毛茸茸汗流不止的胸膛。我请他给我泡茶来。“要茶！”他大声嚷道，朝我直瞪眼，像是我污辱了他似的；“这儿可没有茶水！”一见他那副咄咄逼人的样子，我有点发毛，然后乖乖地要了苏打水，他给我端来了，苏打水是热和的，味道就像发霉的稻草熬的汁一般。抿过一口付完钱之后，我出门望了望教堂，我惊讶地发现它竟然开着。

我在毒日头里晒了一天，走进那间内堂，里面凉快，暮色苍茫，也算得漂亮，真是一身轻松。

先是歇息和张望了一番，然后我对另外两位先我而来的游客渐渐发生了兴趣，一边注视一边听着她俩的谈话。一个是女人，个儿高高的，消瘦黝黑，年纪还轻，可是鱼尾纹爬上了

眼角，额头上一道道的，一头灰土的黑糊糊的头发，还有光阴和辛劳留下的其他痕迹，几乎千人一面地出现在乡下帮工的老婆身上，人还没到中年。她身穿黑色的连衣裙，大概是她最好的吧，尽管有点儿褪色泛黄。她的同伴是个胖胖的、面颊红通通的青年姑娘，一身城里人打扮，草帽上点缀着鲜艳的花朵和彩条，脖子上挂着一大串彩珠项链。

过了几分钟她们走出去了，经过我身边的时候，我好好看了一眼这女人的面容，因为它向我转过来，黑色的双眼透出一层急切探询的目光，嘴唇上挂着一副非常友好的笑容。在那张晒黑的脸上，我突然间发现的那种动人之处是什么呢？——它对我道出了或是使我想起了什么呢？——它意味着什么呢？

我跟随着来到她们伫立在墓碑中间谈话的地方，坐在靠近她们的一块坟上，跟女人打了招呼。她挺乐意答理，显然高兴有个人可以谈谈的，不一会儿便开始向我讲述起她们的身世。她告诉我，齐尔莫顿村是她的故乡，可是她一别多年。多少岁月她都清清楚楚，因为她出走的时候，孩子才六个月，如今已有十四岁了，虽说瞧上去还大一些。她竟出落成这么个大姑娘家了！当年她的男人把她们带回自己的家乡，在斯塔福德郡，从此一家人就居住在那儿。不过现在他们的姑娘不和他们一起生活。一位姑妈，就是她丈夫的姐姐，把她带到自己住的城里，让她在一所私人学校里念书。她刚离开学校，姑妈便希望给她在布料铺子里谋个事儿。很久以来母亲老想着让女儿看看自己的故乡，可是总也无法成行，因为跑一趟大老远的，又没有那么多钱开销；可是眼下她终于把女儿带来了，一景一物都在指点给她看。

我朝姑娘扫了一眼，她站住在听，脸上却不带丝毫兴趣，我说她女儿恐怕以为这趟出远门不大值得。

"你这话怎么讲?"她马上质问道。

"哦，是这样，"我回答说，"因为齐莫尔顿村不可能有多少

让住在城里的姑娘感兴趣的东西。"我继而又傻呵呵地说出了我对齐莫尔顿村的看法。热苏打水的那股霉味还留在我的嘴里，迫使我丢了些很厉害的字眼。

这一下她可冒火了，而且要我知道，不管我是怎么想的，齐莫尔顿村总是英格兰最甜美、最可爱的村庄；同时要我知道，她出生在这儿，也希望埋葬在村里的教堂墓地，她的双亲在此长眠，还有她的祖父母和许多家人。她现在三十六岁，她说，而且说不定能活到老太太的年纪，可是如果想到，不得已要葬身在远离齐莫尔顿村的地方，她今后的生活就会变得很可悲。

在她这番言语之间，我开始思量此刻我必须作出温和的回答，这时她刚说完，便正言厉色朝女儿大声道，"嘿，我们还有别处要去看看，"于是，姑娘跟在后面，她轻捷地走开了，连声道别也没有，甚至不看一眼！

唉，你这可怜的傻女人，我在想；干吗这样都往心里去呀！我黯然神伤，淡然一笑，沿街往回走去。

这时一切渐渐苏醒过来了！一条汉子脱得剩下件衬衣，帽子也不戴，是五大三粗怒气冲冲的男人，他狠狠地追赶着一只犟头倔脑的猪，在连着一间茅屋的一小块田里东奔西跑，想把猪逼到角落里；他又是咒骂又是吆喝，从茅屋里走出来一个邋遢相的姑娘，身上的连衣裙破破烂烂的，头发披散得一脸都是，帮着他赶猪。再往前一点，我又瞧见一个人，原来是个长长的干瘦老妪，戴着无边帽和披巾，她从小屋里出来了，有气无力地朝离家门不过几步远的一堆柴火磨蹭过去。她刚到柴堆边，我正巧经过，她缓缓地转过头来，透过那双昏花的老眼，直盯盯望着我。她那张枯皱的老脸呈现出灰烬的颜色，犹如尸首的面孔，上面还留着多少悲惨的岁月里茹苦含辛的痕迹。这三个就是我沿街一路上仅仅看见的生家的人。

到了村头，街道变得宽阔了，通向一条十分清洁的大路，两边古榆挺拔，宛如绿篱，上端的枝桠森罗交错，荫翳如盖，横

亘左右。我一走近树丛，便停住跳下车来，享受着这片浓荫产生的喜人的感觉：通过它的力量，我能够尽情赏玩光芒万丈的骄阳，它照耀着开阔葱茏此起彼伏的山地，还有我头顶上晶莹发亮的绿叶。在上面的枝头有只黑鸟，鸣啭呖呖，清音悦耳，和平时一样悠闲陶然；当我停在下面的时候，歌声戛然而止，过了片时，复闻鸟鸣，不过音调低沉一些，显得分外娇柔，分外甜美，妙不可言。

我们和造化神交之际，美妙的时刻出现了：此时此刻造化仿佛殊道同归，通向我们的灵府；此时此刻听觉和视觉、嗅觉和感觉化为一种通感；此时此刻鸟儿传来的甜美歌声不过是天空的蔚蓝、大地的青翠、金色的阳光变得可闻而已。

我伫立在古榆下面聆听着黑鸟的鸣啭，这一刻才是属于我的。回首仰望这条乡村街道，我想到的是教堂墓地里的女人，她那张烈日烤干的面孔，她那对探询的眼睛和那副友好的笑脸：它的动人之处的奥秘是什么呢？——那张面孔对我道出了或是使我想起了什么呢？——它意味着什么呢？

现在一切都相当明白了。原来她心底里仍然是个孩子，虽然在她面容上有那些光阴和辛劳的痕迹，仍然充满着惊奇和喜悦，一见到坐落于石灰岩群山中间的奇莫尔顿村的这个奇妙的世界，置身于广阔的蓝天之下——我连一杯茶水都得不到的这么个又穷又脏的小村庄！

正是留存在她身上的一片童心先前吸引着我而且令我茫然；透过长年累月渐渐迟钝的掩饰，它不是经常如此粲然地光彩夺目。她在我看来心底里是个孩子，所以我能描绘出小小年岁的她，穿着棉布的小衣裙，不穿袜子的细腿，一个晒得黑黑的八岁小姑娘，带着两眼睁得大大的、急切的、羞答答的、将信将疑的目光，像孩子问话时的情景一样，问你，你想些什么呀？——你觉得怎么啦？那是一个奇妙的世界，这个世界便是这个村庄，两边是粗砂岩房屋的街道，居住在那里的乡民，他们生活中的喜剧和死亡中的悲剧，教堂墓地里的殡葬，花草

欣欣向荣，不久便蔚然如盖。还有那座教堂；——我想在她那充满惊奇的幼小心灵中，它的内堂一定显得更加高大、更加美丽庄严，超过了最伟大的大教堂所能给我们带来的壮观。我想我们对娇丽动人的姹紫嫣红的观赏——一年一度的盛大花展上的兰花和玫瑰还有菊花——则是一种颓然若失的感受，如果和她一见到田野里的什么普通花草时所体验到的感觉相比的话。或许百花丛中最好的就是村头的古榆，它们的树梢"直插九天"。我还想到，当一只黑鸟恰巧在顶端的枝头鸣唱的时分，仿佛有个天使般的精灵从天而降，进入那片苍翠晶莹的浓荫绿叶中，瞧见这孩童仰望天空时急切的脸蛋，便唱了一首歌颂他自己天国的短歌，给她一份快乐。

【赏析】

这是一篇别开生面的游记，也是一首如怨如诉的还乡曲。写景、抒情、记述、对话、内心独白，作者心手相应，交织得天衣无缝，堪称天下至文。浓浓的乡土气息，天人合一的真朴性情，向往自然万象的憧憬，村民清苦的衣食，这一切不仅深化了主题的内涵，而且使读者从中品味到生命的高洁和人生的艰难。境界有高下，视角自然不同，虽然人物情景并未发生什么变化。作者先是以局外的游客眼光去看待，而后通过原先农妇心灵的眼睛去认识这片奇妙的土地，一前一后经历了感情的变化。全篇的立意构思、谋篇布局俱为上乘，组织疏密有致，运笔灵活多变，多角度、多层次地展现村庄的风光民俗。作者的艺术工力逸乎凡响，充分体现了小品随笔的体制所含有的"形散而神不散"的独特魅力。

ALICE MEYNELL (1847-1922)

【简介】

艾丽丝·梅内尔，女诗人、散文家。父亲是狄更斯的朋友，梅内尔从小受到耳提面命。青年时代在意大利度过，1872年改信天主教，此后写过不少宗教题材的文字。和文学界的一代名流颇多交往，如诗人丁尼生、小说家梅瑞狄斯和乔治·艾略特等。1876年起发表诗集《序曲》，跻身于文坛。后陆续出版过多种诗集，充满宗教感情，曾受时辈作家好评，名重一时。在《快乐的英国》月刊上撰写过大量文章。较为著名的散文集有《生命的节奏》和《生命的色彩》。本世纪评家和读者更为推重的则是其散文。

【原文】

July

One has the leisure of July for perceiving all the differences of the green of leaves. It is no longer a difference in degrees of maturity, for all the trees have darkened to their final tone, and stand in their differences of character and not of mere date. Almost all the green is grave, not sad and not dull. It has a

darkened and a daily colour, in majestic but not obvious harmony with dark grey skies, and might look, to inconstant eyes, as prosaic after spring as eleven o'clock looks after the dawn.

Gravity is the word — not solemnity as towards evening, nor menace as at night. The daylight trees of July are signs of common beauty, common freshness, and a mystery familiar and abiding as night and day. In childhood we all have a more exalted sense of dawn and summer sunrise than we ever fully retain or quite recover; and also a far higher sensibility for April and April evenings — a heartache for them, which in riper years is gradually and irretrievably consoled.

But, on the other hand, childhood has so quickly learned to find daily things tedious, and familiar things importunate, that it has no great delight in the mere middle of the day, and feels weariness of the summer that has ceased to change visibly. The poetry of mere day and of late summer becomes perceptible to mature eyes that have long ceased to be sated, have taken leave of weariness, and cannot now find anything in nature too familiar; eyes which have, indeed, lost sight of the further awe of midsummer daybreak, and no longer see so much of the past in April twilight as they saw when they had no past; but which look freshly at the dailiness of green summer, of early afternoon, of every sky of any form that comes to pass, and of the darkened elms.

Not unbeloved is this serious tree, the elm, with its leaf sitting close, unthrilled. Its stature gives it a dark gold head when it looks alone to a late sun. But if one could go by all the woods, across all the old forests that are now meadowlands set with trees, and could walk a county gathering trees of a single kind in the mind, as one walks a garden collecting flowers of a

single kind in the hand, would not the harvest be a harvest of poplars? A veritable passion for poplars is a most intelligible passion. The eyes do gather them, far and near, on a whole day's journey. Not one is unperceived, even though great timber should be passed, and hillsides dense and deep with trees. The fancy makes a poplar day of it. Immediately the country looks alive with signals; for the poplars everywhere reply to the glance. The woods may be all various, but the poplars are separate.

All their many kinds (and aspens, their kin, must be counted with them) shake themselves perpetually free of the motionless forest. It is easy to gather them. Glances sent into the far distance pay them a flash of recognition of their gentle flashes; and as you journey you are suddenly aware of them close by. Light and the breezes are as quick as the eyes of a poplar-lover to find the willing tree that dances to be seen.

No lurking for them, no reluctance. One could never make for oneself an oak day so well. The oaks would wait to be found, and many would be missed from the gathering. But the poplars are alert enough for a traveller by express; they have an alarum aloft, and do not sleep. From within some little grove of other trees a single poplar makes a slight sign; or a long row of poplars suddenly sweep the wind. They are salient everywhere, and full of replies. They are as fresh as streams.

It is difficult to realize a drought where there are many poplars. And yet their green is not rich; the coolest have a colour much mingled with a cloud-grey. It does but need fresh and simple eyes to recognize their unfaded life. When the other trees grow dark and keep still, the poplar and the aspen do not darken — or hardly— and the deepest summer will not find a

绿，色调皆已固着定格，从而展现出来的，并非时节上的不同，而是各自品格上的差异。几乎各种绿色，品味凝重，既不流于悒郁，也不失之沉闷。它具有一种深沉、日常的色泽，与灰暗的苍穹浑然一体，构成庄重却非一眼可见的和谐，故而在浏览扫掠的目光看来，可能会有阳春繁景过后的平淡之感，一如黎明之后十一时的光景。

凝重，乃是最贴切的字眼——不是时近黄昏的阴沉，亦非黑夜之中的森然。七月白昼的葱郁树木，体现出普通的美，常见的清新，是一种如同黑夜白昼般惯常而又永恒的不解之谜。童年时代，我们看到黎明和夏时日出的盛景，会油然生出一股日后无法充分保留、也难以完全恢复的奋激狂喜；同时，对四月和四月的日暮黄昏，还产生一种陶然忘情的欣赏共鸣——一种为之怦然心动的神驰向往，进入壮年之后，又无可挽回地逐渐淡化平息。

从另一方面来说，孩童时期，由于亲身体会，很快就发现日常事物的单调乏味，常见景物的面目可憎，既不能从红日中天的正午吸取巨大的乐趣，对于缺乏可见变化的夏日，也产生倦腻之感。只有阅历丰富的慧眼，才能感受到白昼本身和夏末时令固有的诗意——这双慧眼，已好久未获得过满足，同时也摆脱了厌倦感，此刻发现自然界中，即便最常见的景物，也别具一番情趣；诚然，面对仲夏红日的喷薄欲出，已不再萌发敬畏之情；凝望四月的苍茫暮色，也不会比一无阅历的童年，引发更多对往事的联想；然而，对司空见惯的日常景象——树木葱茏的盛夏，日过中天的午后，来而复去，变幻不定的每一片云天，还有幽暗的榆树——反倒会投以新的目光。

榆树，这一冷峻的树木，不无可爱之处，繁枝叶茂密密匝匝地紧挨在一起，凝滞不动。它躯干伟岸，兀立独对午后的斜阳时，易然亮出一顶暗金色的树冠。一个情有独钟的拣花人，漫步花园，只用手采集一种花卉；而倘若我们也能那样，走过所有的小树林，走遍所有的古森林——现在已成了点缀着片

片树木的牧草地——漫步于一郡的乡村野地，只用心灵采集某一种心爱之树，那我们所采集到的收获物，岂不是清一色的白杨树了？对白杨的一往情深，也尽在情理之中。一整天悠然徜徉于林地乡野，远近各处的白杨，悉数尽收眼底。如若从旁走过的是大片密林，或是郁郁葱葱的山坡，没有一株白杨能躲过我们的视线。杨树迷们会把揽胜出游，变为对白杨的膜拜之日。顿时间，漫山遍野似乎满是此呼彼应的信号；因为远近各处的白杨，都在频频回应着深幽的目光。树林可能各式各样，但白杨总是卓尔不群。

杨树的种类颇多（颤杨，白杨的同属，理当一并计算在内），它们置身于静止不动的森林之中，一年四季均能挣脱群树的环拥，脱颖而出。很容易采集到它们的身影。一眼便能辨认出它们温和的闪闪；一路信步闲游，你会突然意识到它们近在身旁。日光和微风，恍似白杨膜拜者的目光，当即发现了婆娑起舞、招人注目的楚楚白杨。

既不匿影藏形，也无勉强之态。若出游探胜，专事采集橡树，就不会如此顺利。千寻万觅，方始能捕捉到橡树的身影；很多还会失之交臂。然而白杨，随时都在留神行色匆匆的过路旅客；它们警钟高悬，昼夜不眠。绿荫成片的小树林中，哪怕只有一株白杨，也会隐隐绰绰透出其秀逸风姿。如若白杨排成一溜长行，则会骤然兴起，摇曳拂清风。无论置身何处，白杨皆彰彰在目，回应频频。白杨清新而充满活力，一如潺潺涟涟的溪流。

凡是杨树成片之处，少有干旱之虞。然而，白杨的翠绿，并不浓烈，其中最清冽者，掺杂着细密的云灰色。无需别出机杼的慧眼，即能领悟出白杨永不凋败的生命力。当万木翠凝色深、迟滞入定之时，唯独白杨和颤杨，依然保持——或者说几乎仍保持——原来的色泽；酷暑盛夏，无一日不保持清醒的意识。没有任何水域，能保持如此水波潋滟的警醒状态，甚至是临风扬波的漾漾水面。

没有写进一个"我"字、其实处处都把主观的色彩傅在白杨树上。比如宋玉的《风赋》，居然写出了雄风与雌风之别；明代陈第有句的论，"夫风岂有雌雄，人自雌雄耳。"同样，梅内尔之所以用淋漓尽致的笔墨去礼赞白杨，恰恰就是因为将美好的品格赋予本来很平凡的自然之物；之所以如此饱含真情实感地突出白杨的高大形象，也恰恰是因为借此表达作者理想中的高洁傲岸的襟怀和特立独行的人格力量。

从结构来看，前三段泛泛落笔，意在言外地寄托了作者今昔之比的感慨，尽管不过是一笔带过，却为读者留下了回味无穷的余地。从第四段至第九段结束，视线由远而近，集中描绘了白杨的个性特征，通过人格化的笔调，从绰约的风姿写到卓尔不群的品格，这样又为我们拓宽了想象的空间。

RICHARD JEFFERIES (1848-1887)

【简介】

理查德·杰弗里斯，散文家。农家子弟，从小喜爱山水，年少时有志去国远游。早期写作以报章文字为主。漫步田野，随见随录，他的许多作品素材均由此而来。字里行间充满着真实的感情，文字大多不落义理，不夹议论，有出尘之致。题材多为自然风物、乡村生活，观察敏锐，笔墨浓而不艳，细腻入微，可与哈代小说里的乡村氛围相媲美。以写景见长而驰名英国文学史载。晚境凄凉，贫病相侵，创作热情未有稍减，散文佳作迭出。小说有《少年贝维斯的故事》、《清新的早晨》等。最为著名的散文集有《田里和灌木树篱》、《露天》等。自传《我心灵的故事》追溯了其异端信仰的形成经过。

【原文】

The Acorn-Gatherer

Black rooks, yellow oak leaves, and a boy asleep at the foot of the tree. His head was lying on a bulging root close to the stem : his feet reached to a small sack or bag half full of acorns. In his slumber his forehead frowned — they were fixed

lines, like the grooves in the oak bark. There was nothing else in his features attractive or repellent: they were such as might have belonged to a dozen hedge children. The set angry frown was the only distinguishing mark — like the dents on a penny made by a hobnail boot, by which it can be known from twenty otherwise precisely similiar. His clothes were little better than sacking, but clean, tidy, and repaired. Any one would have said, 'Poor, but carefully tended.' A kind heart might have put a threepenny-bit in his clenched little fist, and sighed. But that iron set frown on the young brow would not have unbent even for the silver. Caw! Caw!

The happiest creatures in the world are the rooks at the acorns. It is not only the eating of them, but the finding: the fluttering up there and hopping from branch to branch, the sidling out to the extreme end of the bough, and the inward chuckling when a friend lets his acorn drop tip-tap from bough to bough. Amid such plenty they cannot quarrel or fight, having no cause of battle, but they can boast of success, and do so to the loudest of their voices. He who has selected a choice one flies with it as if it were a nugget in his beak, out to some open spot of ground, followed by a general Caw!

This was going on above while the boy slept below. A thrush looked out from the hedge, and among the short grass there was still the hum of bees, constant sun-worshippers as they are. The sunshine gleamed on the rooks' black feathers overhead, and on the sward sparkled from hawkweed, some lotus and yellow weed, as from a faint ripple of water. The oak was near a corner formed by two hedges, and in the angle was a narrow thorny gap. Presently an old woman, very upright, came through this gap carrying a faggot on her shoulder and a

stout ash stick in her hand. She was very clean, well dressed for a labouring woman, hard of feature, but superior in some scarcely defined way to most of her class. The upright carriage had something to do with it, the firm mouth, the light blue eyes that looked every one straight in the face. Possibly these, however, had less effect than her conscious righteousness. Her religion lifted her above the rest, and I do assure you that it was perfectly genuine. That hard face and cotton gown would have gone to the stake.

When she had got through the gap she put the faggot down in it, walked a short distance out into the field, and came back towards the boy, keeping him between her and the corner. Caw! said the rooks, Caw! Caw! Thwack, thwack, bang, went the ash stick on the sleeping boy, heavily enough to have broken his bones. Like a piece of machinery suddenly let loose, without a second of dubious awakening and without a cry, he darted straight for the gap in the corner. There the faggot stopped him, and before he could tear it away the old woman had him again, thwack, thwack, and one last stinging slash across his legs as he doubled past her. Quick as the wind as he rushed he picked up the bag of acorns and pitched it into the mound, where the acorns rolled down into a pond and were lost — a good round shilling's worth. Then across the field, without his cap, over the rising ground, and out of sight. The old woman made no attempt to hold him, knowing from previous experience that it was useless, and would probably result in her own overthrow. The faggot, brought a quarter of a mile for the purpose, enabled her, you see, to get two good chances at him.

A wickeder boy never lived: nothing could be done with

【译文】

捡橡果的孩子

虞建华 译

黑乌鸦，黄橡叶，树下睡着一个小男孩。他把头枕在树干边凸起的根块上，脚伸向已装满一半橡果的小包或小袋。酣睡间，他额头紧锁——展不开的皱纹像橡树皮上的裂痕。除此之外，他的容貌既不讨人喜欢，也不令人生厌，是一群贫苦人家孩子中普普通通的一个。紧蹙的怒眉是唯一不同于他人的特征——就像被防滑钉踩过留下凹痕的一枚硬币，凭这个印记才能把它从二十个完全相同的硬币中区分出来。他的衣服不比麻布片好多少，但缝补洗刷得干净整洁。谁都会说："家境不好，但照料还挺仔细。"哪个好心人也许会在他紧捏的小手中塞进三便士，然后发一声叹息。但即使得了钱，他那幼嫩额头上铁箍般紧锁的双眉也不会舒展开来。呱！呱！

在累累橡果中间嬉戏雀跃的乌鸦是世界上最快乐的造物。不光因为有得吃，这欢乐也来自找寻果实：它们拍打着翅膀飞上树梢，轻快地从一根枝条跳到另一根，侧身行至枝桠的最边缘。当一只乌鸦掉落的橡果噼噼啪啪从一根根树枝上弹落下来时，会引起伙伴们一阵咯咯暗笑。在这一片丰硕之中，它们没有必要争吵斗殴，没有理由大动干戈。但它们可以为成功而夸耀，扯开最大嗓门大吹大擂。哪只鸟要是找到一枚好果实，就会像觅得了稀世珍宝，衔着它飞往一块空旷地。随后传来一片呱呱声。

树上发生这一切时，孩子正在树下睡觉。一只歌鸫从树

篱中探出头来；矮草丛中蜜蜂仍在嗡嗡低吟——它们永远是太阳的崇拜者。阳光灿灿，洒在头顶上乌鸦漆黑的羽毛上；洒在点缀着山柳菊、牛角花和黄叶的青草地，像水面荡起的涟漪。橡树立在两道树篱构成的角落附近。树篱接角口，有一个长满荆棘的窄小缺口。此时，一位腰背挺直的老妇人正走过缺口，肩上扛着柴捆，手提一根结实的烧火棍。她一身整洁，拿劳动妇女来说也算得上穿着体面。她面色严峻，带着比大多数她那一类人优越而又难以说清的气质。她那昂头挺胸的身姿多少表明了这一点，她的嘴唇显出坚毅，一双蓝眼睛看人从不斜视。然而，这些特征所烘托的效果，也许比不上她自觉的正义感。宗教信仰使她凌驾于他人之上。我敢肯定她的信仰绝对名副其实。她甚至愿意带着那张严厉的面孔，穿着这身布衣衫舍身殉教。

她从树篱中间穿过后，将柴捆堵在缺口处。她朝田间走了几步，然后折回向孩子走来，把他拦在她和角落之间。呱！乌鸦叫道：呱！呱！啪，啪，叭！烧火棍朝睡着的孩子打去，重重的棍击足以打断孩子的骨头。没有瞬间迷朦苏醒的过程，没有一声哭喊，孩子像一件突然脱手的器具，径直窜向树篱角落的缺口。柴捆挡住了去路。他挪开柴捆的时候，老妇人又一次得手，啪，啪。他蜷着身子从她身边逃窜时，结结实实又挨了最后一下，抽在他的两条腿上。他像一阵旋风，跑开时顺手捡起了那袋橡果，扔上土岗。橡果滚滚落下，消失在水塘中——足足可卖一先令的东西没了。他没来得及拿帽子，穿过田野，越过土岗，便无影无踪了。老妇人并不想抓住他，先前的经验告诉她这样做毫无用处，可能只会自己摔倒。这柴捆扛了四分之一英里路，正是为了这个目的，使老太太两次得手，狠狠治了他一下。

世界上没有再坏的孩子了：这个坏蛋已不可救药。他是她的外孙——至少是她女儿的孩子，因为他是个非婚子。男人是酒鬼，姑娘死了，据说是活活饿死的。外婆收留了孩子，

如今他已十多岁了。过去也好，现在也好，她一直按她的理解尽心尽职。在她的农舍里，一周举行两次祷告会。她在他们中间大声作祈祷，是这个宗教小团体的主要成员。榜样、规诫和棍棒都改变不了这个男孩的心。久而久之，她不再因为一时的某种怒气，而出于习惯要揍他一顿，就像汲水灌壶一样，已成为家常事了。父亲为何不加干涉？因为他一干涉，就必须领养孩子——每星期得损失好几先令啤酒钱。

在连着农舍的园子里有一间带挂锁的小屋，用来存放农产品或木柴。一天早晨一顿痛打后，她把孩子关进小屋锁上了，一天不给吃东西。毫无用处，他像以前一样难以教化。

一条横穿田野的小道从农舍边经过。每星期天，经过这里去教堂的人都可以从窗前看到孩子坐在外婆那本打开的《圣经》前。他必须在那儿坐着，门锁着，在棍子的威胁下学习那页经文。"不错，"老太太说："他是不识字，但我也要叫他看着这本书。"

一顿打接着又一顿，直到有一天，孩子被差去二三里外办件小事。这回他居然破天荒高高兴兴地答应了。夜里他没有回来，第二天也没回，又是一天还是如此。显然他很可能逃走了。没有人想到去找找他的踪迹，或沿着他必须经过的那条小道去寻找。小道穿过一条铁轨，一条运河和几条溪流。他逃跑了，可能在其他地方落了脚。正值美丽的夏季，在外头过一个礼拜也伤害不了他。有一个商人在运河边田里办事，觉得他确实在水中看到了什么，但不想惹麻烦，也的确不知道有人失踪了。很可能是一条死狗；于是他转过身，继续前去看那头他打算买下的奶牛。一条船从这里经过，嘴里叼着烟斗的女舵手看见有东西翻滚了一下，船身驶过后，在船舵下浮了起来。她知道这是什么，但她想早点到达码头，上岸去喝一大杯啤酒。捞起来有什么用？没有奖励，只会弄脏甲板——"加速，尼达！"船继续前行，在浅水处翻起泥浆。激起的浪花冲上两岸的水草地，而黑水鸡躲进了菖蒲簇中，直到驳船远去。后

来，一个沿着纤道行走的劳工看到了“它”，并将它拖出水中，同时也捞出一根细细的栏树幼枝，带着线和钩子，钩上的蚯蚓还在。死去的孩子如此乐意去干那份差使，原来这就是原因所在。他想在“河”里钓鱼，他把运河叫作河。当脚下一滑跌入水中时，钓线不知怎地缠住了他的手脚。不然他很可能爬上岸来，因为水并不深。这就是他的归宿；也没有人再想起他。人们把射杀的乌鸦吊起来吓唬鸟雀，谁会为死乌鸦感到悲伤？这个孩子曾被人谈起过，一辈子被拿来当儆戒，警告别人。他死了，一切到此为止。至于外婆，她不感到问心有愧：她已尽心尽职。

【赏析】

本文寄托了作者对穷人家孩子悲惨命运的无限同情。小男孩的生父是酒鬼，娘又死了，孤苦零丁，和老外婆相依为命。小小年纪就得靠捡拾橡果去卖钱过日子，贫困的境地也就可想而知了。一个孩子的苦难却是无数农村儿童的生活缩影。读者仿佛身临其境，进入了作者笔下的世界，读完之后，孩子的可怜形象便永远印在我们的脑海里。杰弗里斯十分熟悉乡村生活，全文充溢着强烈而又深沉的感情，写得真实，写得可信，所以具有极大的感染力。风格也戛戛独造，开头一句节奏明快，琅琅上口，如同儿歌一般，令人感到亲切，同时又好像回到了童年。接着笔锋陡然一转，孩子在酣睡之际也是紧锁眉额，从而我们产生了悬念，想知道所以然。然后作者并未和盘托出，相反却一整段描写了乌鸦的快活，孩子的愁眉不展与乌鸦的觅食作乐形成了鲜明的对照。前两段是由乌鸦的叫声来结尾的，拟声词的运用产生了烘托气氛的效果，这也是作者写作手法的高超之处。第三、四段写古板的外婆和顽皮的孩子你追我赶和孩子挨打的经过。接下来四段讲述了孩子的不幸

身世和平常的遭遇。最后一段写孩子意外溺水身亡的不幸。层次之间都互有联系，尽管时序不是依次而下的。字字句句情真意切，全篇基调凄惨悲哀，因为情至文生，所以才能恸及后人。

SIR EDMUND GOSSE (1849-1928)

【简介】

埃德蒙·戈斯，批评家、散文家。博物学家菲力普·亨利·戈斯之子。早年在英国博物馆供职，曾任剑桥三一学院英国文学讲师。首先介绍和翻译易卜生作品，从而闻名于英国文坛。1884至1885年在美国讲学。一次大战后长期为《星期日泰晤士报》撰稿，每周一篇新书评论。同时积极从事文学翻译，把斯堪的纳维亚文学作品、纪德等法国作家和画家介绍给英国读者。自传《父与子》是其代表作，揭示了宗教信仰和怀疑态度与科学精神和求知态度之间的矛盾，反映出维多利亚时代的特点。和许多著名作家均有交往，如诗人斯温伯恩、小说家亨利·詹姆斯及哈代等。写过大量文学传记，包括《斯温伯恩传》、《多恩传》等。发表的诗集有《新诗选》等多种。

【原文】

A Visit to Walt Whitman[1]

In the early and middle years of his life, Whitman was ob-

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① 本文选自《沃尔特·惠特曼》一文第2节，标题另加。

scure and rarely visited. When he grew old, pilgrims not unfrequently took scrip and staff, and set out to worship him. Several accounts of his appearance and mode of address on these occasions have been published, and if I add one more it must be my excuse that the visit to be described was not undertaken in the customary spirit. All other accounts, so far as I know, of interviews with Whitman have been written by disciples who approached the shrine adoring and ready to be dazzled. The visitor whose experience — and it was a very delightful one — is now to be chronicled, started under what was, perhaps, the disadvantage of being very unwilling to go; at least, it will be admitted that the tribute — for tribute it has to be — is all the more sincere.

When I was in Boston, in the winter of 1884, I received a note from Whitman asking me not to leave America without coming to see him. My first instinct was promptly to decline the invitation. Camden, New Jersey, was a very long way off. But better counsels prevailed; curiosity and civility combined to draw me, and I wrote to him that I would come. It would be fatuous to mention all this, if it were not that I particularly wish to bring out the peculiar magic of the old man, acting, not on a disciple, but on a stiff-necked and froward unbeliever.

To reach Camden, one must arrive at Philadelphia, where I put up on the 2nd of January, 1885, ready to pass over into New Jersey next morning. I took the hall-porter of the hotel into my confidence, and asked if he had ever heard of Mr. Whitman. Oh, yes, they all knew "Walt," he said; on fine days he used to cross over on the ferry and take the tram into Philadelphia. He liked to stroll about in Chestnut Street and look at the people, and if you smiled at him he would smile

back again; everybody knew "Walt". In the North, I had been told that he was almost bedridden, in consequence of an attack of paralysis. This seemed inconsistent with wandering round Philadelphia.

The distance being considerable, I started early on the 3rd, crossed the broad Delaware River, where blocks of ice bumped and crackled around us, and saw the flat shores of New Jersey expanding in front, raked by the broad morning light. I was put ashore in a crude and apparently uninhabited village, grim with that concentrated ugliness that only an American township in the depth of winter can display. Nobody to ask the way, or next to nobody. I wandered aimlessly about, and was just ready to give all I possessed to be back again in New York, When I discovered that I was opposite No. 328 Mickle Street, and that on a minute brass plate was engraved "W. Whitman". I knocked at this dreary little two-storey tenement house, and wondered what was going to happen. A melancholy woman opened the door; it was too late now to go away. But before I could speak, a large figure, hobbling down the stairs, called out in a cheery voice, "Is that my friend?" Suddenly, by I know not what magnetic charm, all wire-drawn literary reservations faded out of being, and one's only sensation was of gratified satisfaction as being the "friend" of this very nice old gentleman.

There was a good deal of greeting on the stairs, and then the host, moving actively, though clumsily, and with a stick, advanced to his own dwelling-room on the first storey. The opening impression was, as the closing one would be, of extreme simplicity. A large room, without carpet on the scrubbed planks, a small bedstead, a little round stove with a stackpipe

den under a cascade of beard. If it be true that all remarkable human beings resemble animals, then Walt Whitman was like a cat — a great old grey Angora Tom, alert in repose, serenely blinking under his combed waves of hair, with eyes inscrutably dreaming.

His talk was elemental, like his writings. It had none of the usual ornaments or irritants of conversation. It welled out naturally, or stopped; it was innocent of every species of rhetoric or epigram. It was the perfectly simple utterance of unaffected urbanity. So, I imagine, an Oriental sage wold talk, in a low uniform tone, without any excitement or haste, without emphasis, in a land where time and flurry were unknown. Whitman sat there with his great head tilted back, smiling serenely, and he talked about himself. He mentioned his poverty, which was patent, and his paralysis; those were the two burdens beneath which he crouched, like Issacher[①]; he seemed to be quite at home with both of them, and scarcely heeded them. I think I asked leave to move my box, for the light began to pour in at the great uncurtained window; and then Whitman said that someone had promised him a gift of curtains, but he was not eager for them, he thought they "kept out some of the light". Light and air, that was all he wanted; and through the winter he sat there patiently waiting for the air and light of summer, when he would hobble out again and bask his body in a shallow creek he knew "back of Camden". Meanwhile he waited with infinite patience, uncomplaining, thinking about the sand, and the thin hot layer of water over it, in that shy New Jersey creek. And he winked away in silence,

① 典出《圣经·旧约·创世纪》，第49章，第14节。

while I thought of the Indian poet Valmiki[1], when, in a trance of voluptuous abstraction, he sat under the fig-tree and was slowly eaten of ants.

In the bareness of Whitman's great double room only two objects suggested art in any way, but each of these was appropriate. One was a print of a Red Indian, given him, he told me, by Catlin[2]; it had inspired the passage about "the red aborigines" in *Starting from Paumanok*[3]. The other — positively the sole and only thing that redeemed the bareness of the back-room where Witman's bound works were stored — was a photograph of a very handsome young man in a boat, sculling. I asked him about this portrait and he said several notable things in consequence. He explained, first of all, that this was one of his greatest friends, a professional oarsman from Canada, a well-known sporting character. He continued, that these were the people he liked best, athletes who had a business in the open air; that those were the plainest and most affectionate of men, those who lived in the light and air and had to study to keep their bodies clean and fresh and ruddy; that his soul went out to such people, and that they were strangely drawn to him, so that at the lowest ebb of his fortunes, when the world reviled him and ridiculed him most, fortunate men of this kind, highly prosperous as gymnasts or runners, had sought him out and had been friendly to him. "And now," he went on, "I only wait for the spring, to hobble out with my staff into the woods, and when I can sit all day long close to a set of wood-

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① 印度梵语史诗《罗摩传》的作者

② 乔治·卡特林(1796-1872),美国画家、作家,擅长描写印第安人生活题材。

③ 惠特曼的诗作,泡玛诺克即长岛,诗人的出生地,印第安人叫"泡玛诺克"。

men at their work, I am perfectly happy, for something of their life mixes with the smell of the chopped timber, and it passes into my veins and I am old and ill no longer." I think these were his precise words, and they struck me more than anything else that he said throughout that long and pleasant day I spent with him.

It might be supposed, and I think that even admirers have said, that Whitman had no humour. But that seemed to me not quite correct. No boisterous humour, truly, but a gentle sort of sly fun, something like Tennyson's, he certainly showed. For example, he told me of some tribute from India, and added, with a twinkling smile, "You see, I 'sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world.'[1]" But this was rare: mostly he seemed dwelling in a vague pastoral past life, the lovely days when he was young, and went about with "the hoys" in the sun. He read me many things; a new "poem", intoning the long irregular lines of it not very distinctly; and a preface to some new edition. All this has left, I confess, a dim impression, swallowed up in the serene self-unconsciousness, the sweet, dignified urbanity, the feline immobility.

As I passed from the little house and stood in dull, deserted Mickle Street once more, my heart was full of affection for this beautiful old man, who had just said in his calm accents, "Good-bye, my friend!" I felt that the experience of the day was embalmed by something that a great poet had written long ago, but I could not find what it was till we started once more to cross the frosty Delaware; then it came to me, and I knew that when Shelley spoke of

① 惠特曼的名句，见《我自己的歌》，第 52 首，第 14 行。

Peace within and calm around,
And that content, surpassing wealth,
The sage in meditation found,
And walk'd with inward glory crown'd,①

he had been prophesying of Walt Whitman, nor shall I ever read those lines again without thinking of the old rhapsodist in his empty room, glorified by patience and philosophy.

And so an unbeliever went to see Walt Whitman, and was captivated without being converted.

【译文】

惠特曼访问记

杨岂深　译

在早年和中年的岁月里，惠特曼默默无闻，门前冷落。年纪渐渐大了，倒是有些朝拜者相当频繁地带着香袋和手杖，设法前来表示崇拜。有关他在这些场合的仪表谈吐的几种报道已经发表过了。如果我再来添上一篇，我的理由想必是，下面记叙的这次访问不是抱着礼俗性的态度进行的。据我所知，其他一切采访惠特曼的报道都出自追随者的手笔，他们纷纷怀着敬仰和倾倒的心情来到圣地。我这个来访者的经历——

① 参见珀·拜·雪莱(1792-1822)《沮丧篇，作于那不勒斯附近》，第20-24行，戈斯有改动，原句为"No peace within nor calm around / Nor that content surpassing wealth".

忽之间,我也不知是由于什么磁性般的魅力,所有拘泥小节的文人矜持都荡然消失了,只有一种心满意足的感觉,我成了这位非常客气的长者的"朋友"。

在楼梯上就寒暄了一番,随后主人行动敏捷,虽然不大灵活,手持拐杖,朝前走向一楼他自己的居室。开头的印象和结束时的印象都是极为朴素的。一个大房间,擦得干干净净的地板上没有铺地毯,一张小床架,屋子中间有个带通烟管的圆形小火炉,一把椅子——这就是全部的家具。四面墙壁和火炉上面糊着不堪入目的墙纸——已经有色斑和一块污渍了——就像在工人窝户里看到的那样;房里没有挂画,只有堆满杂物的木栓和架子。到处放着大大小小的箱子,还有个夹得紧紧的大行李箱,一堆堆东西,凌乱一团摞得山一般高的报纸,东一堆西一垛;不过整个房间,还有老人本人,都是再干净不过的了,达到了无尘的N次方,擦刷到了尘垢今生今世都似乎吃不消的程度。特别是惠特曼,穿的是一身粗灰呢的套服,前脖的衬衣领口拉开着,灰发和白花花的胡须飘飘荡荡的,仿佛是为了清洁当真漂白过的;全身上下沙白得一尘不染,有如一张松木台子经过擦洗而变旧了。

惠特曼在那一张椅子里坐了下来,手里拿着一根小拨火棍,十分悠闲地不时替炉火加炭,拨弄着火炉。我理清了一个箱子上的一些报纸,就坐在他的对面。当他不是一个劲地拨火时,那副镇定的神情便贯注在来访者身上,于是我就有了极好的机会,可以在心里形成他的形象。他坐的姿势非常特别,头向后仰着,和别人比起来,仿佛把脑袋倚靠在脊柱较低的一根椎骨上,因此就使面部有点儿朝上斜倾。他的头部这样很平稳,整个的人在注视着和他谈话的人,他好像进入了绝对被动的状态,等待着听人议论或是出现些小插曲,出神的双眼半睁半闭,骨节鼓起的大手摊在胸前。他就保持着这么个样子,一点也不动弹,每次总有一刻钟的光景,即使说话时也看不出一丝动静,嘴唇隐没在浓密的胡须下面。如果真是所有非凡

的人都类似动物，那么沃尔特·惠特曼就像一只猫——一只灰色的大安哥拉老雄猫，歇息时也很警觉，在梳理过的波浪形头发下面安详地不停眨动着，眼神神秘莫测如梦如幻。

他的谈话像他的作品一样，散发着原始的力量，毫无交谈中常见的修饰或刺激。它自然地涌现出来，或是停止下来；它不带任何一类浮华辞令或警句。它是毫不造作、文质彬彬、十分纯朴的谈吐。我想象，只有东方的圣哲才这样谈话，音调始终低沉，没有什么兴奋或仓促，也没有加强的语气，在这片乡土上人们不知道时间和慌张是什么。惠特曼朝后仰着大脑袋坐在那儿，安详地微笑着，谈的是自己的事。他提到他的贫困，这是一望而知的，还有半身不遂；它们成了压垮他的两大重负，就像以萨迦一样；他似乎对于两者都习以为常了，几乎不在意。我想当时我要求挪动一下箱子，因为阳光已从不挂窗帘的大窗户倾泻进来；惠特曼便说到有人曾答应送他窗帘，但他并不急于想要，以为窗帘会“挡住阳光”。而阳光和空气正是他所要的一切；一个冬季他都是耐心地坐在那儿，等待夏日的空气和阳光，原来一到夏季，他又可以一瘸一拐地走出去，全身沉浸在他熟悉的“坎登市背静处”的一条浅溪里晒晒太阳。那时他以莫大的耐心等待着，无所抱怨，想的是沙滩和上面薄薄的一层热水，就是那第幽静的新泽西浅溪。他默默地眨着眼，那一刻我想到了印度诗人瓦尔米基，沉湎于遐思的恍惚之中时，他也是枯坐在无花果树下，慢慢悠悠地吃着蚂蚁。

惠特曼宽敞的双人房里空空荡荡的，只有两件物品透出些许艺术气氛，而每一件都恰如其分。一件是一个北美印第安人的花布制品，他告诉我是卡特林送的；它激发了他的灵感，于是《从泡玛诺克出发》中有了描写“北美土著人”那一段。另外一件是幅相片，一叶扁舟上有位相貌堂堂的青年，荡着双桨——它肯定是使得这间后房显得不算空荡荡的绝无仅有的东西，惠特曼有护封的书全存放在这里。我问他这幅画像的

由来，因此他谈了几件值得一提的事情。他首先说明这是他的一位至友，来自加拿大的职业桨手，著名的运动员。接着他又说，这些人是他最喜欢的人，在露天从业的体育工作者；这些人是最朴素、最亲切的人，这些人生活在阳光和空气中，非得学会保持身体干净、精神抖擞气色红润；还说他的心灵偏向这类人，而他们也莫明其妙地为他所吸引，因此就在他走背运的最低潮时，在世人狠狠漫骂耻笑他的时候，正是这些春风得意的体操运动员或赛跑运动员，这类幸运的人看中了他，待他很友好。"眼下呢，"他接着说，"我只等待春天到来，拄着我的家伙瘸瘸拐拐走进树林，那时我可以成天坐在一班干活的伐木工周围，我就一分开心，因为他们生活的点点滴滴和砍下来的木材香味混合起来了，它进入我的血液，我再也不觉得又老又病了。"我记得这些都是他的原话，在我和他度过的悠长且又愉快的那一天中，这些话比他所谈到的其他一切更加打动我。

或许可以假定，而且我想就连那些崇拜者也说过，惠特曼毫无幽默。不过我却以为其实不然。没有闹闹嚷嚷的幽默，一点不错，但是他有温和的俏皮风趣，有几分丁尼生式的风趣，他确实显露过。比如他把来自印度的献辞告诉我，还含笑眨眼地说道，"你看，我'发出野蛮的叫喊穿越过世界的屋脊'"。但这却很少见：大多数时间他仿佛过着一种往昔朦胧的田园生活，在他年轻的美好岁月里，他和"小伙子们"在太阳下东走西跑。他给我读了许多东西；有一首新"诗"，不太清楚地吟诵其中不对称的长长的诗行；还有某个新版的序言。我承认，这一切只留下了隐隐约约的印象，淹没于平静的自我无意识、甜美而庄严的文雅风范、小猫般的好静性情之中。

我走过小屋，再一次站在沉闷荒凉的米克尔大街上，这时我的内心充满了对这位神采奕奕的老人的仰慕之情，他刚才用他那沉静的音调说了声"再会，我的朋友！"。我感到这一天的经历已经在一位伟大的诗人很久以前所写的篇什里保存起

来了。但是直到再次动身渡过寒霜迷漫的特拉华河时，我才想起了它的作者；诗句浮现于脑海，我知道那是出自雪莱之口：

内心宁静四周静寂，
那种满足胜过财富，
贤者在沉思中发现，
怀着内心荣耀行走。

他是在预言沃尔特·惠特曼，从今以后我再读这些诗句时，不可能不想到吟诵的老诗人在空空的居室里，忍耐与哲理放射出了光辉。

一个无信仰者就这样前去会见了沃尔特·惠特曼，为之倾倒而又无所归宗。

【赏析】

戈斯在美国讲学时已是知名的文坛后进，拜访惠特曼之前踌躇了一番。作者在开头就说明这是一篇献辞，不过其中没有任何溢美之处，从头至尾几乎全是记实文字，把诗人惠特曼伟大而质朴的形象十分生动地展现出来，读来给人以呼之欲出的真实感受。

这篇访问记通过不同的侧面去表现诗人，从极其细微的小处落墨，揭示出惠特曼品格上本质的一面。在费城转车之前，作者从旅馆门卫的口中知道了"人人都认识'沃尔特'"，由此可见他与普通百姓打成一片的程度。见到诗人之后，又着力描写了居室内非常简朴的陈设，一代诗圣的房间与工人蓬户相去无几，这样的比较何等贴切而又感人至深。再则，通过两件并不起眼的物品，印第安人的花布制品和运动员相片，我

们不仅认识到了惠特曼诗歌灵感的源泉，而且了解到诗人旺盛的生命力来源于那些“最朴素、最亲切的人”。作者善于把捉细节，比如惠特曼怕窗帘会“挡住阳光”，因此一切都写得十分具体，主观的印象完全得之于客观的观察，没有些许夸张渲染。从作者的记述中，我们所看到的是一位和蔼可敬的长者和可爱亲切的友人。我们对惠特曼人品的了解无疑会深化对其诗品的认识，同时不难看出这也许是本文作者的意图所在。

文章结构相当严谨，层次历历，从远到近，由物及人，布局也十分妥贴。前后呼应不止一端，比如见面时，诗人以欢快的声音招呼道“是我的朋友吧?”，分手时又以沉静的音调说了声“再会，我的朋友!”。笔墨看似平平淡淡，却耐人回味。

Mr. Gladstone[1] was, of course, referring to second-hand bookshops. Neither he nor any other sensible man puts himself out about new books. When a new book is published, read an old one, was the advice of a sound though surly critic. It is one of the boasts of letters to have glorified the term "second-hand", which other crafts have "soiled to all ignoble use"[2]. But why it has been able to do this is obvious. All the best books are necessarily second-hand. The writers of to-day need not grumble. Let them "bide a wee"[3]. If their books are worth anything, they, too, one day will be second-hand. If their books are not worth anything there are ancient trades still in full operation amongst us — the pastrycooks and the trunk-makers — who must have paper.

But is there any substance in the plaint that nobody now buys books, meaning thereby second-hand books? The late Mark Pattison[4], who had 16 000 volumes, and whose lightest word has therefore weight, once stated that he had been informed, and verily believed, that there were men of his own University of Oxford who, being in uncontrolled possession of annual incomes of not less than £ 500, thought they were doing the thing handsomely if they expended £ 50 a year upon their libraries. But we are not bound to believe this unless we like. There was a touch of morosity about the late Rector of Lincoln

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① 威廉·埃·格莱斯顿（1809-1898），英国自由党领袖，四次连任首相。著有《荷马和荷马时代研究》。

② 典出丁尼生《悼念诗》，第 111 首，第 4 行。原诗为"soil'd with all ignorable use"。

③ 出自瓦尔特·司各特（1771-1832）的《老死》，第 23 章。原句为"'Bide a wee, bid a wee,' said Cuddie"。

④ 马克·帕蒂森（1813-1884），英国作家，以传记作品著称。

which led him to take gloomy views of men, particularly Oxford men.

No doubt arguments *a priori* may readily be found to support the contention that the habit of book-buying is on the decline. I confess to knowing one or two men, not Oxford men either, but Cambridge men (and the passion of Cambridge for literature is a by-word), who, on the plea of being pressed with business, or because they were going to a funeral, have passed a bookshop in a strange town without so much as stepping inside "just to see whether the fellow had anything". But painful as facts of this sort necessarily are, any damaging inference we might feel disposed to draw form them is dispelled by a comparison of price-lists. Compare a bookseller's catalogue of 1862 with one of the present year, and your pessimism is washed away by the tears which unrestrainedly flow as your see what *bonnes fortunes* you have lost. A young book-buyer might well turn out upon Primrose Hill[①] and bemoan his youth, after comparing old catalogues with new.

Nothing but American competition, grumble some old stagers.

Well! Why not? This new battle for the books is a free fight, not a private one, and Columbia has "joined in". Lower prices are not to be looked for. The book-buyer of 1900 will be glad to buy at to-day's prices. I take pleasure in thinking he will not be able to do so. Good finds grow scarcer and scarcer. True it is that but a few short weeks ago I picked up (such is the happy phrase, most apt to describe what was indeed a "street casualty") a copy of the original edition of *Endymion*

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① 望春花山，典出威廉·布莱克(1757-1827)《耶路撒冷》。

course of growth as there are to-day.

Libraries are not made; they grow. Your first two thousand volumes present no difficulty, and cost astonishingly little money. Given £400 and five years, and an ordinary man can in the ordinary course, without undue haste or putting any pressure upon his taste, surround himself with this number of books, all in his own language, and thenceforward have at least one place in the world in which it is possible to be happy. But pride is still out of the question. To be proud of having two thousand books would be absurd. You might as well be proud of having two top-coats. After your first two thousand difficulty begins, but until you have ten thousand volumes the less you say about your library the better. *Then* you may begin to speak.

It is no doubt a pleasant thing to have a library left you. The present writer will disclaim no such legacy, but hereby undertakes to accept it, however dusty. But good as it is to inherit a library, it is better to collect one. Each volume then, however lightly a stranger's eye may roam from shelf to shelf, has its own individuality, a history of its own. You remember where you got it, and how much you gave for it; and your word may safely be taken for the first of these facts, but not for the second.

The man who has a library of his own collection is able to contemplate himself objectively, and is justified in believing in his own existence. No other man but he would have made precisely such a combination as his. Had he been in any single respect different from what he is, his library, as it exists, never would have existed. Therefore, surely he may exclaim, as in the gloaming he contemplates the backs of his loved ones,

"They are mine, and I am theirs."

But the eternal note of sadness will find its way even through the keyhole of a library. You turn some familiar page, of Shakespeare it may be, and his "infinite variety"[①], his "multitudinous mind"[②] suggests some new thought, and as you are wondering over it you think of Lycidas[③], your friend, and promise yourself the pleasure of having his opinion of your discovery the very next time when by the fire you two "help waste a sullen day"[④]. Or it is, perhaps, some quainter, tenderer fancy that engages your solitary attention, something in Sir Philip Sydney or Henry Vaughan, and then you turn to look for Phyllis[⑤], ever the best interpreter of love, human or divine. Alas! the printed page grows hazy beneath a filmy eye as you suddenly remember that Lycidas is dead—"dead ere his prime"[⑥]—and that the pale cheek of Phyllis will never again be relumined by the white light of her pure enthusiasm. And then you fall to thinking of the inevitable, and perhaps, in you present mood, not unwelcome hour, when the "ancient peace"[⑦] of your old friends will be disturbed, when rude hands will dislodge them from their accustomed nooks and break up their goodly company.

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① 见《安东尼与克莉奥佩特拉》，第2幕，第2场，第235行

② 出处不详，待查。

③ 利西达斯，此处指弥尔顿为悼念他的知己爱德华·金而写的名篇《利西达斯》，也泛指好友

④ "相互切磋……"引自弥尔顿的十四行诗，xvii。原句为"Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire Help waste a sullen day"。

⑤ 菲莉斯，田园诗中的乡村少女，爱情的化身。

⑥ "英年早逝"，引自《利西达斯》，第8行

⑦ 出处不详，待查。

“二手货”。如果他们的书毫无价值的话，也还有些古老的行业盛行于我们中间——如糕点师和箱子工——他们总要用纸张。

但是，目前没有人买书，意思是二手货的书籍，这种哀叹有没有道理呢？已故的马克·帕蒂森生前藏书一万六千册，所以他最轻的片言只语也是有分量的。他曾经明言，有人告诉他，他也深信不疑，在他就读过的牛津大学，有些人每年可以任意支配的收入不下五百镑，他们认为，如果一年花费五十镑用于个人藏书，就算出手大方了。这笔数字我们信不信在于自己。不久前作古的林肯学院院长曾流露出几分怨气，从而他对人们，尤其是牛津的学人采取了悲观的看法。

购书的习惯日渐衰退，毫无疑问，要支持这种论点的话，可以现成地找到推测性的论据。我承认认识一两位人士，都不是牛津大学的，而是剑桥大学的(剑桥酷爱文学成了笑柄)，二位以公务缠身为由，或称因为要去送葬，在外地的城市走过一家书店，居然过门不入，不肯走进去“看看这家伙有点什么好书”。不过尽管这类情况必然令人心寒，只要比较一下价目单，那么我们可能不由自主地从上述情况得出的任何诽谤性推论都会消除。姑且拿1862年的跟今年的书商目录比较一下，你的悲观态度便会被泪水冲刷掉，因为当你眼看着自己失去了多少好运道，便会泪流不止。新旧目录比较之后，一个年轻的购书者很可能出来眺望望春花山，叹息自己青春消逝。

还不都是美国人竞争的结果，一些识途老马便会口出怨言。

噫！竞争何妨？这场新的书战是自由的斗争，不是私人的角逐，哥伦比亚也“参与”了。不必去找更低廉的价钱。1900年的书商也会乐意出今天的价格购买。一想到这是他办不到的，我便怡然心喜。因为发现好书越来越少。这是真实的情况，不过前几周我拾到(这可是个巧妙的字眼，用来形容所谓“街头意外发现”最贴切不过了)一本初版的《恩底弥

翁》(是济慈的诗作——哦！是向马迪外租图书馆订阅的人的！——而不是比肯斯菲尔德勋爵的小说)，只花了相当于半克朗的价钱——但那却是我走运的一个日子。书商的目录层出不穷，在行业内又大量流通，已经产生的结果是可恶的书价一律。不管你走到哪儿，书价总是六便士左右。可以标明地点走遍全国而满怀希望捞取一把的光景已是一去不复返了。还有那么一些地区，伊丽莎白时代的戏剧家算是得到些微的保护。闯入"优美的北国"，你又可以乐滋滋地满载而归，既有故事民谣小书，又有沉甸甸的希奇古怪的旧册子，而英格兰的西部则往往可以提供一大批小说。我记得在托魁弄到一整套初版的勃朗特作品集，可以说是没花几文钱。这样的日子俱往矣。你的乡村书商，时常听到伦敦拍卖的消息，同时收到每班邮差送来的大批目录，实际上，而且很可能，过高估计了手头货色的价值，而不愿高高兴兴地脱手出货，像一个乡村书商理所应当的那样，"您瞧，只是为了腾出书架，给我一点空间。"唯一的补偿是各种目录本身。你得到它们，至少是分文不付，而且不可否认，目录本身就是十分可观的阅读资料。

这些高昂的书价的由来不言而喻，而且迫使我们深信，从来没有像今天这样多的不断增长的私人书楼。

图书馆不是创造出来的；它们是增长起来的。开始有个两千册并无困难，花的钱少得出奇。只要有四百英镑和五年时间，在日常过程中，不必匆匆忙忙或是非得改变个人趣味，一个普通的人便可坐拥这个数字的图书，全部是本国语的书，从此以后他至少在世上拥有一席之地，待在里面可能自得其乐。但不可因此而以为了不起。拥有两千册书便以为了不起，这未免荒唐。这等于你有了两件外套就以为了不起。有了两千册书之后，困难就来了，除非你藏书上万，否则最好少谈你的藏书。藏书上万时你才刚有发言权。

有个现成的书楼遗赠给你，那无疑是一桩快事。本文作者将不会放弃这份遗产，因此同意接受它，哪怕是灰土尘封。

继承一栋书楼固然是好事，自己收集则更胜一筹。尽管一个陌生人的眼光可以随意浏览书架，但一卷一册都有个性，自有一番来历。你记得是在哪里淘来的，付了多少钱；你说的具体情景别人会信以为真，但多少钱就无人过问了。

拥有了自己收集起来的藏书的人，可以客观地扪心自问，完全有道理相信自己的存在。除了他本人，任何其他的人都不会采集这样纷然毕呈的藏书。假如他在任何一个方面与目前的自我有所不同，他现有的藏书就不会存在。因此，在暮色四下的时分，当他品味起他那些心爱的图书的书脊，他当然可以大声说一句，"它们属于我，我也属于它们。"

可是即使透过书楼的锁眼，永恒的忧伤意味也会流露进去。你翻到熟悉的某一页，比如说莎士比亚吧，他的"千变万化"，他的"汪洋襟怀"，都会意味着某个新的意念；正当你恍然出神的时候，你会想到你的朋友利西达斯，心里期待着那份喜悦，就是下一次听听他对你的发现的看法：坐在炉火边你们两人"相互切磋：消磨沉闷的一天"。或许呢，又有什么更古怪的、更温馨的幻想占据了你孤独的神思，比如菲力普·锡德尼爵士或亨利·沃恩的一言半语，然后你便去寻找菲莉斯，她永远是凡人之爱或神明之爱最好的诠释者。天哪！印刷的书页在朦胧的泪光下变得迷糊起来了，你突然想起利西达斯已经故世——"英年早逝"——又想到了菲莉斯那纯洁热诚的白光再也不会照亮她那苍白的面颊。而处于你此时此刻的心情，你不由得想到了不可逃避的、也许并非不受欢迎的时刻，这时你的一些故友的"古老的平静"将受到扰乱，无情的双手会把他们从呆惯了的角落移开，和他们这些良好相伴断绝了联系。

"死亡犹如贝壳从中冒了出来，
在城里撒落得遍地皆是。"

它们将形成新的组合，减轻他人的辛劳，抚慰另一个人的

悲伤。把什么东西说成是我自己的，真是一个大傻瓜！

【赏析】

文人学士每至一地，总要找一二间书坊碰碰运气，偶有意外发现，自然其乐无穷。淘旧书的甘苦读书人大多有过难忘的亲身体验，如果作者拘泥本文题旨，未免流于平淡。作者的高超技巧在于融纷繁为一体，意到笔随，虽然用典颇多，但并非堆垛故实，故不觉匠气。开篇假他人之口，观世风之变，后逐节缕写，波澜层出而笔墨潇洒，几多变迁，几多感慨，俱在字里行间。收笔只有一句自嘲，却三叹而余音在耳，良久不去。18世纪初，斯威夫特即以《书战》为题，写过一篇檄文，向卖弄学问、故作玄奥的风气宣战。比勒尔则针对当世的出版物铺天盖地而好书难觅有感而发，所以说是一场“新的书战”。文章比较精彩的段落是谈图书馆和藏书的部分，书海茫茫，切不可因为有了几千册藏书便得意洋洋。拥有藏书只是第一步，欲更上一层楼，就是书人合一，息息相通。

OSCAR WILDE (1854-1900)

【简介】

奥斯卡·王尔德，作家、诗人。出生于都柏林，父亲是外科医生，母亲为作家。在三一学院读书时即发表诗作，他的唯美主义思想招致毁誉参半的反应。王尔德追随佩特，崇尚"为艺术而艺术"，反对"为金钱而艺术"。第一部《诗集》出版后，于1882年赴美讲学。小说《道林·格雷的肖像》问世后引起轩然大波，而王尔德在前言里则称，"不存在什么道德的或不道德的书。书要么写得好，要么写得坏。仅此而已。"戏剧代表作有《认真之重要》。另有对话体散文《说谎的堕落》和忏悔录《从深处》及诗集等。

【原文】

Impressions of America[1]

I fear I cannot picture America as altogether an Elysi -

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[1] 此文作于王尔德1882年赴美国巡回演讲时期。

um[1] — perhaps, from the ordinary standpoint I know little about the country. I cannot give its latitude or longitude; I cannot compute the value of its dry goods, and I have no very close acquaintance with its politics. These are matters which may not interest you, and they certainly are not interesting to me.

The first thing that struck me on landing in America was that if the Americans are not the most well-dressed people in the world, they are the most comfortable dressed. Men are seen there with the dreadful chimney-pot hat, but there are very few hatless men; men wear the shocking swallow-tail coat, but few are to be seen with no coat at all. There is an air of comfort in the appearance of the people which is a marked contrast to that seen in this country, where, too often, people are seen in close contact with rags.

The next thing particularly noticeable is that everybody seems in a hurry to catch a train. This is a state of things which is not favourable to poetry or romance. Had Romeo or Juliet been in a constant state of anxiety about trains, or had their minds been agitated by the question of return-tickets, Shakespeare could not have given us those lovely balcony scenes which are so full of poetry and pathos.

America is the noisiest country that ever existed. One is waked up in the morning, not by the singing of the nightingale, but by the steam whistle. It is surprising that the sound practical sense of the Americans does not reduce this intolerable noise. All Art depends upon exquisite and delicate sensibility,

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① 字面意思为"平原",在荷马笔下,位于世界的尽头。一译"埃律西昂",在希腊神话中指获得不朽生命的英雄的栖身之处。后指有福的人身后的去处。

and such continual turmoil must ultimately be destructive of the musical faculty.

There is not so much beauty to be found in American cities as in Oxford, Cambridge, Salisbury[①] or Winchester[②], where are lovely relics of a beautiful age; but still there is a good deal of beauty to be seen in them now and then, but only where the American has not attempted to create it. Where the Americans have attempted to produce beauty they have signally failed. A remarkable characteristic of the Americans is the manner in which they have applied science to modern life.

This is apparent in the most cursory stroll through New York. In England an inventor is regarded almost as a crazy man, and in too many instances invention ends in disappointment and poverty. In America an inventor is honoured, help is forthcoming, and the exercise of ingenuity, the application of science to the work of man, is there the shortest road to wealth. There is no country in the world where machinery is so lovely as in America.

I have always wished to believe that the line of strength and the line of beauty are one. That wish was realised when I contemplated American machinery. It was not until I had seen the water-works at Chicago that I realised the wonders of machinery; the rise and fall of the steel rods, the symmetrical motion of the great wheels is the most beautifully rhythmic thing I have ever seen. One is impressed in America, but not favourably impressed, by the inordinate size of everything. The country seems to try to bully one into a belief in its power by its

① 英格兰南部的一座城市，有著名的天主教堂。
② 英国南部的一座城市。

impressive bigness.

I was disappointed with Niagara — most people must be disappointed with Niagara. Every American bride is taken there,[①] and the sight of the stupendous waterfall must be one of the earliest, if not the keenest, disappointments in American married life. One sees it under bad conditions, very far away, the point of view not showing the splendour of the water. To appreciate it really one has to see it from underneath the fall, and to do that it is necessary to be dressed in a yellow oil-skin, which is as ugly as a mackintosh[②]— and I hope none of you ever wears one. It is a consolation to know, however, that such an artist as Madame Bernhardt[③] has not only worn that yellow, ugly dress, but has been photographed in it.

Perhaps the most beautiful part of America is the West, to reach which, however, involves a journey by rail of six days, racing along tied to an ugly tin-kettle of a steam engine. I found but poor consolation for this journey in the fact that the boys who infest the cars and sell everything that one can eat — or should not eat — were selling editions of my poems vilely printed on a kind of grey blotting paper, for the low price of ten cents. Calling these boys on one side I told them that though poets like to be popular they desire to be paid, and selling editions of my poems without giving me a profit is dealing a blow at literature which must have a disastrous effect on poetical aspirants. The invariable reply that they made was that they

① 许多美国人喜欢去尼亚加拉大瀑布作蜜月旅行.
② 一种雨衣,因其发明者苏格兰人 Charles Mackintosh(1766-1843)而得名。
③ 沙娜·伯恩哈特(1844-1932),法国女演员,以音色优美、感情丰富的表演著称。王尔德与她是相当亲密的朋友。

themselves made a profit out of the transaction and that was all they cared about.

It is a popular superstition that in America a visitor is invariably addressed as "Stranger". I was never once addressed as "Stranger". When I went to Texas I was called "Captain"; when I got to the centre of the country I was addressed as "Colonel", and, on arriving at the borders of Mexico, as "General". On the whole, however, "Sir", the old English method of addressing people [,] is the most common.

It is, perhaps, worth while to note that what many people call Americanisms are really old English expressions which have lingered in our colonies while they have been lost in our own country. Many people imagine that the term "I guess", which is so common in America, is purely an American expression, but it was used by John Locke[①] in his work on "The Understanding", just as we now use "I think".

It is in the colonies, and not in the mother country, that the old life of the country really exists. If one wants to realise what English Puritanism is — not at its worst (when it is very bad), but at its best, and then it is not very good — I do not think one can find much of it in England, but much can be found about Boston and Massachusetts. We have got rid of it. America still preserves it, to be, I hope, a short-lived curiosity.

San Francisco is a really beautiful city. China Town, peopled by Chinese labourers, is the most artistic town I have ever come across. The people — strange, melancholy Orientals, whom many people would call common, and they are certainly

① 约翰·洛克(1632-1704),英国哲学家,反对"天赋观念"论,主张人类知识起源与感性世界的经验论学说,著有《人类理解论》等。

very poor — have determined that they will have nothing about them that is not beautiful. In the Chinese restaurant, where these navvies meet to have supper in the evening, I found them drinking tea out of china cups as delicate as the petals of a rose-leaf, whereas at the gaudy hotels I was supplied with a delf cup an inch and a half thick. When the Chinese bill was presented it was made out on rice paper, the account being done in Indian ink as fantasically as if an artist had been etching little birds on a fan.

Salt Lake City contains only two buildings of note, the chief being the Tabernacle, which is in the shape of a soup-kettle. It is decorated by the only native artist, and he has treated religious subjects in the naive spirit of the early Florentine painters, representing people of our own day in the dress of the period side by side with people of Biblical history who are clothed in some romantic costume.

The building next in importance is called the Amelia Palace, in honour of one of Brigham Young's[①] wives[②]. When he died the present president of the Mormons stood up in the Tabernacle and said that it had been revealed to him that he was to have the Amerlia Palace, and that on this subject there were to be no more revelations of any kind!

From Salt Lake City one travels over the great plains of Colorado and up the Rocky Mountains, on the top of which is Leadville, the richest city in the world. It has also got the reputation of being the roughest, and every man carries a revolver.

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① 布赖汉姆·扬(1801-1877)，美国摩门教会领袖。他率摩门教徒从中西部移民至西部大盆地，建立盐湖城。

② 摩门教实行一夫多妻制。

fancy "Early Grigsville". Imagine a School of Art teaching "Grigsville Renaissance".

As for slang I did not hear much of it, though a young lady who had changed her clothes after an afternoon dance did say that "after the heel kick[①] she shifted her day goods[②]".

American youths are pale and precocious, or sallow and supercilious, but American girls are pretty and charming — little oases of pretty unreasonableness in a vast desert of practical common-sense.

Every American girl is entitled to have twelve young men devoted to her. They remain her slaves and she rules them with charming nonchalance.

The men are entirely given to business; they have, as they say, their brains in front of their heads[③]. They are also exceedingly acceptive of new ideas. Their education is practical. We base the education of children entirely on books, but we must give a child a mind before we can instruct the mind. Children have a natural antipathy to books — handicraft should be the basis of education. Boys and girls should be taught to use their hands to make something, and they would be less apt to destroy and be mischievous.

In going to America one learns that poverty is not a necessary accompaniment to civilisation. There at any rate is a country that has no trappings, no pageants and no gorgeous ceremonies. I saw only two processions — one was the Fire Brigade preceded by the Police, the other was the Police preceded by

① 俚语,跳舞。
② 俚语,衣服,尤指女人内衣。
③ have one's brains in front of one's head: 俚语,十分注意新的机会。

the Fire Brigade.

Every man when he gets to the age of twenty-one is allowed to vote, and thereby immediately acquires his political education. The Americans are the best politically educated people in the world. It is well worth one's while to go to a country which can teach us the beauty of the word FREEDOM and the value of the thing LIBERTY.

【译文】

美 国 印 象

谈瀛洲 译

我恐怕不能把美国描绘成十足的天堂——从一般的角度来说，也许我对这个国家所知甚少。我说不出它的经、纬度；我算不来它出产谷物的价值；我对它的政治也不十分熟悉。这些东西可能不会使你们感兴趣，它们当然也不会让我感兴趣。

在美国上岸后得到的第一个深刻印象，就是美国人可能算不上是世界上穿得最漂亮的，但却是穿得最舒服的民族。那里看得到头顶不堪入目的烟囱式高顶礼帽的男人，但很少有不戴帽子的男人；还看到穿着难看至极的燕尾服的男人，但很少有不穿外套的男人。美国人的穿戴透露着舒适，这和在我国常可以看到的人们衣衫褴褛的情形形成了鲜明的对比。

我特别注意到的第二个特点，是似乎每个人都在急着赶火车。这种情形对诗歌和浪漫爱情是不利的。要是罗密欧和朱丽叶老是为乘火车而担心，或是在为返程车票而烦恼，莎士

比亚就不可能写出那几幕如此富有诗意与伤感情调的阳台戏了。

美国是世界上最嘈杂的国家。在早晨，不是夜莺的歌唱，而是汽笛的鸣叫把人们叫醒。美国人讲求实际的头脑这么健全，却没有想到要降低这种令人难以忍受的噪音，真叫人吃惊。所有艺术都依赖于精细微妙的敏锐感觉，这样持续不断的喧嚣，最终一定会损害人的音乐天赋。

美国城市没有牛津、剑桥、索尔兹伯里和温切斯特那么美丽，那些地方有优雅的时代的美好遗迹；虽然不时还是可以看到许多美的东西，但只能在美国人没有存心创造美的地方。在美国人有意创造美的地方，他们显然遭到了惨败。美国人的突出特点，便是他们把科学应用于现代生活的那种态度。

在纽约走马观花地一走，这一点就一目了然了。在英国人们常把发明家视作狂人，发明带来的是失望与穷困的例子简直不胜枚举。在美国发明家受到尊重，他随时可以得到人们的帮助。在那里心灵手巧，把科技应用于人类的劳动，是致富的捷径。没有一个国家比美国更爱机器的了。

我一直期望相信，力的线条也是美的线条。在我注视着美国的机器的时候，这一期望得到了实现。直到我见识了芝加哥的供水系统，我才意识到机器的奇妙；钢铁连杆的起落，巨大轮子的对称运动，是我见过的节奏最美的东西。美国的所有东西都大得过分，这给人以深刻的却不是好的印象。这个国家似乎想以其令人敬畏的巨大，来胁迫别人认可其力量。

我对尼亚加拉大瀑布感到失望——多数人都会对尼亚加拉大瀑布感到失望。所有美国新娘都被带到那里，所以这一大而无当的瀑布景观，即便不是美国人婚姻生活中最刻骨铭心的失望，也是最早的失望之一。人们总是从远处，在不利的条件下看到这一瀑布，从这一角度看不到水流的壮观。要真正地欣赏到它，人们必须从瀑布的下面去看，要这样做的话就必须穿上一件和马金托什雨衣一样难看的黄色油布雨衣——

我希望你们永远不要穿它。但是,像贝尔娜尔女士这样的艺术家不仅穿过这种黄颜色的丑陋衣服,还穿着它拍过照,知道这一点对人实在是一种慰藉。

美国最美丽的地方也许是西部,但去那里要坐六天火车,被如同一只丑陋的马口铁水壶的蒸汽引擎牵引着飞驰。这次旅行令我不快,因为那些出没于车厢中兜售各种可以吃——或是不能吃——的东西的男孩们在卖我的诗集,它们被糟糕地印在像灰色的吸水纸那样的纸上,每份只卖十便士的低价。我把这些男孩叫到一边,告诉他们说尽管诗人喜欢出名,但也想拿到钱。出售我的诗集却不分给我一份利润,这是对文学的打击,对有抱负成为诗人的人会有灾难性的后果。他们的答复千篇一律:他们自己能从这桩生意上有利可图,别的也就管不了这么多了。

人们普遍错误地以为,在美国来访者总是被称作"陌生人"。我从来没有被人称作过"陌生人"。我在得克萨斯时被人称作"上尉";在这个国家的中部地区时被称作"上校",而当我到达墨西哥边境时,又被称作"将军"了。但总的来说,英国人以前对人的称呼"先生"是最常用的。

也许,值得指出的是,被许多人指为美国式英语的其实是老的英国式表达,它们在我国已经消失,却在我们的殖民地里留存下来。许多人以为美国人常说的"我猜"纯粹是一种美国式表达,但约翰·洛克在他的《理解论》中就用过这种说法,就像我们现在用"我想"一样。

一个国家过去的生活真正地存在于它的殖民地里,而不是在母国中。如果人们想了解什么是英国清教主义——不是它最糟的形态(这时它确实很糟糕),而是它最佳的形态,但这时它也好不到那里去——我觉得在英国找不到多少清教主义,在波士顿和马萨诸塞州却可以找到许多。美国人仍保留着它,但我希望不过是把它当作一件短命的古董。

旧金山是一座真正美丽的城市。聚居着中国劳工的唐人

街是我见过的最富有艺术韵味的街区。这些古怪、忧郁的东方人，许多人会说他们下贱，他们肯定也很穷，但他们打定主意，身边不能有任何不美的东西。在那些苦工们晚上聚集在一起吃饭的中国餐馆里，我发现他们用如同玫瑰花瓣一样纤巧的瓷杯喝茶，而那些俗丽的宾馆给我用的陶杯足有一英寸半厚。中国人的菜单拿上来的时候是写在宣纸上的，帐目是用墨汁写出来的，漂亮得就像艺术家在扇面上蚀刻的小鸟一样。

盐湖城只有两座值得一看的建筑，主要是那座外形像一只汤锅的礼拜堂。当地仅有的一位艺术家装饰了这座礼拜堂，而他是用早期佛罗伦萨画家的那种天真精神来处理宗教主题的，把穿着当代服装的当代人物和穿着出于想象的服装的《圣经》历史人物并列。

其次的建筑被称作阿米利亚宫，是为纪念布赖汉姆·扬的一个妻妾而建造的。扬一死，摩门教徒的现任会长在礼拜堂里站起来说，上帝启示他说他应拥有阿米利亚宫，而且关于这一问题不会再有其他神示了！

从盐湖城我们穿过科罗拉多大平原，爬上落基山脉，上面有一座世上最富有的城市里德维尔。它还以世上最野蛮的城市闻名，那里每个人随身带着一支左轮手枪。有人对我说，如果我去那里的话，他们一定会把我或是我的随行经纪人打死。我写信告诉他们，不论他们对我的随行经纪人干出什么来，都不会把我吓倒。他们都是矿工，与金属打交道的人，于是我跟他们谈了艺术道德。我从本维路托·切利尼的自传中选了一些段落读给他们听，他们似乎很欣赏。我的听众责备我为什么不和他一起来。我解释说他死了有些时候了，这时有人发问："是谁打死他的？"随后他们带我去舞厅，在那里我看到了我所见过的唯一合理的艺术批评方法。在钢琴上方写着这样一条告示：——

请别打死钢琴师。
他已竭尽所能。

那里钢琴师的死亡率真是高得惊人。随后他们请我吃晚饭。接受邀请之后，我只得站在一只摇摇晃晃的筐子里被放下矿井，在这只筐子里人不可能显得优雅。进入山的中心后我进了晚餐，第一道菜是威士忌，第二道菜又是威士忌，第三道菜还是威士忌。

我去剧院讲演的时候，有人告诉我说就在我去之前，有两个人因为谋杀被抓了起来。就在那座剧院里，他们在晚上八点被带到舞台上，在拥挤的观众前当场受到审判并被处决。但我觉得这些矿工十分可爱，一点也不野蛮。

我发现南方的那些年纪较大的居民，有把所有重要的事都和最近的那场战争联系起来的可悲习惯。有次我对一个站在我身边的绅士感慨道："今晚的月亮多美啊。""是啊，"他说，"可惜你没能在战前看见它。"

我发现在落基山脉以西，人们关于艺术的知识是如此贫乏，以至一位艺术爱好者——他在年轻时也做过矿工——竟然起诉铁路公司要求赔偿，因为他从巴黎进口的米洛的维纳斯石膏像运来时没有了双臂。但更叫人吃惊的是，他打赢了官司，获得了赔偿。

宾夕法尼亚州有多岩的山谷和茂密的森林，令我想起了瑞士。那儿的草原我觉得像一张吸水纸。

西班牙人和法国人以他们所起的美丽地名，使自己常受后人的纪念。那些有漂亮名字的城市都是西班牙人或法国人创建的。英国人老是起极难听的地名。有一个地方的地名实在太难听，结果我拒绝去那里演讲。它的名字叫格里格兹维

【赏析】

王尔德初入诗坛即受到好评，1882年访美讲学，期间完成了剧本《维拉》，并在纽约参加了首演式。这篇游记式的观感文字笔调轻松，林林总总，处处落墨，无所不谈。大致运用的是直观描摹的笔路，从自然风光写到人文景观，间以英美社会的差异感受。总体而论，作者展示了一个世纪前的美国风貌。

文章开头表明了作者无意粉饰的态度，可见王尔德尽可能要写出的是客观的印象。作者捕捉到的一点一滴仅用寥寥数笔，便能形神俱备，十分生动地表现出来。衣着服饰不重华丽，讲究舒适；步履匆匆，生活节奏很快；尽管时过境迁，今人踏上美国国土后的最初印象恐怕还是不出这两点，只是火车几已绝迹，车水马龙，行人不多。由此读者不禁折服王尔德极其敏锐的观察力。从艺术家的眼光看去，纽约一笔带过，但却瞩目西部的美丽。尤其值得一提的是，王尔德对唐人街的东方韵味情有独钟，道得出宣纸和墨汁。而且他注意到了当年的华工即使贫穷，但是“身边不能有任何不美的东西”，一位以唯美精神著称的英国作家，在当时就能把握到中国劳工本质性的一面，的确难能可贵。如今不无遗憾的是，美国各地的华人餐馆内几乎看不到陶瓷茶杯了。不过作者毕竟为我们留下了历史的记载。

文章中令人颇为感动的是和矿工交往一节，从中我们看到王尔德并非是孤高自许的艺术家，相反认识到了他的普通人性和与民同乐的品质。从全文来看，王尔德的历史和社会意识相当强烈，比如他在纽约时联想到发明所带来的失望和穷困，再如注意到美式英语的沿革演变。结尾部分谈到美国的儿童教育和自由开放。纵观全篇，我们不难发现，作者在观

察美国社会的方方面面时，从表面深入到内里，恐怕这也是本文能够成为传世佳作的一个重要因素。

ARTHUR CLUTTON-BROCK (1868-1924)

【简介】

阿瑟·克拉顿-布罗克，散文家、文艺批评家。先后在伊顿公学和牛津大学受教育。早期从事律师职业，一度为开业律师。1904年起为《泰晤士报文学副刊》撰稿，并任伦敦一刊物的文学编辑。此后成为周刊《论坛报》等报刊的艺术批评家。主要著述有《雪莱——其人其诗》、《威廉·莫里斯——著作与影响》等。艺术方面的著作有《艺术的必要性》。另有散文集两种行世。

【原文】

Sunday Before the War

On Sunday, in a remote valley in the West of England, where the people are few and scattered and placid, there was no more sign among them than among the quiet hills of the anxiety that holds the world. They had no news and seemed to want none. The postmaster had been ordered to stay all day in his little post-office, and that was something unusual that interested them, but only because it affected the postmaster.

It rained in the morning, but the afternoon was clear and glorious and shining, with all the distances revealed far into the heart of Wales and to the high ridges of the Welsh mountains. The cottages of that valley are not gathered into villages, but two or three together or lonely among their fruit-trees on the hillside; and the cottagers, who are always courteous and friendly, said a word or two as one went by, but just what they would have said on any other day and without any question about the war. Indeed, they seemed to know, or to wish to know, as little about that as the earth itself, which beautiful there at any time, seemed that afternoon to wear an extreme and pathetic beauty. The country, more than any other in England, has the secret of peace. It is not wild, though it looks into the wildness of Wales; but all its cultivation, its orchards and hopyards and fields of golden wheat, seem to have the beauty of time upon them, as if men there had long lived happily upon the earth with no desire for change nor fear of decay. It is not the sad beauty of a past cut off from the present, but a mellowness that the present inherits from the past; and in the mellowness all the hillside seems a garden to the spacious farmhouses and the little cottages; each led up to by its own narrow, flowery lane. There the meadows are all lawns with the lustrous green of spring even in August, and often over-shadowed by old fruit-trees — cherry, or apple, or pear; and on Sunday after the rain there was an April glory and freshness added to the quiet of the later summer.

Nowhere and never in the world can there have been a deeper peace; and the bells from the little red church down by the river seemed to be the music of it, as the song of birds is the music of spring. There one saw how beautiful the life of

man can be, and how men by the innocent labours of many generations can give to the earth a beauty it has never known in its wildness. And all this peace, one knew, was threatened; and the threat came into one's mind as if it were a soundless message from over the great eastward plain; and with it the beauty seemed unsubstantial and strange, as if it were sinking away into the past, as if it were only a memory of childhood.

So it is always when the mind is troubled among happy things, and then one almost wishes they could share one's troubles and become more real with it. It seemed on that Sunday that a golden age had lasted till yesterday, and that the earth had still to learn the news of its ending. And this change had come, not by the will of God, not even by the will of man, but because some few men far away were afraid to be open and generous with each other. There was a power in their hands so great that it frightened them. There was a spring that they knew they must not touch, and, like mischievous and nervous children, they had touched it at last, and now all the world was to suffer for their mischief.

So the next morning one saw a reservist in his uniform saying goodbye to his wife and children at his cottage-gate and then walking up the hill that leads out of the valley with a cheerful smile still on his face. There was the first open sign of trouble, a very little one, and he made the least of it; and, after all, this valley is very far from any possible war, and its harvest and its vintage of perry and cider will surely be gathered in peace.

But what happiness can there be in that peace, or what security in the mind of man, when the madness of war is let loose in so many other valleys? Here there is a beauty inherited from

the past, and added to the earth by man's will; but the men here are of the same nature and subject to the same madness as those who are gathering to fight on the frontiers. We are all men with the same power of making and destroying, with the same divine foresight mocked by the same animal blindness. We ourselves may not be in fault today, but it is human beings in no way different from us who are doing what we abhor and they abhor even while they do it. There is a fate, coming from the beast in our own past, that the present man in us has not yet mastered, and for the moment that fate seems a malignity in the nature of the universe that mocks us even in the beauty of these lonely hills. But it is not so, for we are not separate and indifferent like the beasts; and if one nation for the moment forgets our common humanity and its future, then another must take over that sacred charge and guard it without hatred or fear until the madness is passed. May that be our task now, so that we may wage war only for the future peace of the world and with the lasting courage that needs no stimulant of hate.

【译文】

战前星期天

陆谷孙 译

星期天，在英格兰西部一处居家稀少、民性平靖的幽远山谷，如在寂静的群山之中一样，全无世人忧心忡忡的迹象。谷

虚空而诡奇，似乎正融入往昔而渐渐消失，渺远宛若童年的回忆。

置身幸福环境的人，在思想受到困扰的时候，总有这种体验。接着，他几乎会奢望幸福环境能分担他的困扰并在分担过程中变得更为真实。在那个星期天，人们感到，一个黄金时代已在昨日宣告结束，而大地对这消息犹浑然不觉。这场变化之所以发生，不是上帝旨意使然，甚至也不是人类的意志使然，而是因为远在别处的少数人怯于开诚布公地善待同类。他们手中握有足以令他们战栗的大权。有一条他们知道不可去触动的弹簧发条，可是如同喜欢捣蛋又战战兢兢的孩子，他们毕竟去触动了，为了他们的淘气，如今全世界的人要受罪了。

于是，翌日早晨，人们看见一名预备役士兵穿上制服，在农舍门口告别妻孥，爬山出谷去了，脸上仍挂着欣喜的笑容。那是出现麻烦的第一个朕兆，一点蛛丝马迹而已，当事人更是尽量不事声张。归根到底，这片谷地远在可能燃起的战火之外，这儿的一应作物以及用于今年酿酒的梨子和苹果都将在和平环境中收摘归仓。

但是，在这么一种和平中，有什么幸福可言？当战争和疯狂在其他许多山谷中自由逡巡之际，人的心态又怎能平安释然？这儿存在一种往昔传下又被人的意志赋于大地的美，可是这儿的居民跟那些聚集在国境线上厮杀的士兵具有同样的人性，又为同样的疯狂所驱遣。我们都是人，具有同样的创造力量和毁灭力量，又都有神一般的远见卓识，只是这种识见时被共同的盲目兽性所嘲弄。今天，我们自己兴许并未做错事。然而，正在从事令我们厌憎不已的恶行的是一些同我们完全一样的人；这些恶行同样使他们自己即使在作恶的同时也感厌憎。今人的人性尚未驯服早年原始人的兽性，正是这种兽性形成了某种必然性。眼下，宿命的必然性似乎正表现为存在于宇宙本原中的邪恶力量。纵然这儿的山景美奂美轮，邪

恶力量正向我们发出嘲弄的狞笑。但是，事情终究不是这样，因为我们不是各自为政又无动于衷的兽类。倘若一个民族暂时忘记了我们共同的人性以及人类的前途，那么另一个民族必须接过那神圣的使命，不怀仇恨也不抱恐惧地捍卫它，直至疯狂殒消。但愿这一点成为今日我们的职责，以使我们只为世界的未来和平而作战，带着不需要由仇恨激化的永恒的勇气去作战。

【赏析】

作者独具只眼，视线落在宁静美丽的边远山谷，从那儿乡土生活的骤变来反映一次大战的风云席卷而来的情景。本文的不同凡响之处在于时空方面的巧妙结合。从时间来看，作者选择了重大的历史转折点，从和平时代的结束到战争爆发的前夜这样一个改变世界命运的关键时刻。从空间来看，作者开始把读者带进的是一个近乎世外桃源的天地，连如此偏僻的边地乡民都要服预备役，战争影响之深巨也就可想而知了。

全文运用的是描绘与议论交叉并用的表现手法。前三段以写景为主，读者沉浸在田园般的风光和敦厚的民俗之中。笔调优美且富于诗意，辞气从容不迫，语言细腻婉约。作者只有两三处正面涉及战争，如第二段里提到“对于战争，他们知之甚少”；第三段也是间接地一笔带过，“你也意识到，这儿的和平景象正遭到威胁”。后三段以议论为主，作者痛切陈辞，激愤之情跃然纸上，读者强烈地感觉到需要去面对严酷的现实。语气深沉且富于哲理，言词单刀直入，从人性与兽性、创造力量与毁灭力量的角度去说明战争的邪恶。结穴处作者正气凛然，饱含着虔诚的感情，向世人发出了为和平而战的呼吁。作者意在唤起民众，让即将陷于战乱的人民在思想上有

充分的准备。含笑别妻从军远征一节看似穿插，实为点睛之笔。

本文风格上的特色是对比鲜明，渲染气氛。前半部分运用的是历史的眼光，描写山谷和乡民的祥和生活的情景，尽量把美好的一面展现出来。后半部分笔锋一转，完全着眼于现实，毫不掩饰地警告“全世界的人要受罪了”，最终鼓励人们抱着“永恒的勇气去作战”。从和平走向战争这样严肃的主题，作者只用千余字来表现，画家有“尺幅千里”之论，文章三昧亦在其中。

HILAIRE BELLOC (1870-1953)

【简介】

希拉里·贝洛克，诗人、散文家。出生于法国，在英国接受教育。一生勤于写作，著述繁富，包括小说、儿童文学、历史研究、随笔、诗文、评论、传记、游记等多种。和切斯特顿及萧伯纳有深交。与切斯特顿创办政治新闻周刊《新见证者》。不少作品带有天主教观点，抨击和讽刺爱德华七世时代的社会现象。应物涉事，观风问俗，体验入微，具有强烈的历史意识，每每有感于衷而发于篇章，怀旧情绪处处流露于笔墨行间。代表作有《罗马之路》、《欧洲和信仰》、《英国史》等。有现代英国散文大师之称。

【原文】

Our Inheritance

How noble is our inheritance. The more one thinks of it the more suffused with pleasure one's mind becomes; for the inheritance of a man living in this country is not one of this sort or of that sort, but of all sorts. It is, indeed, a necessary condition for the enjoyment of that inheritance that a man should

be free, and we have really so muddled things that very many men in England are not free, for they have either to suffer a gross denial of mere opportunity — I mean they cannot even leave their town for any distance — or they are so persecuted by the insecurity of their lives that they have no room for looking at the world, but if an Englishman is free what an inheritance he has to enjoy!

It is the fashion of great nations to insist upon some part of their inheritance, their military memories, or their letters, or their religion, or some other thing. But in modern Europe, as it seems to me, three or four of the great nations can play upon many such titles to joy as upon an instrument . For a man in Italy, or England, or France, or Spain, if he is weary of the manifold literature of his own country, can turn to its endurance under arms (in which respect, by the way, victory and defeat are of little account), or if he is weary of these military things, or thinks the too continued contemplation of them hurtful to the State (as it often is, for it goes to the head like wine), he can consider the great minds which his nation has produced, and which give glory to his nation not so much because they are great as because they are national. Then, again, he can consider the landscapes of his own land, whether peaceably, as do older men, or in a riot of enthusiasm as do all younger men who see England in the midst of exercising their bodies, as it says in *the Song of the Man who Bicycled* :

> "... and her distance and her sea.
> Here is wealth that has no measure,
> Park and Close and private pleasure
> All her hills were made for me."

Then he can poke about the cities, and any one of them might occupy him almost for a lifetime. Hereford, for instance. I know of nothing in Europe like the Norman work of Hereford or Ludlow, where you will perpetually find new things, or Leominster just below, or Ledbury just below that again; and the inn at each of these three places is called The Feathers.

Then a man may be pleased to consider the recorded history of this country, and to inform the fields he knows with the past and with the actions of men long dead. In this way he can use a battlefield with no danger of any detestable insolence or vulgar civilian ways, for the interest in a battlefield, if it is closely studied, becomes so keen and hot that it burns away all foolish violence, and you will soon find if you study this sort of terrain closely that you forget on which side your sympathies fail or succeed: an excellent corrective if, as it should be with healthy men, your sympathies too often warp evidence and blind you. On this account also one should always suspect the accuracy of military history when it betrays sneering or crowing, because, in the first place, that is a very unmilitary way of looking at battles, and, in the second place, it argues that the historian has not properly gone into all his details. If he had he would have been much too interested in such questions as the measurement of ranges, or, latterly, the presence and nature of cover to bother about crowing or sneering.

When a man tires of these there is left to him the music of his country, by which I mean the tunes. These he can sing to himself as he goes along, and if ever he tires of that there is the victuals and the drink, which, if he has travelled, he may compare to their advantage over those of any other land. But they must be national. Let him take no pleasure in things cooked in

a foreign way. There was a man some time ago, in attempting to discover whose name I have spent too much energy, who wrote a most admirable essay upon cold beef and pickles, remarking that these two elements of English life are retreating as it were into the strongholds where England is still holding out against the dirty cosmopolitan mud which threatens every country to-day. He traced the retreat of cold beef and pickles eastward towards the City from the West End all along Piccadilly and the Strand right into Fleet Street, where, he said, they were keeping their positions manfully. They stand also isolated and besieged in one hundred happy English country towns. . . .

The trouble about writing an article like this is that one wander about: it is also the pleasure of it. The limits or trammels to an article like this are that, by a recent and very dangerous superstition, the printed truth is punishable at law, and all one's memories of a thousand places upon the Icknield Way, the Stane Street, the Pilgrim's Way, the Rivers Ouse (all three of them), the Cornish Road, the Black Mountain, Ferry Side, the Three Rivers, all the Pennines, all the Cheviots, all the Cotswolds, all the Mendips, all the Chilterns, all the Malvern Hills, and all the Downs — to speak of but a few — must be memories of praise — by order of the Court. One may not blame: therefore I say nothing of Northwich.

. . .

Some men say that whereas wealth can be accumulated and left to others when we die, this sort of inheritance can not, and that the great pleasure a man took in his own land and the very many ways in which he found that pleasure and his increase in that pleasure as his life proceeded, all die with him. This you will very often hear deplored. As noble a woman as ever lived

in London used to say, speaking of her father (and she also is dead), that all she valued in him died with him, although he had left her a considerable fortune. By which she meant that not only in losing him she had lost a rooted human affection and had suffered what all must suffer, because there is a doom upon us, but that those particular things in which he was particularly favoured had gone away for ever. His power over other languages and over his own language, his vast knowledge of his own county, his acquired courtesy and humour, all mellowed by the world and time, these, she said, were altogether gone. And to us of a younger generation it was her work to lament that we should never know what had once been in England. Among others she vastly admired the first Duke of Wellington, and said that he was tall — which was absurd. Now this noble woman, it seems to me, was in error, for all of us who have loved and enjoyed know not only that we carry something with us elsewhere (as we are bound to believe), but leave also in some manner which I do not clearly perceive a legacy to our own people. We take with us that of which Peter Wanderwide[1] spoke when he said or rather sang these lines —

> "If all that I have loved and seen
>   Be with me on the Judgment Day,
> I shall be saved the crowd between
>   From Satan and his foul array."

We carry it with us. And though it is not a virtue it is half a virtue, and when we go down in the grave like the character

① 彼得·万德怀德，英国文学史上第一位知名诗人，6世纪的行吟诗人

in *Everyman*[1], there will go down with us, I think, not only Good Deeds, a severe female, but also a merry little hobbling comrade who winks and grins and keeps just behind her so that he shall not be noticed and driven away. This little fellow will also speak for us, I think, and he is the Pleasure we took in this jolly world.

But I say that not only do we carry something with us, but that we leave something also; and this has been best put, I think, by the poet Ronsard[2] when he was dying, who said, if I have rightly translated him, this —

"Of all those vanities" (he is speaking of the things of this world), "the loveliest and most praiseworthy is glory — fame. No one of my time has been so filled with it as I; I have lived in it and loved and triumphed in it through time past, and now I leave it to my country to garner and possess it after I shall die. So do I go away from my own place as satiated with the glory of this world as I am hungry and all longing for that of God."

That is very good. It would be very difficult to put it better, and if you complain that here Ronsard was only talking of fame or glory, why, I can tell you that the pleasure one takes in one's country is of the same stuff as fame. So true is this that the two commonly go together, and that those become most glorious who have most enjoyed their own land.

① 《人人》，为一英国中世纪道德剧，人人即剧中主角，在受死神召唤时，只有善行愿与之同行。

② 比埃尔·德·龙萨(1524-1585)，法国七星诗社代表人物。

"……她辽阔的土地和海洋
蕴藏着无尽的宝藏
全英国都是我的财富。
公园和运动场还有私家领地
所有的山丘都为我而设。"

然后,他可以在各个城市寻幽探胜,任何一座都是永生难忘,比如说赫里福德。那里的诺曼式建筑和勒德洛的一样,在全欧洲都是无与伦比的,那儿你总能有新发现;还有南面的莱姆斯特,更南面的莱德伯里;这三处的酒店都取名为"翎毛"。

之后,他会乐于回顾一下本国的历史记载,将他熟悉的土地与历史和死者的功绩联系起来。这样,他就能谈论一处战场而不必担心碰到可恶的无礼或粗俗的市民习俗。因为一旦加以深究,对于战场的兴趣会炽烈得让人去除所有愚蠢激烈的想法,你会发现对战地的深入研究,会让人忘记自己的同情究竟偏向哪一方。如果你的同情,与平常人难免的那样,总是扭曲事实、瞒哄自己,这是一帖匡正的良方。就这方面考虑,人们在看到战史带有明显的褒贬时,就应当怀疑它的可信度。因为首先那不是以军事观点去写战争,其次,那也说明史家没有穷究所有的细节。否则,他就会关心武器射程的远近,以后还有火力覆盖的实际情况,而无暇旁顾了。

在一个人腻烦了这些题目之后,他还有本国的音乐可资谈助,我指的是可以边走边哼的曲调。万一他又厌倦了这个,那还有美酒佳肴,如果他出国旅行过,就能拿来与异国的饮食一比高下。不过那些食物只应该是有民族风味的。他对异国风味的烹调不会有兴致。前不久有人写了一篇谈冷牛肉与腌菜的妙文,(我花了很大的力气去查是谁人的手笔)。他说今天在侵袭各个国家的国际化口味的威胁下,英国生活中的这两种基本食品正在日渐退缩,困守在几个孤堡之中。他看着冷牛肉和腌菜在伦敦一路向东败退,从西区沿着皮卡迪利大

街和斯特兰德大街直至舰队街，据说在那里勇敢地坚守着出地。英国成百个快乐的乡镇里，两者都遭受着分割包围……

写这么一篇文章的麻烦在于很容易走题，这当然也是写作的乐趣所在。这样的文章如果有什么边际或是限制，那就是最近的一个危险的迷信：印成白纸黑字上的实话依法是要受到惩戒的。根据法庭的命令，对于各处的回忆必须是善祷善颂，比如伊克尼德道、斯坦街、进香路、欧斯河（所有上述三处）、科尼什路、黑山、法瑞坡、三河，比如各地的彭宁斯市、切维特市。考兹活兹市、曼迪普市、奇尔顿市、马尔文希尔市、和唐斯市，这里只是略举些地名。坏话是不能讲的，所以对诺斯维奇市我就不说什么了。

……

有人说财富可以积累，在死后传给他人，而这一类的遗产却不行。祖国给一个人带来的巨大的欢乐，他寻求那种欢乐的各种方法，还有与年岁一起增长的欢乐，都随斯人一同归去。你会常常听到这一类的感慨。伦敦有位身份极高贵的夫人过去就常说到，她父亲去世后（她本人也已作古），他身上她所珍视的一切都随之而去了，尽管他还留下了一份可观的遗产。她的意思是丧父使她失去了一份深切的人类感情，承受了所有人必须承受的打击，无人可免的定数，她指的还有父亲身上最受人称羡的过人之处也永远消失了。他运用各种外语和本国语的天赋，他对祖国的广博的知识，他养成的风雅与幽默，所有这些经过生活和时间琢磨的一切，她说，都一起随之而去了。依我们晚辈看来，她还要悲哀的是我们不可能了解英国的过去。在其他人中间她还极为推崇那第一位威灵公爵，说他很高大——听起来相当离奇。在我看来，这位高贵的夫人错了，我们这些曾热爱过幸福过的人，都知道我们不仅会带些什么去（我们必须这么相信），还会以某种我还不知道的方式给人们留下一笔遗产。我们带走的东西，彼得·万德怀德

在他的诗行中吟诵抑或唱了出来：

> **假如所有我爱过眷顾过的**
> **在末日审判时与我同在，**
> **芸芸众生中的我就会免于**
> **堕向撒旦和他罪恶的队伍。**

我们随身带着的，即使不是一件德行，也是半件。当我们像《人人》中的人物走下坟墓时，跟随我们的，我想不仅有善行，一位严肃的女性，还有一个快乐的蹦蹦跳跳的小家伙，眨着眼，咧嘴笑着，藏在她的身后，不让人看见了把他赶走。我想这小家伙会为我们辩护，他就是我们在这个愉快的世界上得到的欢乐。

但我想我们不仅会带去一些什么，也会留下些什么。诗人龙萨把这个意思表达得最为完美，在临终时他说了下面一段话，但愿我准确地移译出来——

"所有的那些浮华中"(他指的是尘世间的事情)"最可爱也最值得称颂的是光荣——名誉。我同时代的人里没有谁像我这样享有盛誉；在过去的岁月里我生活在其中，爱过，光耀过，如今，在我死后我把它交给我的国家来收藏和享有。我离开自己的地方，餍足于这个世界上的光荣，正像我渴求着期待着上帝的荣光。"

说得真好。很难比他说得更精彩了。如果你认为龙萨只是在谈名誉或是光荣，那么，我可以告诉你，人们从祖国所得的欢乐与名誉是相同的东西。可以说两者是常常联系在一起的，最热爱祖国的人也会成为最荣耀的人。

serious, these eight English peasants. They had trudged hither from the neighbouring village that was their home. And they danced quite simply, quite seriously. One of them, I learned, was a cobbler, another a baker, and the rest were farm-labourers. And their fathers and their fathers' fathers had danced here before them, even so, every May-day morning. They were as deeply rooted in antiquity as the elm outside the inn. They were here always in their season as surely as the elm put forth its buds. And the elm, knowing them, approving them, let its green-flecked branches dance in unison with them.

The first dance was in full swing when I approached. Only six of the men were dancers. Of the others, one was the 'minstrel', the other the 'dysard'[1]. The minstrel was playing a flute; and the dysard I knew by the wand and leathern bladder which he brandished as he walked around, keeping a space for the dancers, and chasing and buffeting merrily any man or child who ventured too near. He, like the others, wore a white smock decked with sundry ribands, and a tophat that must have belonged to his grandfather. Its antiquity of form and texture contrasted strangely with the freshness of the garland of paper roses that wreathed it. I was told that the wife or sweetheart of every Morris-dancer takes special pains to deck her man out more gaily than his fellows. But this pious endeavour had defeated its own end. So bewildering was the amount of brand-new bunting attached to all these eight men that no matron or maiden could for the life of her have determined which was the most splendid of them all. Besides his adventitious finery, every dancer, of course, had in his hands the scarves which are as

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① 从 dizzard 一词变异而来，有 jester 和 blockhead 两层意思。

necessary to his performance of the Morris as are the bells strapped about the calves of his legs. Waving these scarves and jangling these bells with a stolid rhythm, the six peasants danced facing one another, three on either side, while the minstrel fluted and the dysard strutted around. That minstrel's tune runs in my head even now — a queer little stolid tune that recalls vividly to me the aspect of the dance. It is the sort of tune Bottom the Weaver must often have danced to in his youth... After they had drunk some ale, they formed up for the second dance — a circular dance. And anon[①], above the notes of the flute and the jangling of the bells and the stamping of the boots, I seemed to hear the knell actually toll. *Hoot*! *Hoot*! *Hoot*! A motor-car came fussing and fuming in its cloud of dust. *Hoot*! *Hoot*! The dysard ran to meet it, brandishing his wand of office. He had to stand aside. *Hoot*! The dancers had just time to get out of the way. The scowling motorists vanished. Dancers and dysard, presently visible through the subsiding dust, looked rather foolish and crestfallen. And all the branches of the Tory old elm above them seemed to be quivering with indignation.

① anon，意为"soon"；and anon：固定搭配，意为"间或的"

【译文】

跳莫里斯舞的人

杨自伍　译

我是在牛津大学附近一个小村庄的大马路上看见他们的。奇妙的——十分奇妙的——舞姿，他们身着华丽的服饰，真是一展风采。可是从仪表上看，他们却相当纯朴，相当稳重，这八个英国的庄稼汉。他们从邻近的村庄吃力地步行到这里，那儿才是他们的家。他们跳得相当纯朴、相当稳重。其中有一个，我听说了，是鞋匠，还有一个是烘面包的，其他的人都是干农活的。他们的父亲和父亲的父亲，先前也在这里跳舞，也是这么跳的，在每年五一的上午。犹如客栈外面的一株榆树，他们深深地扎根于古代。他们总是适逢其会来到这儿，恰似榆树到了这时一准会抽芽。榆树呢，熟悉他们了，也认可他们了，听任葱绿斑驳的枝桠婆娑不已，和他们一起共舞。

当我走近的时候，第一个舞跳得正在兴头上。其中只有六位男子是跳舞的。其他的两人，一个是“奏乐的”，还有一个是“看场的”。奏乐的在吹长笛；看场儿的呢，我是从他的棍子和皮气球看出来的，他一边在四周踱来踱去，一边挥舞着，给几位跳舞的人保持一块空地，要是大人或小孩敢靠得太近，他便嘻嘻哈哈撵上去敲几下子。和另外几位一样，他也穿了件缀着五颜六色的饰带的白长衫，还有一顶肯定属于他祖父的高顶礼帽。它那外形和质地的古色古香，跟上面扎的纸玫瑰花环的鲜艳色彩，莫明其妙地形成了对比。我听人说，每个跳

莫里斯舞的人的娘子或心上人，比起他的伙伴来，都特意费心把她的男人打扮得格外光鲜些。可是这一片用心良苦却适得其反。所有八个男子身上贴的簇新的彩旗连成一片，使人眼花缭乱，结果妇人或少女寻思来寻思去，还是无法确定其中哪个才是最风光的。每个跳舞的人，除了那身华丽的服饰，当然双手还拿着丝巾，如同系在腿肚子上的响铃，都是他表演莫里斯舞所必要的。一面摇晃着丝巾，一面跺足发出丁丁当当的铃响，伴着呆板的节奏，六位庄稼汉面对面地跳着，一边三个，同时奏乐的吹起长笛，看场儿的则神气活现地走来走去。那个奏乐者的调子至今仍然在我的脑海里缭绕不去——一支古怪呆板的小调生动地使我回想起那个舞蹈的场面。它一定是编曲者年轻的时候经常伴随着跳舞的那种内心的调子……他们喝了些麦芽酒之后，又排成两行准备跳第二个舞——圈舞。时而，长笛的音调和响铃的丁丁当当以及皮靴的跺地声被盖住了，我仿佛听见丧钟实际上敲响了。呜！呜！呜！一辆汽车驶过来，闹得鸡犬不宁，冒出一片尘雾。呜！呜！看场子的人迎面跑过去，挥舞着他的指挥棍。他不得不让开了。呜！跳舞的人连忙闪开让道。满面怒容的开车人霍地不见了。透过消失的尘雾此刻看得见了，跳舞的人和看场子的人一脸傻傻乎乎垂头丧气的样子。他们头顶上那株死硬固的老榆树上，所有的枝桠仿佛愤怒得瑟瑟发抖。

【赏析】

这是一篇描绘村民生活片断的小品佳作。尽管莫里斯舞源远流长，是传统民俗世代相传的一个遗风，已经成为英国乡间节庆活动的保留节目，但作者没有从正面去描写。他通过生动活泼的笔调，运用拟人化和老榆树一喜一怒的对比手法来渲染气氛。第一段收尾写了枝桠的“婆娑不已”，第二段结

BERTRAND RUSSELL (1872-1970)

【简介】

伯特兰·罗素，思想家、哲学家和数学家。出身名门，年少失怙，由祖母抚养成人。早期在剑桥大学读书执教。在《自传》中开诚布公地表明了他的人生哲学，有三种激情主宰着他的生命，即"对爱的追求，对知识的探索，对人类苦难的难以承受的怜悯"。为世界和平及社会正义事业奋斗终身。一战期间积极主张和平，遭到监禁。二三十年代以笔耕和公共讲演为生。1944年回到剑桥。在哲学、教育、逻辑、经济、政治等方面均有大量著述。散文特点是思想深邃，文笔汪洋。关注中国命运，在华生活了将近一年，写过《中国与西方文明之对照》和《中国人的性格》等文章。1950年获诺贝尔文学奖。

【原文】

On Being Modern-Minded

Our age is the most parochial since Homer. I speak not of any geographical parish: the inhabitants of Mudcombe-in-the-

Meer[1] are more aware than at any former time of what is being done and thought at Praha[2], at Gorki, or at Peiping. It is in the chronological sense that we are parochial: as the new names conceal the historic cities of Prague, Nijni-Novgorod[3], and Pekin, so new catchwords hide from us the thoughts and feelings of our ancestors, even when they differed little from our own. We imagine ourselves at the apex of intelligence, and cannot believe that the quaint clothes and cumbrous phrases of former times can have invested people and thoughts that are still worthy of our attention. If *Hamlet* is to be interesting to a really modern reader, it must first be translated into the language of Marx or of Freud, or, better still, into a jargon inconsistently compounded of both. I read some years ago a contemptuous review of a book by Santayana, mentioning an essay on Hamlet 'dated, in every sense, 1908' — as if what has been discovered since then made any eariler appreciation of Shakespeare irrelevant and comparatively superficial. It did not occur to the reviewer that his review was 'dated, in every sense, 1936.' Or perhaps this thought did occur to him, and filled him with satisfaction. He was writing for the moment, not for all time; next year he will have adopted the new fashion in opinions, whatever it may be, and he no doubt hopes to remain up to date as long as he continues to write. Any other ideal for a writer would seem absurd and old-fashioned to the modern-minded man.

The desire to be contemporary is of course new only in de-

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① 疑为地中海一岛

② 捷克语中的"布拉格"。

③ 不详，待查。

gree; it has existed to some extent in all previous periods that believed themselves to be progressive. The Renaissance had a contempt for the Gothic centuries that had preceded it; the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries covered priceless mosaics with whitewash; the Romantic movement despised the age of the heroic couplet. Eighty years ago Lecky[①] reproached my mother for being led by intellectual fashion to oppose fox-hunting: 'I am sure,' he wrote, 'you are not really at all sentimental about foxes or at all shocked at the prettiest of all the assertions of women's rights, riding across country. But you always look upon politics and intellect as a fierce race and are so dreadfully afraid of not being sufficiently advanced or intellectual.' But in none of these former times was the contempt for the past nearly as complete as it is now. From the Renaissance to the end of the eighteenth century men admired Roman antiquity; the Romantic movement revived the Middle Ages; my mother, for all her belief in nineteenth-century progress, constantly read Shakespeare and Milton. It is only since the 1914-18 war that it has been fashionable to ignore the past *en bloc*.

The belief that fashion alone should dominate opinion has great advantages. It makes thought unnecessary and puts the highest intelligence within the reach of everyone. It is not difficult to learn the correct use of such words as 'complex', 'sadism', 'Oedipus', 'bourgeois', 'deviation', 'left'; and nothing more is needed to make a brilliant writer or talker. Some, at least, of such words represented much thought on the part of their inventors; like paper money they were originally convertible into gold. But they have become for most people in-

① 威廉·爱·哈·莱基(1838-1903),爱尔兰历史学家。

convertible, and in depreciating have increased nominal wealth in ideas. And so we are enabled to despise the paltry intellectual fortunes of former times.

The modern-minded man, although he believes profoundly in the wisdom of his period, must be presumed to be very modest about his personal powers. His highest hope is to think first what is about to be thought, to say what is about to be said, and to feel what is about to be felt; he has no wish to think better thoughts than his neighbours, to say things showing more insight, or to have emotions which are not those of some fashionable group, but only to be slightly ahead of others in point of time. Quite deliberately he suppresses what is individual in himself for the sake of the admiration of the herd. A mentally solitary life, such as that of Copernicus, or Spinoza, or Milton after the Restoration, seems pointless according to modern standards. Copernicus should have delayed his advocacy of the Copernican system until it could be made fashionable; Spinoza should have been either a good Jew or a good Christian; Milton should have moved with the times, like Cromwell's widow, who asked Charles II for a pension on the ground that she did not agree with her husband's politics. Why should an individual set himself up as an independent judge? Is it not clear that wisdom resides in the blood of the Nordic race or, alternatively, in the proletariat? And in any case what is the use of an eccentric opinion, which never can hope to conquer the great agencies of publicity?

The money rewards and widespread though ephemeral fame which those agencies have made possible place temptations in the way of able men which are difficult to resist. To be pointed out, admired, mentioned constantly in the press, and

offered easy ways of earning much money is highly agreeable; and when all this is open to a man, he finds it difficult to go on doing the work that he himself thinks best and is inclined to subordinate his judgment to the general opinion.

Various other factors contribute to this result. One of these is the rapidity fo progress which has made it difficult to do work which will not soon be superseded. Newton lasted till Einstein; Einstein is already regarded by many as antiquated. Hardly any man of science, nowadays, sits down to write a great work, because he knows that, while he is writing it, others will discover new things that will make it obsolete before it appears. The emotional tone of the world changes with equal rapidity, as wars, depressions, and revolutions chase each other across the stage. And public events impinge upon private lives more forcibly than in former days. Spinoza, in spite of his heretical opinions, could continue to sell spectacles and meditate, even when his country was invaded by foreign enemies; if he had lived now, he would in all likelihood have been conscripted or put in prison. For these reasons a greater energy of personal conviction is required to lead a man to stand out against the current of his time than would have been necessary in any previous period since the Renaissance.

The change has, however, a deeper cause. In former days men wished to serve God. When Milton wanted to exercise 'that one talent which is death to hide'[1], he felt that his soul was 'bent to serve therewith my Maker'[2]. Every religiously minded artist was convinced that God's aesthetic judgements

① 弥尔顿《我的光明》,第3行

② 同上诗,第5行。

coincided with his own; he had therefore a reason, independent of popular applause, for doing what he considered his best, even if his style was out of fashion. The man of science in pursuing truth, even if he came into conflict with current superstition, was still setting forth the wonders of Creation and bringing men's imperfect beliefs more nearly into harmony with God's perfect knowledge. Every serious worker, whether artist, philosopher, or astronomer, believed that in following his own convictions he was serving God's purposes. When with the progress of enlightenment this belief began to grow dim, there still remained the True, the Good, and the Beautiful. Non-human standards were still laid up in heaven, even if heaven had no topographical existence.

Throughout the nineteenth century the True, the Good, and the Beautiful preserved their precarious existence in the minds of earnest atheists. But their very earnestness was their undoing, since it made it impossible for them to stop at a halfway house. Pragmatists explained that Truth is what it pays to believe Historians of morals reduced the Good to a matter of tribal custom. Beauty was abolished by the artists in a revolt against the sugary insipidities of a philistine epoch and in a mood of fury in which satisfaction is to be derived only from what hurts. And so the world was swept clear not only of God as a person but of God's essence as an ideal to which man owed an ideal allegiance; while the individual, as a result of a crude and uncritical interpretation of sound doctrines, was left without any inner defence against social pressure.

All movements go too far, and this is certainly true of the movement toward subjectivity, which began with Luther and Descartes as an assertion of the individual and has culminated

by an inherent logic in his complete subjection. The subjectivity of truth is a hasty doctrine not validly deducible from the premisses which have been thought to imply it; and the habits of centuries have made many things seem dependent upon theological belief which in fact are not so. Men lived with one kind of illusion, and when they lost it they fell into another. But it is not by old error that new error can be combated. Detachment and objectivity, both in thought and in feeling, have been historically but not logically associated with certain traditional beliefs; to preserve them without these beliefs is both possible and important. A certain degree of isolation both in space and time is essential to generate the independence required for the most important work; there must be something which is felt to be of more importance than the admiration of the contemporary crowd. We are suffering not from the decay of theological beliefs but from the loss of solitude.

【译文】

论具有现代头脑

杨岂深　译

自荷马时代以降，我们这个时代地方观念最重。我这么说并非就地理教区而言：和以往任何时候相比起来，莫德克姆海岛的居民更多意识到，在布拉哈、高尔基或在北平，人们都在做些什么和想些什么。因此是从年代先后的意义来说，我们抱有地方观念：如同新的地名掩盖了布拉格、尼基尼－诺夫

戈罗和北平这些古城一样，新的时髦语也对我们隐瞒了我们祖先的思想感情，即使在它们和我们的时髦语差别不大的时候。我们自以为才智上登峰造极了，无法相信往代的奇装异服与笨拙词句居然包装着人们，思想也还值得我们重视。如果《哈姆雷特》还使一位真正现代的读者发生兴趣的话，必须首先把它译成马克思或弗洛伊德的语言，或者理想一点的话，译成合二为一的行话。几年前，我读过一篇对桑塔亚那某部书嗤之以鼻的评论，提到一篇哈姆雷特论"在各种意义上都是1908年的老调"——仿佛此后的一切发现都使以前任何一篇欣赏莎士比亚的文字无关紧要，因而也就比较肤浅。他的评论"在各种意义上都是1936年的老调"，这一点没有在评论家头脑里闪现过。或许这种想法的确出现于他的头脑，而且使他洋洋得意。他是在为跟前而写作，不是为着一切时代而写作；时隔一年他又将采用舆论的新潮，无论是什么内容，他当然希望只要自己作文不辍，就得不断跟上新潮。对现代头脑的人来说，一位作家的其他任何理想看来都是荒唐过时的。

想成为当代人的愿望当然仅仅在程度上是新的；一切相信当世是进步的历史时期中，都在一定程度上存在过这种愿望。文艺复兴时期对以前哥特式风行的几个世纪抱有蔑视；17和18世纪用白石灰涂抹价值连城的镶嵌画；浪漫主义运动瞧不起英雄偶句诗体。八十年代前莱基责备我母亲受知识界潮流的导向而反对猎狐："我确信，"他这样写道，"你对于猎狐其实并非是感情用事的态度，对主张女权的最堂而皇之的论调，野外骑马，也不会大惊小怪。可你老是把政治和智力看作一种激烈的竞赛，唯恐不够先进或知识分子气味不浓。"但是在这些时期，对往代的蔑视都不像目前这么彻底。从文艺复兴到18世纪末叶，人们都称羡罗马古风；浪漫主义运动使得中世纪重见天日；我的母亲尽管笃信19世纪的进步，却始终爱读莎士比亚和弥尔顿。只是自1914-1918年的大战以来，彻底忽视往代才变得时髦起来。

就是发现很难继续从事自认为最合适的工作，而且不由自主地使自己的判断服从一般舆论。

其他各种因素也促成了这种结果。其中之一便是进步之迅速已经使得人们不容易从事不会即将被替代的工作。牛顿在爱因斯坦出现之前首屈一指；而爱因斯坦已被许多人视为陈腐。当今之世，很少有科学工作者坐下来撰写一部伟大的著作，因为他明白：他在著述的时候，别人将发现新事物，它们将使他的书在出版之前就显得内容陈旧了。世界的感情基调也是同样迅速地发生变化，因为战争、萧条、革命在世界舞台上竞相出现。而且和往日比较起来，公共事件更为有力地冲击着私人生活。斯宾诺莎尽管抱着异端见解，即使他的国家遭到外敌侵犯的时候，他还能继续出售眼镜，独自沉思；如果他生活在现代，极有可能被征募服兵役或关入牢房。由于这些原因，要一个人站出来反对当世的潮流，必须具有一种更大的个人信念的力量，它超过了文艺复兴以来任何时期所必要的程度。

然而，这种变化还有一层更深的原因。在往日，人们只想虔奉上帝。当弥尔顿想运用"遮掩起来等于死亡的唯一禀赋"的时候，他感到他的灵魂是"注定以它去虔奉我的造物主"。每一位具有宗教意识的艺术家都确信，上帝的审美判断契合他本人的审美判断；因此他自有一番道理，独立于大众的喝彩之上，去从事于他认为最适合的工作，即使他的作风已经不合时尚。探索真理的科学工作者，即令他与当时风行的迷信发生冲突，仍然在表述造化的奇迹，促使人们不完善的信仰与上帝的完美知识更近于和谐一致。每一位严肃的工作者，不论是艺术家、哲学家，还是天文学家，都曾相信，在遵循自己信念的同时，他是在为上帝的旨意服务。一旦随着启蒙的进步，这种信念开始变得暗淡了，真、善、美依然存在。非人类的标准还是被置于上天，即使上天已经失去地形上的存在。

整个19世纪期间，真、善、美还朝不保夕地保持在热诚的

无神论者的心目中。但是他们的热诚却造成了他们的毁灭，因为这种态度使得他们不可能停止在中途客栈。实用主义者的解释是，“真”之所以有价值就是信仰有好处。研究伦理的史家把“善”归结为一种部落习俗的问题。“美”为艺术家所废弃，因为他们反叛庸俗时代华而无实的内容，同时处于一种愤怒的心情，认为满足得之于伤害。因此世界上一扫而空的不仅是作为人而存在的上帝，而且是作为一种理想的上帝的本质，原来人类是对它抱有一种理想上的忠诚；而个人呢，由于对健全的学说所采取的粗俗而无所鉴别的解释，结果内心的防御能力荡然无存，对付不了社会的压迫。

一切运动都走过了头，对主观性的反抗运动当然也是如此，始于马丁·路德和笛卡尔的那场运动是要维护个人，由于一种内在逻辑联系而以个人的彻底屈服告终。真理的主观性是一种仓促形成的学说，不是有效地从那些据认为是包含着它的前提中演绎出来的；多少世纪以来的习惯致使许多事物似乎依赖于神学的信仰，事实上并非如此。人们过去靠着某个幻想生活，他们失去了一个幻想，又陷入另一个幻想。可是我们不能以旧错误来战胜新错误。在思想和感情两个方面，超脱和客观的态度，在历史上而非逻辑上与某些传统信念相联系；保持这两种态度而不抱这些信念是可能而又重要的。在空间和时间上保持一定程度的孤立，这是产生最重要的工作所需要的独立性所必不可少的；必须具有人们觉得是比当代大众的推崇更为重要的东西。我们现在遭受的痛苦不是神学信念的衰退，而是孤独的丧失。

【赏析】

罗素身为哲学家，文学造诣很深，思想也极为开明。这篇文章虽然内容丰富，但平易质朴，文笔清顺，说理明白。题旨

十分严肃而又具有深远的现实意义，仔细回味之后，读者自然会产生深刻的反思。20世纪知识界的各种思潮交替出现，时而一种强音压倒一切，时而诸家学说一时俱呈，这种文化史上的现象并非绝无仅有，只是于今为烈而已。缺乏历史意识便会将一家之说奉为圭臬。如果从历史角度去探源“现代”一词，我们就发现它是日耳曼语原有语词的一个翻新用法。

罗素站在历史的高度，论古说今，旁征博引，从自己的母亲谈到克伦威尔的遗孀，史料掌故为我所用而又不枝不蔓。文章开宗明义，作者对当代随波逐流的世风及其原因加以剖析，同时立场鲜明地表述了自己的批判态度。收尾一段是扼要的历史总结，同时也对摆脱狭隘的现代意识提供了一个答案。一面提纲挈领，一面穿插故事，在笔法上，作者采用了虚实并举互衬互托的手法。不时从侧面落笔行文，所以虽为议论文字，读来却毫无高头讲章的味道。我们从本文可以对文艺复兴以来的西方文明史形成一个大致的轮廓，同时也能认识到罗素的精神境界和历史眼光。

sufficiently on this distinction that they do not impress the bulk of any of the nations to which they belong. International peace means a peace between nations, not a peace after the destruction of nations, like the Buddhist peace after the destruction of personality. The golden age of the good European is like the heaven of the Christian: it is a place where people will love each other; not like the heaven of the Hindu, a place where they will be each other. And in the case of national character this can be seen in a curious way. It will generally be found, I think, that the more a man really appreciates and admires the soul of another people the less he will attempt to imitate it; he will be conscious that there is something in it too deep and too unmanageable to imitate. The Englishman who has a fancy for France will try to be French; the Englishman who admires France will remain obstinately English. This is to be particularly noticed in the case of our relations with the French, because it is one of the outstanding peculiarities of the French that their vices are all on the surface, and their extraordinary virtues concealed. One might almost say that their vices are the flower of their virtues.

Thus their obscenity is the expression of their passionate love of dragging all things into the light. The avarice of their peasants means the independence of their peasants. What the English call their rudeness in the streets is a phase of their social equality. The worried look of their women is connected with the responsibility of their women; and a certain unconscious brutality of hurry and gesture in the men is related to their inexhaustible and extraordinary military courage. Of all countries, therefore, France is the worst country for a superficial fool to admire. Let a fool hate France: if the fool loves it he

will soon be a knave. He will certainly admire it, not only for the things that are not creditable, but actually for the things that are not there. He will admire the grace and indolence of the most industrious people in the world. He will admire the romance and fantasy of the most determinedly respectable and common-place people in the world. This mistake the Englishman will make if he admires France too hastily; but the mistake that he makes about France will be slight compared with the mistake that he makes about himself. An Englishman who professes really to like French realistic novels, really to be at home in a French modern theatre, really to experience no shock on first seeing the savage French caricatures, is making a mistake very dangerous for his own sincerity. He is admiring something he does not understand. He is reaping where he has not sown, and taking up where he had not laid down; he is trying to taste the fruit when he has never toiled over the tree. He is trying to pluck the exquisite fruit of French cynicism, when he has never tilled the rude but rich soil of French virtue.

The thing can only be made clear to Englishmen by turning it round. Suppose a Frenchman came out of democratic France to live in England, where the shadow of the great houses still falls everywhere, and where even freedom was, in its origin, aristocratic. If the Frenchman saw our aristocracy and liked it, if he saw our snobbishness and liked it, if he set himself to imitate it, we all know what we should feel. We all know that we should feel that that particular Frenchman was a repulsive little gnat. He would be imitating English aristocracy; he would be imitating the English vice. But he would not even understand the vice he plagiarised: especially he would not understand that the vice is partly a virtue. He would not under-

stand those elements in the English which balance snobbishness and make it human: the great kindness of the English, their hospitality, their unconscious poetry, their sentimental conservatism, which really admires the gentry. The French Royalist sees that the English like their King. But he does not grasp that while it is base to worship a King, it is almost noble to worship a powerless King. The impotence of the Hanoverian Sovereigns[①] has raised the English loyal subject almost to the chivalry and dignity of a Jacobite[②]. The Frenchman sees that the English servant is respectful: he does not realise that he is also disrespectful; that there is an English legend of the humorous and faithful servant, who is as much a personality as his master; the Caleb Balderstone[③], the Sam Weller[④]. He sees that the English do admire a nobleman; he does not allow for the fact that they admire a nobleman most when he does not behave like one. They like a noble to be unconscious and amiable: the slave may be humble, but the master must not be proud. The master is Life, as they would like to enjoy it; and among the joys they desire in him there is none which they desire more sincerely than that of generosity, of throwing money about among mankind, or, to use the noble mediæval word, largesse — the joy of largeness. That is why a cabman tells you

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① 汉诺威开始形成于17世纪初不伦瑞克-吕讷堡的韦尔夫王朝分封领土之时。这个王朝共产生过六个君主。

② 指英国1688年革命后拥护流亡的詹姆斯二世的那部分人。

③ 英国作家瓦·斯科特(1771-1832)的长篇小说《拉默穆尔的新娘》中雷文斯伍德勋爵的老管家。雷文斯伍德勋爵因参加1689年内战被剥夺爵位。鲍尔德斯通为了保持世人心目中主人家贵族的尊严,采用了许多极其愚蠢可笑的办法,给读者留下深刻印象。

④ 英国作家查·狄更斯(1812-1870)的长篇小说《匹克威克外传》中匹克威克先生的忠仆。

you are no gentleman if you give him his correct fare. Not only his pocket, but his soul is hurt. You have wounded his ideal. You have defaced his vision of the perfect aristocrat. All this is really very subtle and elusive; it is very difficult to separate what is mere slavishness from what is a sort of vicarious nobility in the English love of a lord. And no Frenchman could easily grasp it at all. He would think it was mere slavishness; and if he liked it, he would be a slave. So every Englishman must (at first) feel French candour to be mere brutality. And if he likes it, he is a brute. These national merits must not be understood so easily. It requires long years of plenitude and quiet, the slow growth of great parks, the seasoning of oaken beams, the dark enrichment of red wine in cellars and in inns, all the leisure and the life of England through many centuries, to produce at last the generous and genial fruit of English snobbishness. And it requires battery and barricade, songs in the streets, and ragged men dead for an idea, to produce and justify the terrible flower of French indecency.

When I was in Paris a short time ago, I went with an English friend of mine to an extremely brilliant and rapid succession of French plays, each occupying about twenty minutes. They were all astonishingly effective; but there was one of them which was so effective that my friend and I fought about it outside, and had almost to be separated by the police. It was intended to indicate how men really behaved in a wreck or naval disaster, how they break down, how they scream, how they fight each other without object and in a mere hatred of everything. And then there was added, with all that horrible irony which Voltaire began, a scene in which a great statesman made a speech over their bodies, saying that they were all heroes and

精神品格,就越不想去模仿它。他会觉得在对方的精神品格中有某种东西太深刻、太难掌握,所以无法模仿。一个喜欢法国的英国人会想要做个法国人;而一个钦佩法国的英国人依然会是个执著的英国人。这在我们和法国的关系中尤其被觉察到,因为法国人有这样一个显著的特点:他们的缺点都在表面,而他们非凡的优点都隐藏着。人们几乎会说,他们的缺点就是他们最大的优点。

这样,法国人的下流行为是他们热爱把一切暴露在阳光下的强烈愿望的表示。法国农民的贪婪意味着他们农民独立自主的精神。英国人所谓的法国人在街头的粗暴行为是他们社会平等的一个方面。法国妇女脸上的愁容使人联想到他们妇女的责任心;法国男人匆忙的动作和手势所表现出的某种无意识的蛮横和他们不知疲倦而又非同寻常的斗争勇气有关。因此,在所有的国家中,法国是最不该让一个浅薄的傻瓜去钦佩的国家。还是让一个傻瓜去憎恨法国吧:如果让这样的傻瓜爱上了它,他不久便会变成一个无赖。他当然会钦佩这个国家,不仅是为了那些不值得赞扬的东西,事实上还为了那些根本不存在的东西。他会钦佩这世界上最勤劳的人民的风度和懒散。他会钦佩这世界上最讲体面和最平庸的人们的浪漫与幻想。这正是一个英国人太急于钦佩法国时会犯的错误;但与他关于自己所犯的错误相比,这种错误是无足轻重的。一个真的声称喜爱法国现实主义小说,真的自在地坐在一个法国现代剧院里,真的在第一眼看到可怕的法国讽刺滑稽漫画就能承受住而不会大吃一惊的英国人,是在犯一个对他自己的真诚非常危险的错误。他是在钦佩他并不了解的东西。他是在自己没有播种过的地方收割,在他没有放下的地方去拿;他从未为那棵果树付出过辛劳,却想要品尝鲜果。他从未在法国人的优点这片原始而富饶的土壤上耕耘过,却想要摘取法国人的嘲讽这颗精美的果实。

事情只有反过来讲,才能让英国人明白。假定说,一个来

自民主法兰西的法国人生活在英国，那里，一幢幢巨大的府邸依然随处投下阴影，追根溯源地说，甚至自由也是属于贵族的。如果这个法国人看到了我们的贵族并且喜欢上了这个阶级，如果要他看到了我们的自命不凡并喜欢上了它，如果他让自己去模仿，我们都清楚我们会有什么感觉。我们都会觉得这个法国佬简直是一只令人厌恶的小昆虫。他会模仿英国的贵族，模仿英国人的缺点。但他甚至不会理解他抄袭的那种缺点：尤其是他不会明白这种缺点从某种程度上说是英国人的一种优点。他不会明白英国人用以抑制自命不凡并使这种自命不凡变得有人情味的素质：英国人待人的极其亲切，他们的热情好客，他们潜意识中蕴含的诗意，他们富于感情的保守精神，这种保守精神真正钦佩的是绅士。法国保皇主义者认为，英国人就像他们的国王。但他们没有懂得，崇拜一位国王是卑鄙的，而崇拜一名无权力的国王却几乎是崇高的。汉诺威王朝君主们的无能将英国忠诚的臣民培养成几乎像詹姆斯党人那样的侠义和尊严。法国人认为，英国的仆人是有礼貌的：可他不知道他又是无礼的。在英国的文学作品中有一种人物：富于幽默感而诚实的仆人，他和他的主人一样是个有名的角色，比如那个凯莱布·鲍尔德斯通，还有萨姆·韦勒。他认为英国人确实钦佩贵族，他没有考虑到这样的事实：英国人最钦佩一个举止不像贵族的贵族。他们喜欢一个贵族对自己的身份是不自觉的，而待人接物是和蔼可亲的。仆人不妨谦卑，但主人绝不能高傲。主人就是仆人会喜爱享受的生活，在仆人想望在主人身上享受到的种种愉悦中，他们最最真诚想望的是主人的慷慨大度，在人群中遍洒金钱，或者用中世纪贵族的话来说，叫慷慨赠予——大方的乐趣。这便是为什么你只是把应付的车钱付给英国计程车司机时，他会说你不是个绅士的道理。因为受到伤害的不光是他的钱袋；还有他的心灵。你损害了他理想中的贵族形象。你破坏了他对完美贵族的良好印象。所有这些实在是非常微妙而难以捉摸的；在这种英

国人对贵族老爷的爱里,你很难区分什么是纯粹奴性,什么是通过他人感受到的贵族气派。没有一个法国人能轻易地理解得了。他会认为这纯粹是奴性;如果他喜欢它的话,他便会成为一个奴才。所以每个英国人开始肯定也会认为,法国人的坦率只是蛮横无礼。如果他喜欢它的话,他便会成为一个粗野的人。这些民族的优点绝不是轻而易举能为人理解的。这需要长年累月充分的平心静气的陶冶,就像大公园要慢慢才会形成,橡木屋梁要经干燥处理后才能使用,红葡萄酒则要贮存在酒窖或小酒馆里才会变得醇美那样。经过千百年英格兰闲适的生活,最终才孕育出了英国式的自命不凡这颗既慷慨又和蔼的果实。而培植出那朵可怕的法国式的粗鄙的花,并证明它是正当的,则需要战斗和路障,需要街头的歌声,以及衣衫褴褛的人们为理想而作出的牺牲。

不久前,我在巴黎和一个英国朋友去观看了一系列极其精彩和快节奏的法国戏剧,每出戏大约二十分钟。这些戏都产生惊人的效果;其中有一出效果之大竟使我和友人为此在场外扭打起来,差不多要靠警察把我们分开。那出戏意在展示人们在一场船只失事或海难中的实际表现:他们如何精神崩溃,如何高声大叫,如何毫无目的,只是出于憎恨一切就互相打斗。紧接着,舞台上出现了一个伟大的政治家,他带着伏尔泰创始的那种尖刻的挖苦口吻,站在他们的尸体面前发表演说,说这些人都是英雄,他们在兄弟般的拥抱中死去。我和朋友走出剧院,由于他长期住在巴黎,所以他像法国人那样说道:"多么独具匠心的艺术处理! 不是很精彩吗?""不,"我答道,尽量装出《笨拙周刊》上约翰·布尔的传统姿态,"不,这出戏不精彩。也许它根本没什么意思;如果它真的没意思,我也不在乎。但如果它是有意思的,我知道是什么意思;那就是在他们的一切塑造侠义人物的壮观场面下,人不仅仅是野兽,而且还是被追捕的野兽。我对于人性知之不多,尤其是在用法语讲人性的时候。但我知道,什么时候一件事情是意在使人

精神昂扬，什么时候是意在使人精神沮丧。我知道那部《西哈诺·德·贝尔热拉克》（在剧中演员们的念白甚至更快）是意在鼓励人的勇气的。可我还知道这是使人丧失勇气的。”“这些以情感和道德为准则的艺术观，”我朋友开口说道，但我立即打断了他的话，因为我心中突然闪过一道亮光。“让我来告诉你，”我说，“饶勒斯在社会党人会议上对李卜克内西说的话：‘你没有死在路障上。’可你和我一样，是英国人，你应该像我一样和蔼。那些法国人有权在艺术中表现恐怖，因为他们已在政治生活中历经恐怖。他们可以忍受舞台上的嘲笑折磨，因为他们在大街上已经看到过实实在在的折磨。他们已为追求民主的理想受到过伤害，他们已为追求天主教的思想受到过伤害。所以对他们来说，再为文学的思想受点伤害也不是什么不寻常的事。但该死的是，这对我来说却是完完全全不寻常的事！而最遭糕的是，我，一个英国人，爱好舒适，在欣赏这种艺术时追求的是舒适。可法国人在这里寻求的不是舒适，倒不如说是心神不安。这个心神不安的民族，寻求的是使自己始终处于革命的痛苦中。追求革命的法国人也许会发觉鼓舞人性是不体面的。但愿上帝使两个寻求愉快的英国人永远不要从中找到乐趣！”

【赏析】

切斯特顿是一位散文大家，有“悖论王子”的雅号，文笔向以幽默著称。他和希拉里·贝洛克志趣相投，在英国文坛上两人被戏称为“切斯特贝洛克”，他也信奉罗马天主教，思想倾向趋于保守。他的随笔内容十分庞杂，而玩弄文字游戏则是其文风的一个鲜明特色。

作者善于观察民族性格的差异，本文对英国人与法国人加以比较，道出了各自的特点。综观全文，我们可以看出，作

者似乎针对英国人盲目企慕法国人的现象有感而发。切斯特顿认为,只有深入地了解法国人之后,才可能产生由衷的钦佩之情。他从几个侧面归纳了法国人的特点,比如"在街头的粗暴行为",从作者的眼中看来,体现出社会平等的一个方面。再如法国农民的贪婪意味着其独立精神。在异国人看来是缺点的表现,其实往往正是民族性格的优点。作者的结论是,每个民族都有其独特的性格,一味模仿自然会造成不伦不类的结果。

文章前面大部分谈得比较笼统,以议论为主,为了进一步加以说明,作者特意叙述了一段个人的经历。同为英国人,切斯特顿是初到法国,而他的那位朋友则是久居巴黎,岂料看完戏后两人竟扭打起来。原来他的朋友已经受到法国文化的熏染,并且多少为法国人所同化,于是对戏中的恐怖场面大加赞赏;而切斯特顿却不以为然,他保持着英国人的本色,充分表现出了那种执著的民族性格。不过他承认"法国人有权在艺术中表现恐怖,因为他们已在政治生活中经历了恐怖"。可见作者持论还是比较公允的。总的说来,由于作者既有实地的观察,又有个人的经验,所以这篇随笔有助于我们认识英法两国的民族性格。

ROBERT LYND (1879-1949)

【简介】

罗伯特·林德，散文家。出生于爱尔兰，后长期在伦敦生活。一直从事报章写作和编辑工作，多年担任《每日新闻》的文学编辑。数十年坚持不懈，每周一篇，为著名刊物《新政治家》撰稿。思想开明，凡事主张宽容，不抱偏见。作品富于想象力，善于从家常细事中选择题材，文笔幽默风趣，每每令人捧腹。有志于重振查尔斯·兰姆的随笔传统，和同代散文家爱·维·卢卡斯风格相近，可谓异曲同工。当代小说家约·波·普莱斯特对他评价甚高，称其为"颇有魅力的散文家"。较为著名的文集有《无知的乐趣》、《生活的区区怪事》、《爱尔兰家庭生活》以及《作品与作家》。

【原文】

The Darkness

It was common enough during the first year of the war[①] to meet people who took an æsthetic pleasure in the darkness of

① 指第一次世界大战

the streets at night. It gave them *un nouveau frisson*. They said that never had London been so beautiful. It was hardly a gracious thing to say about London. And it was not entirely true. The hill of Piccadilly[①] has always been beautiful, with its lamps suspended above it like strange fruits. The Thames between Westminster Bridge and Blackfriars[②] has always been beautiful at night, pouring its brown waters along in a dusk of light and shadow. And have we not always had Hyde Park like a little dark forest full of lamps, with the gold of the lamps shaken into long Chinese alphabets in the windy waters of the Serpentine[③]? There was Chelsea[④], too. Surely, even before the war, Chelsea by night lay in darkness like a town forgotten and derelict in the snug gloom of an earlier century. And, if Chelsea was pitchy, St. George's-in-the-East and London of the docks were pitchier. There we seemed already to be living underground. The very lamps, yellow as a hag's skin with snuff in every wrinkle, seemed scarcely to give enough light to enable one to see the world of rags and blackness which one was visiting like a stranger from another planet. One finds it so difficult to conjure up the appearance of London in the time before the war that one may be exaggerating. But, so far as one can remember, night in London was even then something of an enchantress and London the land of an enchantress. Her palace lights, her dungeon darkness, her snoring suburbs tucked away into bed after a surfeit of the piano and the gramophone —

① 位于伦敦西区的繁华地段。
② 伦敦城内剧院区，因纪念黑衣修士剧院而得名。
③ 1730年浚于海德公园内的一条湖。
④ 艺术家和作家聚居之地，位于泰晤士河北岸。

here, even in days of peace, was an infinite variety of spectacle. Not that I will pretend that the suburbs were ever beautiful. They are more depressing than a heap of old tins, than a field of bricks, than slob-lands, than vineyards in early summer. They are more common-place than the misuse of the word "phenomenal" or the jargon of house-agents. They do not possess enough character even to be called ugly. They are the expression in brick of the sin of the Laodiceans[①]. Neither the light of peace nor the Tartarus[②] of war can awaken them out of their bad prose. One thinks of them as the commodious slave-quarters of modern civilization. The human race has yet to learn, or to re-learn, how to build suburbs. It is a proof of our immorality that we cannot do so. Well, the darkness has at least hidden the face of the suburbs. It has changed long rows of houses into little cottages, and monotonous avenues into country lanes down which cautious figures make their way with torches. Sometimes in these circumstances, the dullest street becomes like a parade of will-o'-the-wisps. The post-girl alone, with her larger lamp, is impressive as a motor-car or a policeman. She steps with the self-assurance of an institution past the images of lost souls looking for Paradise by candlelight...

Certainly, the first searchlight that waved above London like a sword was wonderful. That made the darkness — and Charing Cross[③]— beautiful. The lovers of darkness were right

① 参阅《圣经·新约·启示录》，第3章，第14-15节。老底嘉人的罪过在于不冷不热，麻木不仁。

② 希腊神话中下界的一部分，也泛指"地狱"。

③ 位于伦敦与威斯敏斯特之间的一处，历史上叫查灵村，1649年查理一世在此被处死，后竖起十字架，故称"查灵十字架"。文中指这处地方，一般译作"查灵克罗斯"。

when they praised searchlights. Probably the first of them was but a tiny affair compared to those that now lie thick as post-offices between the hills of north and south London; but it impressed the imagination as an adventurer among the stars. One would not have been unduly surprised if one had caught sight of the prince of the powers of the air making his way on black wings from star to star at the end of its long beam. Later on, London sent forth a hundred such lights. She spent her evenings like a mathematician drawing weird geometrical figures on the darkness. She became the greatest of the Futurists, all cubes and angles. Sometimes she seemed like a crab lying on its back and waving a multitude of inevitable pincers. Sometimes she seemed to be fishing in the sky with an immense dragnet of light. Sometimes, on misty-moisty nights, the searchlights lit up the sluggish clouds with smudges of gold. It was like a decoration of water-lilies on long stems of light. On nights on which a Zeppelin[①] raid was in progress one has seen the distant sky filled, as it were; with lilies, east and west, north and south. And, for many people, the Zeppelins themselves seemed to have beautified the night. For my part, I confess I cannot regard the Zeppelin without prejudice as a spectacle. That it is beautiful as a silver fish, as the lights play on it, I will not deny. Nor can one remain unmoved by the sight as shells burst about it with little sputters, like fireworks on a wet night. But, even as a pyrotechnic display, the Zeppelin raid has, in my opinion, been overestimated. They could do better

① 康特·费狄南德·冯·策帕林（1838-1917），德国军官，因发明和制造飞艇而留名于世。他的飞艇称为"策帕林飞艇"。

at the Crystal Palace[①]. As soon as the first novelty of the Zeppelins had worn off, it was their beastliness rather than their beauty that impressed itself upon those with the most persistent passion for sight-seeing. Even the sight of a Zeppelin in flames, awe-inspiring though it was, soon ceased to be a novelty calling for superlatives. All the same, London of the searchlights and the Zeppelins will not be forgotten in sixty years. Men and women now living will relate to their grandchildren how they saw a ship in the sky in a tangle of gold lights, and how the ship was then swallowed up in darkness, and how, after a space of darkness and echoes, the sky suddenly purpled into a false dawn and opened into a rose of light. Then, hung in the air for a moment, was a little ball of flame, and then the darkness again, and only a broken rope of gold hurriedly dropped down the sky to announce the ultimate horror of disaster. Those who had a nearer view of the affair will have their own variant of the story. They, too, will tell how the sky was suddenly flooded with monstrous tides of light at midnight, and how the wonders of morning and sunset were mingled, and how the sunset began to move towards them with its red eye, with its red mouth, a vast furnace-ship, an enemy of the world, increasing, lengthening, a doom impending, till once more darkness and foolish cheers, and laughter and anecdotes in the streets. Assuredly, the darkness of London has had its interesting moments...

One has to admit the attractions even of the common darkness of the streets. Perhaps it has become, from an æsthetic

① 维多利亚时代的一大杰作，海德公园内的展厅，1851 年的世界工业博览会在此举办。1936 年 12 月 1 日毁于火灾。

ferent neighbourhoods. In some suburbs the lamps look as though they had been dirtied like a slut's face. Elsewhere they wear masks pierced with holes, and are terrible and black like inquisitors or mediæval executioners. Some of them are blue, some green, some brown, some flamingo-coloured. London, that lawless city, was never more admirably lawless than in this. Light falls from many of them like the veils that little children wear in Catholic countries on taking their first communion. From others it falls like the garment of a ghost. Other lights give the effect of a row of Chinese lanterns hung high above a high street. But there is no sense of merriment amid all these fantastic odds and ends of lights. The light regulations have manifestly muted the life of London. Even the Australian and Canadian soldiers who pace so determinedly up and down the Strand[①] and hang in groups round every corner, have an elfin unsubstantial appearance among the shadows. Men not in khaki look black as Hamlets[②]. Girls of the plainest are mysteries till one hears their voices. The porches of theatres are filled with a blue mystic light that would make one speak in whispers. Night certainly falls on London like a blanket. Perhaps it is mostly illusion. There is, as they say, all the fun of the fair going on for those who are young and giddy of heart, and London is not without laughter and loud voices and reeling figures. But the effect is, undoubtedly, depressing. Public-houses, darkened like prisons, no longer invite the mob with bright and vulgar windows. Cinematograph theatres are as gloomy-fronted

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① 沿泰晤士河的著名大街，多有旅馆和戏院。

② 哈姆雷特出场时总是一身黑服，重孝在身，故用复数。参阅《哈姆雷特》，第1幕，第1场，第77行。

as though over their doors they bore the motto: "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here."[1] Rather than venture into such a wilderness of joylessness, many people prefer to sit at home and play tiddleywinks. Or argue. How they argue!

Luckily, in the beginning, there were created, along with the earth, a sun and a moon, and neither policeman nor magistrate nor any other creature has any power over them of regulation or control. It is the moon that makes London by night beautiful in war-time. It is the moon that makes the north side of Trafalgar Square[2] white with romance like a Moorish city, and makes the South Kensington Museum[3] itself appear as though it had been built to music. London under the moon is a city of wonder, a city of fair streets and fair citizens. Under the moon the arc-lamps in their cowls no longer affect us like sentinel killjoys. They seem feeble and insignificant as dying torches when the moonlight performs her miracles and exalts this city of mean dwellings into a beauty equal to that of the restless sea.

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① 典出但丁(1265-1321)《神曲·地狱篇》,第三歌,第9行。地狱之门敞开着,门上高悬着这句铭文。现在通用的英译是:"All hope abandon, ye who enter here"。译文从作者原文

② 位于威斯敏斯特区内,政治集会场所之一。

③ 原称"维多利亚和艾伯特博物馆",建于1852年。1857年迁于南肯辛顿的现址,故又称"南肯辛顿博物馆"。

四郊——这儿，即使在和平年代，也是一派千变万化的景象。我并非佯言伦敦的四郊历来是美丽的。它们比一堆破铁罐儿、比一地砖头、比烂泥地、比初夏的葡萄棚更令人心灰意冷。它们比起“不同凡响的”一词为人误用或房地产经纪人的行话更加凡庸。它们没有起码的特性，甚至连丑陋也称不上。它们是老底嘉人的罪孽表现出来的砖头般的麻木表情。不论和平的光明还是战争的塔尔塔罗斯，都无法把它们从蹩脚散文的死气沉沉中唤醒过来。人们不免视之为现代文明中宽敞适用的奴仆居处。怎样去建造郊区，人类还得学习再学习。我们做不到这一点，恰恰是我们不道德的一个证据。哼，黑暗至少还掩盖了伦敦四郊的面目。黑暗把一排排房屋变成了小村舍，把千篇一律的大街变成了细心人要手持火把走路的乡间小道，有时在这样的情况下，最沉闷的街道也俨如一溜憧憧鬼影。只有邮差姑娘，提了一大盏灯，才像汽车或警察那样引人注目。她怀着一个机构的自信，走过丧魂落魄的人影，借着烛光寻觅天堂……

的确，犹如利剑一般在伦敦上空摇晃的第一道探照灯光是令人惊异的。那种亮光使得黑暗——还有查灵十字架——变得美丽起来。爱好黑暗者赞赏探照灯光是有道理的。这时星罗棋布的粗圆光柱，如同伦敦南北方向的丘陵之间的邮局那么多，也许第一道灯光相比之下就是区区小事；不过它却好像一位星际的探险家，给想象力留下了印象。假如有人一眼瞧见神通广大的空中魔王，凭借漆黑的羽翼，随着长长光柱的末梢，在繁星之间行进，他会为之惊讶而不会大惊小怪。后来，伦敦城发出了上百道这样的灯光。她度过夜晚就像一位数学家在黑暗中画出奇奇怪怪的几何图形。她变成最伟大的未来派画家，一切都是立方形和角度。时而她像一只螃蟹翻过身来躺着，挥舞着好些个摆脱不了的蟹螯。时而她似乎又布下一张巨大的光网在天空中捕捞。时而，在浓雾潮湿的夜晚，探照灯则以隐约的金光点亮了懒散的云团。宛如睡莲装

经变得无以复加了；除了月夜之外，当我们在昏暗中行路时，我们总感到布罗肯山鬼影憧憧的气氛。在这些日子里，电车比起凄凉的汽车当然成了更为美观的东西，过去它像船只那样行驶，车厢里灯火通明的，而汽车拥挤得像个廉价客栈，冲向昏暗。在繁忙的时候，一长排出租汽车依然给街道带来星斗如河的气象，要是在一个雨夜，即使红灯映照在人行道上的一溜小货车，也能够给最普通的马路带来一条威尼斯运河般的魔力。但是黑暗现在却不如过去那么美丽，当时总有几扇窗口一直亮着灯光。在第一次实行灯火管制的时候，我们得到的是减弱的灯光，而不是强光。外表处处会引起误会的各种建筑物呈现为显眼的庞然大物；灿烂耀眼的广告牌消失了；在公共汽车里我们还看得见，可以读晚报，所以我们觉得还算过得去，或者至少不想抱怨什么。然而现在呢，我们却走向真正黑暗的阶段了。就像我听一个佣人说的，在黑暗中外出就像不点蜡烛走进煤坑一样。在城内某些地区，就连最清醒的人也可能撞到树上或路灯柱上，在没有月光的黑夜里，走在城里的几乎任何地方都可能从一段石阶上摔倒——如果不带手电筒的话，人人都会跌倒。或许伦敦市民由于黑暗而得到的最好补偿便是，在不同的居民区内，有各种各样令人满意的办法把灯光变得暗淡一些。在有些郊区，路灯看上去全弄脏了，如同一个邋遢女人的面孔。在别的地方路灯又戴上了穿孔的假面具，黑黢黢怪可怕的，就像审讯者或中世纪的刽子手。灯光有些是蓝色的，有些是绿色的，有些是棕色的，还有些是火烈鸟的颜色。伦敦，那个一向无法无天的城市，从来没有像陷于这种黑暗时这般无法无天，令人叫好。灯光从好些路灯泻落下来，就像信奉天主教的国家中的幼年儿童初次领受圣餐时戴着面罩似的。从其他地方灯光照射下来就像幽灵的衣着。别的灯光恍如高挂在大街上的一排中国灯笼。但是置身于这些奇形怪状七零八散的灯光之中，并没有什么欢乐的感觉。灯火管制条例显然使得伦敦城的生活沉寂下来了。即使

那些澳大利亚和加拿大的士兵们，步履那么坚定地在斯特兰德大街来回巡逻，三五成群地围绕在每个角落，也有一种出没于鬼魂中间的小精灵般的虚幻表象。不穿咔叽军装的男人看上去黑得就像哈姆雷特一次次出场时丧服在身似的。在人们未听到她们的声音之前，相貌极其平常的姑娘也是神秘人物。剧院门廊处弥漫着一道令人肃然的蓝光，使人不由得喁喁私语。夜色当然如同毯子覆盖似地降临在伦敦城。也许它多半是幻象。人们说，在那些年轻而心里不安分的人看来，还是像赶集一样十分有趣，伦敦城内绝不是没有笑语喧哗和晃晃悠悠的人影。但是结果无疑是令人沮丧的。酒馆，黑沉沉如牢房似的，再也无法靠灯红酒绿低级下流的窗口来吸引不三不四的人群了。电影院前一片阴森，仿佛门前刻着那句格言："放弃希望吧，你们所有来到这里的人。"与其冒险闯入这么一片毫无欢乐的荒芜之地，许多人宁可坐在家里玩玩挑圆片的游戏。或者去斗嘴吧。让他们争个面红耳赤！

幸运的是，鸿蒙初辟的时候，与大地一起创造出来的有一个太阳一个月亮，不论警察还是官吏，或是任何其他人，全都无权管制或控制它们。在战时只有月亮才使伦敦城到了夜晚变得美丽起来。只有月亮才使特拉法尔加广场的北端皎洁得富于浪漫情调，犹如一座摩尔风格的城邑，才使南肯辛顿博物馆仿佛是为了音乐而建造的。月色下的伦敦城是一座神奇的都市，是一座处处有美好的街道和美好的居民的都市。月色下蒙上灯罩的弧光灯再也不像大煞风景的哨兵那样令人意兴阑珊了。它们显得微弱无力可有可无，犹如快要熄灭的火把一般，因为这时月光施展着她的奇迹，把这座区区栖身之地的都市升华到一种美的境界，可与滔滔不息的大海平分秋色。

【赏析】

本文自始至终紧扣“黑暗”这一主题，以奇特的想象和贴切的比喻，描述了一战期间夜色深沉的伦敦城。读者可以从黑暗中去观睹这座城市。黑暗本来是个十分玄虚的题目，作者却处理得极为巧妙，如同宋玉作《风赋》，写出了流动不居的空气的动态，读之有声，览之有色，可见可闻。作者经历了炮火连天的岁月，从一个侧面反映了战争给人们带来的苦难。他着眼于天然的黑暗与人为的黑暗，从社会环境的角度去观察这两种现象，显然深化了文章的意蕴。在谋篇布局上一以贯之，在笔法上由远及近，以实为主，以虚为辅。黑暗本来可望而不可即，文章却极尽铺排形容之能事，通过各种景物的描写来加以反衬，点面结合，记实与夸张并用，所以在作者的笔端，黑暗给人的不是一般想象中的恐怖可怕，而是独具魅力。从结构来看，段落自然而层次分明。第一段是泛泛着笔，对战前与战时的伦敦城稍作比较，言辞之间颇带针砭。第二段由表及里，抓住探照灯光和策帕林飞机大作文章，笔墨饱满地描写了它们给夜空的黑暗带来的变化。第三段更进一层，信笔写来，多少景物，多少情态，犹如万花筒一般，在我们眼前一一掠过。最后一段笔墨简约，却产生出画龙点睛的艺术效果，道出了自然力量不可战胜这一个深刻的结论，是全文的精妙之处。

E. M. FORSTER (1879-1970)

【简介】

爱·摩·福斯特,小说家、散文家。出生于伦敦,幼年丧父,在私立学校念书。在剑桥大学攻读古典文学和历史,开始为学生文学刊物写随笔。读书期间培养了人文主义的信仰,以唤醒国民为己任。认为英国人"太重实际",主张肉体与精神、理性与情感、工作与娱乐、生活与艺术的多重统一,重视个人充分发展的价值。在文学创作的高峰时期接触了布卢姆斯伯里文化圈,受到弗吉尼亚·吴尔夫的影响。早期小说即带有鲜明的社会批评倾向,锋芒指向英国中产阶级的刻板规则、虚伪面貌、精神压抑。通过两次印度生活的经历,完成其小说代表作《印度之行》,反映两种文化的差异和冲突。文论著有《小说面面观》。散文有《福斯特故事集》。

【原文】

My Wood

A few years ago I wrote a book which dealt in part with the difficulties of the English in India. Feeling that they would have had no difficulties in India themselves, the Americans read

the book freely. The more they read it the better it made them feel, and a cheque to the author was the result. I bought a wood with the cheque. It is not a large wood — it contains scarcely any trees, and it is intersected, blast it, by a public footpath. Still, it is the first property that I have owned, so it is right that other people should participate in my shame, and should ask themselves, in accents that will vary in horror, this very important question: What is the effect of property upon the character? Don't let's touch economics; the effect of private ownership upon the community as a whole is another question — a more important question, perhaps, but another one. Let's keep to psychology. If you own things, what's their effect on you? What's the effect on me of my wood?

In the first place, it makes me feel heavy. Property does have this effect. Property produces men of weight, and it was a man of weight who failed to get into the Kingdom of Heaven. he was not wicked, that unfortunate millionaire in the parable, he was only stout; he stuck out in front, not to mention behind, and as he wedged himself this way and that in the crystalline entrance and bruised his well-fed flanks, he saw beneath him a comparatively slim camel passing through the eye of a needle and being woven into the robe of God[1]. The Gospels all through couple stoutness and slowness. They point out what is perfectly obvious, yet seldom realized: that if you have a lot of things you cannot move about a lot, that furniture requires dusting, dusters require servants, servants require insurance stamps, and the whole tangle of them makes you think twice before you accept an invitation to dinner or go for a bathe in the

① 参见《圣经·新约·马太福音》,第 19 章,第 23-24 节。

Jordan. Sometimes the Gospels proceed further and say with Tolstoy that property is sinful; they approach the difficult ground of asceticism here, where I cannot follow them. But as to the immediate effects of property on people, they just show straightforward logic. It produces men of weight. Men of weight cannot, by definition, move like the lightning from the East unto the West, and the ascent of a fourteen-stone bishop into a pulpit is thus the exact antithesis of the coming of the Son of Man①. My wood makes me feel heavy.

In the second place, it makes me feel it ought to be larger.

The other day I heard a twig snap in it. I was annoyed at first, for I thought that someone was blackberrying, and depreciating the value of the undergrowth. On coming nearer, I saw it was not a man who had trodden on the twig and snapped it, but a bird, and I felt pleased. My bird. The bird was not equally pleased. Ignoring the relation between us, it took fright as soon as it saw the shape of my face, and flew straight over the boundary hedge into a field, the property of Mrs. Henessy, where it sat down with a loud squawk. It had become Mrs. Henessy's bird. Something seemed grossly amiss here, something that would not have occurred had the wood been larger. I could not afford to buy Mrs. Henessy out, I dared not murder her, and limitations of this sort beset me on every side. Ahab② did not want that vineyard — he only needed it to round off his property, preparatory to plotting a new curve — and all the land around my wood has become necessary to me in order to

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① 即耶稣基督。

② 参见《圣经·旧约·列王纪上》，第21章，第1-8节。以色列王亚哈并非喜欢葡萄园，而是要用作菜园，所以想把王宫旁边拿伯的葡萄园占为己有。

and at such moments property pushes itself in as a substitute, saying, "Accept me instead — I'm good enough for all three." It is not enough. It is, as Shakespeare said of lust, "The expense of spirit in a waste of shame": it is "Before, a joy proposed: behind, a dream."① Yet we don't know how to shun it. It is forced on us by our economic system as the alternative to starvation. It is also forced on us by an internal defect in the soul, by the feeling that in property may lie the germs of self-development and of exquisite or heroic deeds. Our life on earth is, and ought to be, material and carnal. But we have not yet learned to manage our materialism and carnality properly; they are still entangled with the desire for ownership, where (in the words of Dante) "Possession is one with loss".

And this brings us to our fourth and final point: the blackberries.

Blackberries are not plentiful in this meagre grove, but they are easily seen from the public footpath which traverses it, and all too easily gathered. Foxgloves, too — people will pull up the foxgloves, and ladies of an educational tendency even grub for toadstools to show them on the Monday in class. Other ladies, less educated, roll down the bracken in the arms of their gentlemen friends. There is paper, there are tins. Pray, does my wood belong to me or doesn't it? And, if it does, should I not own it best by allowing no one else to walk there? There is a wood near Lyme Regis, also cursed by a public footpath, where the owner has not hesitated on this point. He had built high stone walls each side of the path, and has spanned it by bridges, so that the public circulate like termites while he

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① 参见屠岸译《莎士比亚十四行诗集》(上海译文版,1988)。

gorges on the blackberries unseen. He really does own his wood, this able chap. Dives in Hell did pretty well, but the gulf dividing him from Lazarus[1] could be traversed by vision, and nothing traverses it here. And perhaps I shall come to this in time. I shall wall in and fence out until I really taste the sweets of property. Enormously stout, endlessly avaricious, pseudo-creative, intensely selfish, I shall weave upon my forehead the quadruple crown of possession until those nasty Bolshies come and take it off again and thrust me aside into the outer darkness.

【译文】

我 的 树 林

郑大民 译

几年前我写过一本书，其中部分章节谈论的是英国人在印度碰到的困境。美国人觉得他们在印度不会有困难，所以带着舒畅的心情阅读这本书。他们越读心里越觉得舒服，结果这本书的作者便得到了一张支票。我用这张支票买下了一个树林。这树林不大——里面几乎没有什么树，而且，真该死，还有一条公共人行小径从中穿过。尽管如此，它是我所拥有的第一份财产；因此，如果别人和我一样感到遗憾是很自然的，他们也完全有理由，以各种由于害怕心理而变化的语调，向他们自己问这样一个很重要的问题：财产对于人的性格有

① 参见《圣经·新约·路加福音》，第16章，第19-28节。

我的鸟儿。这只鸟却并没有跟我一样也觉得高兴。它根本不顾它与我之间的关系，一看见我面孔的轮廓就飞了起来，径直飞越作为我的树林界限的树篱进了一片田地，那是亨尼希太太的财产。它发出一声又粗又响的叫声在那片田地里停住了。它成了亨尼希太太的鸟儿了。这里似乎出了某种严重的差错，要是树林大一些的话，就不会发生差错。我没有能力把亨尼希太太的田地买下来，我又不敢谋杀她，种种这一类的局限从各个方面困扰着我。亚哈并不想要那个葡萄园——他只需要它来使他的财产变得完整，为设计一个新的曲线地形作准备。于是，在我的树林周围的全部土地对于要使我的树林变得完整的我来说都成为必要的了。界限能起到保护我的树林完整性的作用。然而——可怜的小东西——界限本身也应该得到保护。我的树林边上有嘈杂的声音。小孩子们扔石块。稍微大一点儿吧，再稍微大一点儿，直到我们到达海边。快乐的克努特！更加快乐的亚历山大！甚而至于，世界究竟为什么应该成为财产的界限呢？人们希望，一支插上米字旗的火箭不久将发射到月球上去。火星，天狼星。在这些星球之外……然而这些无限的想象力却以我觉得悲哀而告终。我无法想象我的树林注定要成为宇宙的整个版图的核心——它是如此之小，况而除了黑刺莓浆果之外没有任何矿物资源。当亨尼希太太的鸟儿第二次受惊，并认为它完全是自由的而从我们眼前飞得无影无踪的时候，我也并不感到安慰。

第三，财产使它的主人觉得他必须对它做点什么。但是他不能肯定该做什么。他感到焦躁不安，模模糊糊地意识到他有一种个性需要表达——正是这同一种意识，不过毫不模糊，促使艺术家进行创作活动。有的时候我觉得我想把树林里还留着的这些树砍倒，有的时候我又想在这些树之间的空地新植些树。这两种冲动都带有炫耀的性质，都是无意义的。它们并不是挣钱或者创造美感的真正的活动。它们出自于一种要表现我自己的愚蠢愿望，出自于一种无能——不知道如

何享受我所拥有的财产。创造、财产、享受在人的头脑中形成一个邪恶的三位一体。创造和享受两者都是很好很好的,然而没有物质基础它们又往往是实行不了的,这种时候财产便站出来毛遂自荐代替它们,说,"接受我吧——我完全能够以一顶三。"其实它并不足以起到这样的作用。它只不过是,如莎士比亚谈到贪欲时所说的,让"生气丧失在带来耻辱的消耗里",它在"事前,图个欢喜;过后,一场梦"。然而我们不知道如何躲避它。我们的经济制度把它强加到我们头上,作为避免饥饿的选择。它也是由我们心灵的一种内在缺陷强加到我们头上的——我们总是觉得在财产中有着自我发展的萌芽,有着精细的手艺或英雄事迹的萌芽。我们在地球上的生活是,而且应该是,物质的和世俗的。可是我们尚未学会恰当地处理生活的这种物质性和世俗性;它们仍然与占有欲纠缠在一起,而占有呢,(用但丁的话来说)"占有是伴随着损失的占有。"

说到这里,我们接着该来谈谈第四点也是最后一点了:黑刺莓浆果。

在这个小小的树林里,黑刺莓浆果并不丰富,但是在穿越树林而过的公共人行小径上却随处可见,要捡的话那真是太容易了。毛地黄也一样——人们常常把毛地黄拢起来,而好为人师的女士们甚至翻掘伞菌,为的是把它们在星期一带到课堂上给大家看。另外还有一些受过较少教育的女士在她们的绅士朋友的怀抱里把欧洲蕨揉搓到地上。还有废纸,还有空罐头。天哪,我的树林还属不属于我了?如果还属于我,那么,我要是能禁止别人去那儿散步我就不是最充分地拥有它了吗?在莱姆里吉斯附近有一个树林,也被一条公共人行小径所破坏,它的主人在这方面则表现得毫不犹豫。他在这条小径的两旁筑起高高的石墙,在两堵石墙之间架起一座桥,使公众如白蚁似地在小径上穿行,却看不见他在树林里大吃黑刺莓浆果。他这是真正拥有他的树林,这个能干的家伙。《圣

经》寓言中的财主在地狱里悔改得很好，但是把他与拉撒路隔开的那条深渊是可以被视力所穿透的，然而在这个能干的家伙的树林里，任何东西都无法穿透两堵石墙。也许到一定的时候我也会做到这一点的。我将会砌起墙来，或者筑起篱笆，使自己真正尝到拥有财产的甜头。异常肥胖、贪得无厌、虚假的创新、极端的自私，我将编织起“没有”这一顶由这四部分组成的花冠戴在头上，直到那些难打交道的布尔什维克到来，将它又从我头上拿掉，把我扔到一旁，扔到外面的一片黑暗之中。

【赏析】

人为物役而每每反受其累，久而久之还会对人产生根本性的影响，乃至改变人的好恶和性情。福斯特开宗明义表达了本文的旨趣：财产对人的性格的影响。他通过亲身经历来回答这个问题。文章通过叙事来说理，用了一些典故，多了几分书卷气。19世纪美国作家亨利·戴维·梭罗的《瓦尔登湖》里有一篇文字，题为《我生活的地方，我生活的目的》，其中也谈了拥有财产后的情形。两篇散文各有特色，梭罗以描写和抒情为主，福斯特则借题发挥，偏重说理和心理分析。全篇文气连贯流畅，脉络分明，层层递进，逐步深入。

作者围绕四点来谈。起首引出问题，从自己购置的一片小树林谈起。人没有家当产业时活得挺轻松，福斯特觉得，自从拥有了第一份财产，人便沉重起来了。这一节并未从正面叙述，而是引用《马太福音》里的典故，并且援引托尔斯泰的观点，从而证实自己感觉。继而谈到林中小鸟，感慨油然而生。有了树林又想拥有鸟，由此联想到各种各样的局限给人造成的苦恼。晚唐诗人杜牧之《登乐游原》前两句是：长空淡淡孤鸟没，万古销沉向此中。作者也是看到小鸟，悲哀从中而来。

不过他点到即止，从《圣经》中的以色列王亚哈说起，亚哈要把王宫旁边别人的葡萄园据为己有，改作菜园，而并非是出于喜欢才要葡萄园。进而福斯特又想到古代英格兰国王克努特和马其顿国王亚力山大，浮想联翩的结果使他最终感到悲哀。第三点是财产给人带来压力，面对财产人总要有所为，这里福斯特风趣地谈到创造、财产、享受三者的关系，认为是"邪恶的三位一体"，同时引用了莎士比亚和但丁的诗句，结论是不言而喻的：得即为失。最后一点从浆果谈到真假占有，作者再次用典，引出财主与乞丐的关系问题，末了以自讽自嘲的笔调结穴。

ROSE MACAULAY (1881-1958)

【简介】

罗兹·麦考利，小说家、散文家和诗人。出身于书香门第，就读于牛津大学。处女作《波特家风》问世后，名重一时，为批评界所推崇。作品以讽刺的笔触描画现代社会，波特一家把所有的理想都转变成机会主义的门风。在小说和随笔中，麦考利调侃公务官场上的庸俗世态，成为二十年代的社会批评家的声音。代表作为《痴人说梦》，标题取自《麦克白》，叙述了加登一大家子各人的悲欢离合。另有散文、游记、诗集多种。

【原文】

Evening Parties

Human beings are curious creatures, and in nothing more curious than in the forms of diversion which they devise for themselves. Some of these are quite comprehensible; they give physical or mental pleasure. Bathing in the sea, for instance; or watching a play; or visiting the Zoo; or eating agreeable food at someone else's expense, or even at one's own; or playing some game with a ball. It is easy to understand that having

one's person surrounded by water, in which one floats and swims, or watching human life enacted improbably by others on a stage, or seeing strange beasts in cages, or rolling elegant foods about the palate, or chasing after a ball, is pleasing. But, besides these simple pleasures, humanity has devised some so-called amusements which seem to depend for their reputations as entertainments less on pleasing sensations inflicted on the participants than on some convention which has ordained that these pursuits shall be held agreeable. it speaks well, perhaps, for the kindliness and amiability of the human race that most such pursuits are of a gregarious nature. Assembling together; dearly we love to do this. 'Neglect not the assembling of yourselves together,'[①] says (I think) St. Paul somewhere; and it was a superfluous piece of admonition. Neglect of this will never be numbered among the many omissions of mankind. Seeing one another; meeting the others of our race; exchanging remarks; or merely observing in what particular garments they have elected to clothe themselves to-day; this is so nearly universal a custom that it has become dignified into an entertainment, and we issue to one another invitations to attend such gatherings.

We issue them and we accept them, and, when the appointed date arrives, we assume such of our clothes as we believe to be suitable to the gathering, and sally forth to the party of pleasure. Often, indeed usually, it is in the evening. Therefore we clothe ourselves in such garb as men and women have agreed, in their strange symbolism, to consider appropriate to the hours after eight o'clock or so. And perhaps — who

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① 见《圣经·新约·保罗书信》,第10章,第25节。

knows? — it is in the exercise of this savage and primitive conventionalism that a large part of the pleasure of an evening gathering consists. We are very primitive creatures, and the mere satisfaction of self-adornment, and of assuming for a particular occasion a particular set of clothes, may well tickle our sensibilities. Be that as it may, we arrive at our party dolled, so to speak, up, and find ourselves in a crowd of our fellow-creatures, all dolled up too. Now we are off. The party of pleasure has begun. We see friends and talk to them. But this we could do with greater comfort at our own homes or in theirs; this cannot, surely, be the promised pleasure. As a matter of fact, if you succeed in getting into a corner with a friend and talking, be sure you will be very soon torn asunder by an energetic hostess, whose motto is 'Keep them moving'. We are introduced to new acquaintances. This may, no doubt, be very agreeable. They may be persons you are glad to know. But it is doubtful whether your acquaintanceship will prosper very much to-night. It may well be that no topics suitable for discussion will present themselves to either of you at the moment of introduction. I know someone who says that she never can think of anything to say to persons introduced to her at a party except 'Do you like parties?' And that is too crude; it simply cannot be said. You must think of some more sophisticated remark. Having thought of it, you must launch it, in the peculiarly resonant pitch necessary to carry it above the clamour (for this clamour, which somewhat resembles the shrieking of a jazz band, is an essential accompaniment to a party, and part of the entertainment provided). A conversation will then ensue, and must be carried on until one or other of you either flags or breaks away, or until someone intervenes between you. One

way and another, a very great deal gets said at a party. Let us hope that this is a good thing. It is apparent, anyhow, that the mere use of the tongue, quite apart from the words it utters, gives pleasure to many. If it gives you no pleasure. and if, further, you derive none from listening to the remarks of others, there is no need to converse. You had better then take up a position in a solitary corner (if possible on a chair, but this is a rare treat) and merely listen to the noise as to a concert, not endeavouring to form out of it sentences. As a matter of fact, if thus listened to, the noise of a party will be found a very interesting noise, containing a great variety of different sounds. If you are of those who like also to look at the clothes of others, you will, from this point of vantage, have a good view of these.

It is very possible, however, that you have only come to the party on the chance of obtaining something good to eat. This is, after all, as good a reason as another. You will, with any luck, be offered some comestible — a sandwich, or a chocolate, or some kind of a drink, or, if you are very fortunate, an ice. With a view to this, you cannot do better than to stand solitary, so that your host or hostess may, in despair of making you talk, give you to eat. If you have eaten or drunk, you have anyhow got something out of the party; you can say, in recalling it, 'I ate two chocolates, and that sandwich pleased me.' or, better still, 'I drank.' Words spoken are empty air, and drift windily into oblivion; and, anyhow, there are greatly too many of these; but about food and drink there is something solid and consoling. An hour in which you have consumed nourishment is seldom an hour spent in vain.

But far be it from me to suggest that we should, or do,

take such pains over attiring ourselves, and go to so much trouble, and possibly expense, in travelling from one house to another, merely for the sake of some foolish edible trifle which could be procured and consumed with greater ease in the home. I am convinced that the majority of human creatures do not go to parties for the sake of any food, or even drink, that they may get there. No; the reason (if reason indeed there is beyond blind habit) is, fundamentally, that primitive instinct to take any chance of herding together which led our earliest forefathers to form tribes, village communities, and cities. It is the same reason for which great spaces of the countryside in all lands stand empty, while those who might live there herd, instead, in hideous, shrieking and dreadful cities. It is, in short, the gregarious instinct, based on fear of solitude, on terror of such dangers and uncanny visitants as may, we feel, attack us unless we hide within the crowd. We are a haunted race, fleeing from silence and great spaces, feeling safe only when surrounded by warm, comprehensible, chattering humanity like ourselves. So, when there comes for us a little pasteboard card inscribed with an address where, and a date when, we may thus surround ourselves, under some hospitable roof, we may say with our minds and lips, 'Shall I go to this! ' casually, as if it mattered not at all; but deep down in our hidden souls the primal whisper sounds —'There will be people there. There is safety in a crowd. Go! '

This is, at least, what I presume occurs in that buried self of which we know so little. Anyhow, for one reason or another, go we do, quite often. And if anyone knows of any other reason why, I should be glad to hear it.

Not that, personally, I do not enjoy parties...

【译文】

晚 间 聚 会

杨自伍 译

凡夫俗子全是些充满好奇的怪物，而最为好奇的呢，莫过于他们为自己设想出来的消遣形式。其中有些个形式倒是可以理解的，它们给人的身体或精神带来快乐。比如说吧，沐浴在大海之中；要么就看一场戏；再不然游逛伦敦动物园去；或者由别人开销吃一点可口的东西，哪怕是自己会钞；也可以玩玩什么球类游戏。让自己被水包围起来，人在水中漂浮游动；观看人生由别人莫明其妙地在戏台上表演出来；瞧瞧笼中的奇禽怪兽；把美食在腭部滚动一番；在球后面追来追去；无不令人感到快乐，这是不难理会的。可是，除了这些简单的乐趣之外，人类已经设想出一些所谓的娱乐，它们以款待形式而出名，看来主要不是得之于给参与者所带来的快感，而是得之于某种惯例；它规定这些追求是大家认为乐于接受的。大多数这类追求具有物以类聚的性质，或许这就证明了人类的和睦亲善。相聚一团；我们太想聚聚了。“你们不可忽视彼此之间的相聚，”圣·保罗（我记得是他）在某处说过；这是一句多余的劝告。人类有许多的疏忽，忽视相聚决不会被算作其中之一。彼此会会面，见见我们同类中其他的人；交换交换意见；或者只是打量一下他们今天挑选了什么特别的行头来装束自己；这几乎是普天之下相同的一个风俗，乃至于已经变得堂而皇之，成为一种款待方式，于是我们相互发请帖，参加这类聚会。

我们发请帖，我们也接受请帖，等到约定的那一天来到

里。总而言之，理由就是群居的本能，它产生于害怕独居，畏惧我们以为可能侵袭我们的那类危险和神秘的天外客，除非我们躲藏在人群之中。我们是魂灵附身的人，逃脱了静谧和广阔的空间，只有在周围全是和我们一样的热心、善解人意、唧唧喳喳的人类的时候，才感觉到安全。因此，当一张印着详细地址和具体日期的硬纸卡掷过来的时候，我们从而可能团团围绕着，呆在某位好客的主人家里，我们可能心口如一，随口一声“我要去这家”，若无其事似的；可是在我们隐秘的灵魂的深处，压抑的声音悄然响起——“那里有人。在人群中就有安全。去！”

至少，这就是我所推测的那个埋藏起来的自我的内心活动，而我们对自我又了解甚少。不管怎样，无论出于什么理由，我们确实去了，走动很勤。如果有谁知道任何其他去的理由，本人乐意洗耳恭听。

从个人来说，倒并不是我不喜欢聚会……

【赏析】

友朋三五，相聚一堂，本来是日常生活里的寻常细事，作者却围绕这个主题展开。顺着脉络看下去，都市里的读者大多会发出会心的微笑。大家有着十分相似的体验，太太说穿这一身，先生却说那一套相宜，出门前总要折腾一番。因此读者很容易发生共鸣，同时佩服作者的艺术功力，可谓小处着眼，深处落墨。从接到请帖那一刻，直至日后的回忆，每一个细节都抓住了，写得贴近生活，入情入理。全文结构完整，层层铺叙，行文迂曲，由表及里，挖掘到人的深层心理。字里行间，时而流露出几分超脱，时而含讥夹讽，结尾只有一句，我们却看到了作者的真诚，原来她也未能免俗。

VIRGINIA WOOLF (1882-1941)

【简介】

弗吉尼亚·吴尔夫，小说家、评论家。出身名门，父亲是著名的传记作者、批评家。生长于伦敦，从小耽情海浪，爱恋光景。家学渊源，亲承謦欬，坐拥书城，未受学堂教育。多年寝馈于英国文学和古典文学，读书以喜好为宗旨，得其禀性之所近。交结文坛名流，寓所荟萃一代知识精英，如经济学家凯恩斯、小说家爱·摩·福斯特、诗圣托·斯·艾略特等。她和丈夫创办的贺加斯出版社推出了许多名家的作品。她的写作出于本能，小说创作上反对自然主义，强调"意识流"手法，主张简洁的风格。曾为争取女权大声疾呼。散文方面以人物随笔和批评文字著称，见解卓异，感受真切，可谓出自灵性，别具一格。

【原文】

On a Faithful Friend

There is some impertinence as well as some foolhardiness in the way in which we buy animals for so much gold and silver and call them ours. One cannot help wondering what the silent critic on the hearthrug thinks of our strange conventions — the

would-be purchaser pointed to his collie head and collie body, but terribly Skye-terrier legs — he, we were assured, was no lss a dog than the original Skye — a chieftain of the same importance as the O'Brien① or the O'Connor Don② in human aristocracy. The whole of the Skye-terrier tribe — who, that is, inherited the paternal characteristics — had somehow been swept from the earth; Shag, the sole scion of true Skye blood, remained in an obscure Norfolk village, the property of a low-born blacksmith, who, however, cherished the utmost loyalty for his person, and pressed the claims of his royal birth with such success that we had the honour of buying him for a very substantial sum. He was too great a gentleman to take part in the plebeian work of killing rats for which he was originally needed, but he certainly added, we felt, to the respectability of the family. He seldom went for a walk without punishing the impertinence of middle-class dogs who neglected the homage due to his rank, and we had to enclose the royal jaws in a muzzle long after that restriction was legally unnecessary. As he advanced in middle life he became certainly rather autocratic, not only with his own kind, but with us, his masters and mistresses; such a title though was absurd where Shag was concerned, so we called ourselves his uncles and aunts. The solitary occasion when he found it necessary to inflict marks of his displeasure on human flesh was once when a visitor rashly tried to treat him as an ordinary pet-dog and tempted him with sugar and called him "out of his name" by the contemptible lap-dog title of "Fido". Then Shag, with characteristic independence,

① 威廉·奥布赖恩（1852-1928），爱尔兰政治家，曾任国会议员。
② 奥康纳·唐，即查尔斯·欧文·奥康纳（1838-1906），爱尔兰著名政治家。

refused the sugar and took a satisfactory mouthful of calf instead. But when he felt that he was treated with due respect he was the most faithful of friends. He was not demonstrative; but failing eyesight did not blind him to his master's face, and in his deafness he could still hear his master's voice.

The evil spirit of Shag's life was introduced into the family in the person of an attractive young sheep-dog puppy — who, though of authentic breed, was unhappily without a tail — a fact which Shag could not help remarking with satisfaction. We deluded ourselves into the thought that the young dog might take the place of the son of Shag's old age, and for a time they lived happily together. But Shag had ever been contemptuous of social graces, and had relied for his place in our hearts upon his sterling qualities of honesty and independence; the puppy, however, was a young gentleman of most engaging manners, and, though we tried to be fair, Shag could not help feeling that the young dog got most of our attention. I can see him now, as in a kind of blundering and shamefaced way he lifted one stiff old paw and gave it me to shake, which was one of the young dog's most successful tricks. It almost brought the tears to my eyes. I could not help thinking, though I smiled, of old King Lear. But Shag was too old to acquire new graces; no second place should be his, and he determined that the matter should be decided by force. So after some weeks of growing tension the battle was fought; they went for each other with white teeth gleaming — Shag was the aggressor — and rolled round and round on the grass, locked in each other's grip. When at last we got them apart, blood was running, hair was flying, and hoth dogs bore scars. Peace after that was impossible; they had but to see each other to growl and stiffen; the

question was — Who was the conqueror? Who was to stay and who to go? The decision we came to was base, unjust, and yet, perhaps, excusable. The old dog has had his day, we said, he must give place to the new generation. So old Shag was deposed, and sent to a kind of dignified dowerhouse at Parson's-green, and the young dog reigned in his stead. Year after year passed, and we never saw the old friend who had known us in the days of our youth; but in the summer holidays he revisited the house in our absence with the caretaker. And so time went on till this last year, which, though we did not know it, was to be the last year of his life. Then, one winter's night, at a time of great sickness and anxiety, a dog was heard barking repeatedly, with the bark of a dog who waits to be let in, outside our kitchen-door. It was many years since that bark had been heard, and only one person in the kitchen was able to recognise it now. She opened the door, and in walked Shag, now almost quite blind and stone deaf, as he had walked in many times before, and, looking neither to right nor left, went to his old corner by the fireside, where he curled up and fell asleep without a sound. If she usurper saw him he slunk guiltily away, for Shag was past fighting for his rights any more. We shall never know — it is one of the many things that we can never know — what strange wave of memory or sympathetic instinct it was that drew Shag from the house where he had lodged for years to seek again the familiar doorstep of his master's home. And it befell that Shag was the last of the family to live in the old house, for it was in crossing the road which leads to the gardens where he was taken for his first walks as a puppy, and bit all the other dogs and frightened all the babies in their perambulators, that he met his death. The blind, deaf dog neither

纯的环境中汲取来的是一种什么样的野性，或者究竟从谁那儿，我们学会了在喝茶时要一块糖，是从潘神，还是山林水泽的仙女，抑或德律阿得斯神那儿？

我觉得我们在驯养失去的朋友沙格时，并没有那种负罪感。他是一条天性爱交际的狗，在人类社会中有着近乎相对应的人物。我能想见出他在俱乐部的圆肚窗下吸着雪茄，惬意地伸长了腿，一面与一位同伴谈论着交易所最新的消息。他最好的朋友也无法说他有什么浪漫或神秘的动物性，但正因为如此，他就成了人类更合适的伙伴。然而，他是带了富有浪漫气息的纯种血统到我们家来的。当时，我们那位未来的主顾一见他的身价就吓了一跳，指了指他柯利牧羊犬式的头和身体，以及那可怕地属于㹴狗的腿。卖主向我们保证，他是道地的纯种㹴狗——是一位族长，与人类贵族社会中的奥布赖恩或奥康纳·唐之流同样显赫。整个㹴狗族，也就是继承了父系特征的㹴狗，不知怎地在地球上已消失殆尽。沙格是纯㹴狗血统仅存的后裔，生活在诺福克郡一个默默无闻的村子里，属于一位出身低微的铁匠的财产，这铁匠一片忠心，再三强调那㹴狗出身高贵，并一举获得成功，让我们花了一大笔钱买了他，还深感荣幸。这㹴狗是一位十足的绅士，不屑于干捉老鼠之类的平民活儿，尽管这原是他的本行。不过我们觉得，他确实为家里增添了名声。他出去散步，很少不惩罚那些对他的地位失敬的无礼的中产阶级狗，弄得我们只好用口套把他高贵的下巴套住，尽管从法律上来说，这种限制早就没有必要了。步入中年后，他越发变得专横起来，不仅对他的同类，而且对我们男女主人也是如此。对沙格来说，我们以主人自称是荒唐的，所以就改称叔叔和婶婶。孤独的时刻，沙格会觉得有必要把自己内心的不快，在人的肉体上强留下印迹，有一回就是如此。一位来客轻率地把他当成了普通宠物，用糖块逗他，唤了他另外一个名字，一条名叫“法多”的卑贱的叭儿狗的名字。随后，沙格露出了那种我行我素的个性，拒绝了糖

块，在那人腿肚子上狠狠地咬了一口。不过，沙格觉得自己受到了应有的尊重时，便会成为一个最忠实的朋友。他情感不外露。然而，他视力虽已衰退，却仍能看见主人的脸；两耳虽已失聪，却依然听得清主人的声音。

沙格生活中的幽灵被请进了家里，那是条引人注目的小牧羊狗，虽是纯血统，却不幸少了条尾巴，沙格不无得意地觉察到了。我们自欺欺人地相信，这条小狗可以充当老年沙格的犬子。他们一度也相安无事。但沙格一向鄙视社交场中的风度，光凭诚实独立的优秀品格，取得在我们心目中的地位。而这条小狗，却是一位风度迷人的年青绅士。虽然我们尽量公平对待，但沙格还是感觉到那条小狗最得宠。此刻我恍惚还能看到沙格笨拙而羞怯地伸出僵硬衰老的脚爪，让我握住它，因为这个动作是小狗的拿手好戏。我差点落下了眼泪，虽然面露笑容，却禁不住想起了年老的李尔王。然而沙格太老了，学不会新的社交风度，却又不愿甘拜下风，于是决计用武力来解决问题。因此，度过了剑拔弩张的几周之后，彼此便干了一仗。他们都露出白晃晃的牙齿扑向对方——沙格先发制人——在草地上滚来滚去，咬成了一团。我们终于把他们分开时，只见鲜血淋漓，毛发乱飞，两条狗都落下了伤痕。打那以后，日子就不太平了。他们一见面就咆哮，就浑身发僵。但问题在于谁是征服者呢？谁该留，谁该走？我们作出的决定是可鄙而不公正的，但也是情有可原的。我们认为，老狗已有过辉煌的日子，该让位给新一代了。于是老沙格给处理掉了，送到了帕森公园一位颇为体面的寡妇的房子里，而小狗也就取代了他的地位。年复一年过去，我们再也没有见到这位我们年青时代彼此相熟的老朋友了。但在夏天的假日里，我们外出，留下看门人在家时，他再次登门了。时间就这样一年年过去，直到去年，我们事先并不知道，那是沙格一生中最后一个年头了。某个冬夜，一个忧心忡忡、令人厌烦的时刻，厨房门外反复传来了呜呜的狗叫声，是狗等着人开门的吠声。这

种声音已经多年没有听到了，当时厨房里只有一个人能辨认得出来。她一开门，沙格便窜了进来，跟以往多次进屋时一样，几乎全瞎全聋了。他没有左顾右盼，却径直到了火炉边早先占有的角落，蜷缩着，不声不响地睡着了。要是被他的篡位者撞见，他就像犯了罪似的偷偷溜走，因为沙格已无力为自己的权利搏斗了。我们永远都无法知道——那是无数永远不清楚的事情之一——是什么奇怪的记忆的波澜，或是可爱的本能，把他从落脚多年的住所吸引过来，再度寻找他所熟悉的主人的门槛。沙格是家族中最后一名老房子的住客，因为正是在穿过通往花园的马路时，他遇到了自己的末日。当年他还是一条小狗时就被带到这花园里来散步，在这里他咬了所有的狗，吓坏了童车中所有的婴儿。而如今这条又瞎又聋的狗，既看不见马车，也听不见车声，车轮从他身上辗了过去，立即结束了他就是活着也难以愉快地苟延残喘的生命。与其了结在毒气室中，或是毒死在马厩里，倒还不如死在外面的马蹄下和轮子底下。

就这样我们告别了一位亲爱的忠实朋友，他的美德我们铭记不忘——而狗类是很少有过错的。

【赏析】

吴尔夫的随笔题材十分广泛，样式也是多种多样。这篇文字和《飞蛾之死》一样，写得情深意浓，寄托了主人对忠实于她的朋友老狗沙格的无限哀思。人为万物之灵长，人与动物有相通之处，可以交流，引为知己。在作者的眼里，波斯猫成了“无言的批评家”，近世诞生的文明或许它会一笑置之，古今的朝代兴衰或许它也记忆犹新。

本文的结构相当简单，第一段作者有感于人们对待动物的荒唐态度，所以开头没有引入正题，而是泛泛而谈。先是回

顾人类在早期是把动物奉为神明的，如今却要动物向人类靠拢，吴尔夫对改变动物本性的做法提出了非议和责难。第二、三两段描写了沙格的身世，从他的血统谈到他的末日。我们看到的是一条很通人性的狗，具有交际的禀性，所以能够成为人的伙伴和朋友。作者仅仅记述了一件小事，客人拿糖果去逗他而又不叫他自己的名字，于是被咬了一口，从中推出了一个结论：狗在得到应有的尊重时才会成为忠实的朋友。第三段写了沙格的老年凄凉的情景和不幸死亡的经过。作者坦白地进行了反省，承认把老沙格送走是不公正的。沙格在生命的尽头仍然回到主人的家中。行文至此，作者才意在言外地点明文章的主旨：忠实的狗是忠实的朋友。读者至此，不由而然地感觉到吴尔夫的天性之厚，情感之诚。第四段以一句话收尾，在永别了沙格的同时，一则表明要铭记沙格的美德，一则提醒人们狗是很少有过错的。这里的言下之意读者当然不难领会。

D. H. LAWRENCE (1885-1930)

【简介】

戴·赫·劳伦斯，小说家、诗人和散文家。出身于矿工家庭，早期当过教书匠，第一部小说《白孔雀》问世后即以写作为生。好游历，足迹遍及欧美各国。劳伦斯终身生活动荡，时常陷入贫病交困的境地，但一直作文不辍，终于成为当代英国小说界的台柱作家。他的作品大多基于个人的经历和体验，带有浓厚的自传色彩。他严厉鞭笞了现代文明和工业社会，充溢着向往自然的情怀，常以男女关系为焦点，善于描写心理活动，渲染气氛，情景浑然一体。代表作有《儿子与情人》、《恋爱中的女人》、《查特莱夫人的情人》等。此外散文、文艺批评、短篇小说等也颇多佳作。

【原文】

Insouciance

My balcony is on the east side of the hotel, and my neighbours on the right are a Frenchman, white-haired, and his white-haired wife; my neighbours on the left are two little white-haired English ladies. And we are all mortally shy of one

another.

When I peep out of my room in the morning and see the matronly French lady in a purple silk wrapper, standing like the captain on the bridge surveying the morning, I pop in again before she can see me. And whenever I emerge during the day, I am aware of the two little white-haired ladies popping back like two white rabbits, so that literally I only see the whisk of their skirt-hems.

This afternoon being hot and thundery, I woke up suddenly and went out on the balcony barefoot. There I sat serenely contemplating the world, and ignoring the two bundles of feet of the two little ladies which protruded from their open doorways, upon the end of the two *chaises longues*. A hot, still afternoon! the lake shining rather glassy away below, the mountains rather sulky, the greenness very green, all a little silent and lurid, and two mowers mowing with scythes, downhill just near: *slush*! *slush*! sound the scythe-strokes.

The two little ladies become aware of my presence. I become aware of a certain agitation in the two bundles of feet wrapped in two discreet steamer rugs and protruding on the end of two *chaises longues* from the pair of doorways upon the balcony next me. One bundle of feet suddenly disappears; so does the other. Silence!

Then lo! with odd sliding suddenness a little white-haired lady in grey silk, with round blue eyes, emerges and looks straight at me, and remarks that it is pleasant now. A little cooler, say I, with false amiability. She quite agrees, and we speak of the men mowing; how plainly one hears the long breaths of the scythes!

By now we are *tête-à-tête*. We speak of cherries, straw-

berries, and the promise of the vine crop. This somehow leads to Italy, and to Signor Mussolini. Before I know where I am, the little white-haired lady has swept me off my balcony, away from the glassy lake, the veiled mountains, the two men mowing, and the cherry trees, away into the troubled ether of international politics.

I am not allowed to sit like a dandelion on my own stem. The little lady in a breath blows me abroad. And I was so pleasantly musing over the two men mowing: the young one, with long legs in bright blue cotton trousers, and with bare black head, swinging so lightly downhill, and the other, in black trousers, rather stout in front, and wearing a new straw hat[①] of the boater variety, coming rather stiffly after, crunching the end of his stroke with a certain violent effort.

I was watching the curiously different motions of the two men, the young thin one in bright blue trousers, the elderly fat one in shabby black trousers that stick out in front, the different amount of effort in their mowing, the lack of grace in the elderly one, his jerky advance, the unpleasant effect of the new 'boater' on his head — and I tried to interest the little lady.

But it meant nothing to her. The mowers, the mountains, the cherry trees, the lake, all the things that were *actually* there, she didn't care about. They even seemed to scare her off the balcony. But she held her ground, and instead of herself being scared away, she snatched me up like some ogress, and swept me off into the empty desert spaces of right and wrong, politics, Fascism and the rest.

The worst ogress couldn't have treated me more villainous-

① 指平顶阔边的硬草帽。

ly. I don't care about right and wrong, politics, Fascism, abstract liberty or anything else of the sort. I want to look at the mowers, and wonder why fatness, elderliness and black trousers should inevitably wear a new straw hat of the boater variety, move in stiff jerks, shove the end of the scythe-stroke with a certain violence, and win my hearty disapproval, as contrasted with young long thinness, bright blue cotton trousers, a bare black head, and a pretty lifting movement at the end of the scythe-stroke.

Why do modern people almost invariably ignore the things that are actually present to them? Why, having come out from England to find mountains, lakes, scythe-mowers and cherry trees, does the little blue-eyed lady resolutely close her blue eyes to them all, now she's got them, and gaze away to Signor Mussolini, whom she hasn't got, and to Fascism, which is invisible anyhow? Why isn't she content to be where she is? Why can't she be happy with what she's got? Why must she *care*?

I see now why her round blue eyes are so round, so noticeably round. It is because she 'cares'. She is haunted by that mysterious bugbear of 'caring'. For everything on earth that doesn't concern her she 'cares'. She cares terribly because far-off, invisible, hypothetical Italians wear black shirts①, but she doesn't care a rap that one elderly mower whose stroke she can hear, wears black trousers instead of bright blue cotton ones. Now if she would descend from the balcony and climb the

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① 意大利法西斯主义者又称黑衫党。本文写于1928年，离希特勒上台有四五年，但是墨索里尼早已掌权，而且就在这一年已将议会式政府改变为独裁政府。可见作者对于世界的感性接受很灵敏，对政治形势却并不敏感。可惜两年后1930年他就死了，没有机会认识到不关心意大利人穿黑衫的主张不仅错误，而且根本不可能做到。

grassy slope and say to the fat mower: '*Cher monsieur, pour quoi portez-vous les pontalons noirs*? Why, oh, why do you wear black trousers?' — then I should say: What an on-the-spot little lady! — But since she only torments me with international politics, I can only remark: What a tiresome off-the-spot old woman!

They care! They simply are eaten up with caring. They are so busy caring about Fascism or Leagues of Nations or whether France is right or whether Marriage is threatened, that they never know where they are. They certainly never live on the spot where they are. They inhabit an abstract space, the desert void of politics, principles, right and wrong, and so forth. They are doomed to be abstract. Talking to them is like trying to have a human relationship with the letter x in algebra.

There simply is a deadly breach between actual living and this abstract caring. What is actual living? It is a question mostly of direct contact. There was a direct sensuous contact between me, the lake, mountains, cherry trees, mowers, and a certain invisible but noisy chaffinch in a clipped lime tree. All this was cut off by the fatal shears of that abstract word Fascism, and the little old lady next door was the Atropos① who cut the threat of my actual life this afternoon. She beheaded me, and flung my head into abstract space. Then we are supposed to love our neighbours!

When it comes to living, we live through our instincts and our intuitions. Instinct makes me run from little over-earnest ladies; instinct makes me sniff the lime blossom and reach for

① 希腊神话命运三女神中最长者,专司用大剪刀剪断人的命脉。

the darkest cherry. But it is intuition which makes me feel the uncanny glassiness of the lake this afternoon, the sulkiness of the mountains, the vividness of near green in thunder-sun, the young man in bright blue trousers lightly tossing the grass from the scythe, the elderly man in a boater stiffly shoving his scythe-strokes both of them sweating in the silence of the intense light.

【译文】

闲 情 逸 致

程雨民 译

我的阳台在旅馆的东面，我右边的邻居是个白发的法国人，还有他白发的夫人；我左面的邻居是两位白发矮小的英国女士。我们都相互躲着，害臊得什么似的。

早晨我从自己房间向外窥测，一眼瞥见那位老夫人类型的法国太太正穿着紫色的绸袍像船长般站着眺望晨景，于是趁她还没有看见，赶快缩了回来。而白天不管我什么时候探出身来，总能感到那两位白发矮小的女士像两只小白兔似地一蹦缩了回去，切实能看到的只是她们裙子下摆的甩动。

这天下午很热，像要下雷雨。我突然醒来，赤着脚走上阳台。我坐下来，静心地注视着这世界，没有在意有两双伸直的腿正搁在两张躺椅的末端，从那两位矮小女士开着的门框中伸在外面。一个炎热而宁静的下午！下面远处湖上的反光像面镜子，山色阴霾，浓荫映绿，一切都带着几分静寂和浓抹的色调，山下近处两个割草人正挥动大镰刀：唰！唰！，那是镰刀

有一切有实体的东西,她都毫不关心。它们甚至仿佛要把她从阳台上吓回去。但是她守住了阵地,没有让自己被吓跑,反而像女妖似地把我抓走,带进了辨别是非、论断曲直、谈政治、讲法西斯等等的空漠枯燥的境地。

最坏的妖妇也不可能以更邪恶的方法来对待我。我不关心善与恶、政治与法西斯、抽象的自由以及诸如此类的其他东西。我要看那两个刈草人,要思考为什么发胖、年龄增大和黑色的裤子必然会戴一顶船夫式的新草帽、直挺挺地蹒跚着走动、一镰刀挥出去临了要使劲抽一下,这些与年轻瘦长、浅蓝色布裤、黑发的光头和每一镰刀末了姿势优美地往上一提相比,叫我由衷地感到不敢赞同。

为什么现代人几乎一概无视出现在他们眼前的有实体的东西?为什么这位矮小的蓝眼睛女士,既然是从英国出来看山川湖泊、刈草人和樱桃树的,而现在找到了它们,却要坚决地闭起她的蓝眼睛不看它们,而把视线指向她并未见过的墨索里尼先生,以及根本无法见到的法西斯主义?为什么她不满足于眼前的处境?为什么她不能对已经得到的感到知足?为什么她必须关心?

现在我知道了,为什么她的眼睛这么圆,这么惹眼地圆。是因为她"关心"。她染上了神秘的"关心"病。凡是跟她无关的,她都"关心"。她非常之关心遥远的、看不见的、假设的意大利人,因为他们穿上了黑衬衫,但是她却毫不关心在她耳边挥动镰刀的一位老汉没有穿浅蓝的布裤而穿了黑色的裤子。要是她这时候走下阳台,爬上野草丛生的山坡,对那肥胖的刈草人说:"*Cher monsieur, pourquoi portez-vous les pantalons noirs*?(亲爱的先生,为什么你穿黑色的裤子?)为什么,啊,为什么你穿黑裤子?"——那么你就说:这可真是位深入现场的矮小女士!——但是,既然她只是用国际政治来折磨我,我只能说:这可真是位讨厌的远离现场的老女人!

他们关心!他们简直已经被关心所销蚀。他们是如此之

忙于关心法西斯，关心国联，关心法国是否有理，关心婚姻制度是否受到了威胁，以致于从来意识不到身处何地。他们肯定地并不生活在他们所在之地。他们存活在一个抽象的空间，一个政治、原则、是非等等的荒无所有的空洞之境。他们摆脱不了抽象的厄运。同他们谈话就像试图用代数里的 x 符号来培养人际关系。

简单地说，在真实的生活和这种抽象的关心之间有着天壤之别。什么是真实的生活？真实生活主要靠直接接触。在我同湖泊、山脉、樱桃树、刈草人，还有同那看不见却躲在修剪过的酸橙树中聒噪的苍头燕雀，都有直接的感官接触。而法西斯主义这个抽象词汇，就像一把命运的大剪刀，把这一切接触都剪断了；这位隔壁房里矮小的老年女士，就是今天下午剪断我真实生活命脉的阿特洛波斯命运女神。她将我斩首，把我的头扔向了抽象的空间。还说什么我们要爱我们的邻居呢！

说到生活，我们是通过我们的本能和直觉来生活的。本能使得我要躲开过分热心的矮小女士们；本能使我要闻酸橙树开的花，伸手采摘颜色最深的樱桃。而直觉使我感受到今天下午似镜的湖面、阴霾的山色、雷雨天太阳照耀下近旁绿地的生气、穿着浅蓝色裤子轻松地用镰刀掀起草丛的青年人、戴着船夫帽直挺挺挥动镰刀的老汉，他们两个都在炽烈的阳光中默默地流着汗。

【赏析】

这篇随笔不妨视为对待自然和社会的两种人生观的真实写照，同样置身于远离都市的环境之中，作者与两位女同胞的态度却形成了鲜明的对比。文章富于生活情趣，轻松活泼，笔调亦庄亦谐。但是作者寄寓了一定的道德意蕴，言语之间反

映了劳伦斯的一个基本思想:现代人生活的可悲之处在于失去了体验造化的能力,成天在空洞抽象的思维中过日子。

从全文来看,标题具有双关意味。一方面作者以为,大家应该直接感受自然的一草一木,没有“闲情逸致”去关心什么人世间的是是非非,或者过问国际政治时事。而另一方面呢,两位英国女士却对湖光山色无动于衷,相反对于世界政治舞台的动态十分关心,颇有几分“闲情逸致”。一旦失去了本来应该属于的自然“阵地”,便会陷入空谈政治的枯燥“境地”。这是本文的旨趣所在。

作者向往自然,不堪世缘,原来打算借旅游之际洗涤尘心,在风景如画的一片净土求得片时的安宁。岂料那位女士俗不可耐,非要把他拖入“乌烟瘴气之中”。她竟对墨索里尼大感兴趣,完全破坏了他游山玩水的雅兴,从而引发出了他的一番感慨。值得指出的是,作者将自然与社会割裂开来的态度并不是可取的,人终究脱离不了政治。

JOYCE CARY (1888-1957)

【简介】

乔伊斯·凯利,作家。少时曾在爱丁堡和巴黎学画习艺,后在牛津三一学院主攻法律. 第一次世界大战期间服役,后任尼日利亚地方官。二十年代定居牛津,开始写作短篇小说,刊载于美国的《星期六晚邮报》。1932 年起才发表长篇作品,早期的"非洲作品"如小说《约翰逊先生》等反映了作者的经历。他打破了三部曲小说的传统形式,每一部改为由新的主人公来自述。凯利的长篇小说的特点是关注艺术本身,代表作三部曲笔调幽默,表现了现代英国社会政治方面的变革。另有短篇和诗集多种。

【原文】

The Artist and the World

This is an attempt to examine the relation of the artist with the world as it seems to him, and to see what he does with it. That is to say, on the one side with what is called the artist's intuition, on the other with his production, or the work of art.

and named it pretty often already. But Housman[1], as poet, fixed his vision of the cherry tree before it had changed into just another tree in blossom.

Housman fixed it for himself and us, but not by an immediate act, indistinguishable from the intuition. He had to go to work and find words, images, rhyme, which embodied his feeling about the tree, which fixed down its meaning for him, so that he could have it again when he wanted it, and also give it to us. He made a work of art, but he made it by work.

So for the painter, when he has his new, his magic landscape in front of him; he has to fix it down. And at once he is up against enormous difficulties. He has only his paints and brushes, and a flat piece of canvas with which to convey a sensation, a feeling, about a three-dimensional world. He has somehow to translate an intuition from real objects into a formal and ideal arrangement of colours and shapes, which will still, mysteriously, fix and convey his sense of the unique quality, the magic of these objects in their own private existence. That is to say, he has a job that requires thought, skill, and a lot of experience.

As for the novelist, his case is even worse. He starts also with his intuition, his discovery; as when Conrad[2], in an Eastern port, saw a young officer come out from a trial in which he had been found guilty of a cowardly desertion of his ship and its passengers after a collision. The young man had lost his honour and Conrad realised all at once what that meant

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① 阿尔弗雷德·爱德华·豪斯曼 (1859-1936)，英国诗人、拉丁文学者，曾出版诗集《最后的诗》等。

② 约瑟夫·康拉德(1857-1924)，英国小说家，当过水手、船长。

to him, and he wrote *Lord Jim* to fix and communicate that discovery in its full force.

For that he had to invent characters, descriptions, a plot. All these details, as with the painter, had to enforce the impression, the feeling that he wanted to convey. The reader had to *feel*, at the end of the tale, 'That is important, that is true'. It's no good if he says, 'I suppose that is true, but I've heard it before'. In that case Conrad has failed, at least with that reader. For his object was to give the reader the same discovery, to make him feel what it meant to that young man to lose his honour, and how important honour is to men.

And to get this sharp and strong feeling, the reader must not be confused by side issues. All the scenes and characters, all the events in the book, must contribute to the total effect, the total meaning. The book must give the sense of an actual world with real characters. Otherwise they won't engage the reader's sympathy, his feelings will never be concerned at all.

But actual life is not like that, it doesn't have a total meaning, it is simply a wild confusion of events from which we have to select what we think significant for ourselves. Look at any morning paper. It makes no sense at all — it means nothing but chaos. We read only what we think important; that is to say, we provide our own sense to the news. We have to do so because otherwise it wouldn't be there. To do this, we have to have some standard of valuation, we have to know whether the political event is more important than a murder, or a divorce than the stock market, or the stock market than who won the Derby[①].

① 始于1780年的英国传统马赛之一，每年六月在萨里郡埃普索姆唐斯举行。

The writer, in short, has to find some meaning in life before he gives it to us in a book. And his subject-matter is much more confused than that of a painter. Of course, in this respect, everyone is in the same boat. Everyone, not only the writer, is presented with the same chaos, and is obliged to form his own idea of the world, of what matters and what doesn't matter. He has to do it, from earliest childhood, for his own safety. And if he gets it wrong, if his idea does not accord with reality, he will suffer for it. A friend of mine, as a child, thought he could fly, and jumped off the roof. Luckily he came down in a flower-bed and only broke a leg.

This seems to contradict what I said just now about the chaos which stands before us every morning. For the boy who failed to fly did not suffer only from bad luck. He affronted a law of gravity, a permanent part of a reality objective to him. As we know very well, underneath the chaos of events, there are laws, or if you like consistencies, both of fact and feeling. What science calls matter, that is to say, certain fixed characteristics of being, presents us with a whole framework of reality which we defy at our peril. Wrong ideas about gravity or the wholesomeness of prussic acid① are always fatal.

So, too, human nature and its social relations present certain constants. Asylums and gaols are full of people who have forgotten or ignored them. On the other hand, we can still comprehend and enjoy palaeolithic art and Homer. Homer's heroes had the same kind of nature as our own.

These human constants are also a part of reality objective to us, that is, a permanent character of the world as we know

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① 一种有剧毒的化学物。

it. So we have a reality consisting of permanent and highly obstinate facts, and permanent and highly obstinate human nature. And human nature is always in conflict with material facts, although men are themselves most curious combinations of fact and feeling, and actually require the machinery of their organism to realise their emotions, their desires and ambitions. Though the ghost could not exist without the machine which is at once its material form, its servant, its limitation, its perfection and its traitor, it is always trying to get more power over it, to change it.

Men have in fact obtained more power over matter, but to change it is impossible. It may be said that all works of art, all ideas of life, all philosophies are 'As if', but I am suggesting that they can be checked with an objective reality. They might be called propositions for truth and their truth can be decided by their correspondence with the real. Man can't change the elemental characters. If you could, the world would probably vanish into nothing. But because of their very permanence, you can assemble them into new forms. You can build new houses with the bricks they used for the oldest Rome, because they are still bricks. For bricks that could stop being bricks at will would be no good to the architect. And a heart that stopped beating at its own will would be no good to the artist. The creative soul needs the machine, as the living world needs a fixed character, or it could not exist at all. It would be merely an idea. But by a paradox we have to accept, part of this fixed character is the free mind, the creative imagination, in everlasting conflict with facts, including its own machinery, its own tools.

【译文】

艺术家与世界

谈瀛洲　译

本文是想探讨艺术家和他心目中的世界之间的关系，看看他是如何对待它的。也就是说，一方面是被称作艺术家的直觉的那种东西，另一方面是他的作品或艺术品。

我讨论这一问题的唯一资格，是关于两门艺术有一些来自实践的知识。关于美学原理我所知甚少，所以我将尽量根据实践经验来讨论。

艺术家、画家、作家或作曲家都是从像是一种发现那样的体验出发开始其创作的，这种说法完全是对的。他获得这种体验时感觉就像是有所发现；实际上，更确切地说是这种感觉作为某种发现抓住了他。它使他感到意外。这就是一般所说的直觉或灵感。它总是伴随着一种直接的感觉。比如，你去田野里漫步，突然田野向你呈现出全新的面貌：它会突然变成这样，让你感觉非同寻常。莫奈在年轻时就碰上了这样的情形。田野在他看来，突然已不是覆盖着青草或是有用的庄稼、长着零星的树木的平面实体，而是有着惊人的繁多种类和微妙层次的色彩。这给了他一种欢愉的、全新的快感。这是极其令人振奋的发现，尤其因为发现的是真实存在的东西。我的意思是它是独立于莫奈而存在的东西。这，当然，就是快乐的一半来源。莫奈发现了一条关于真实世界的真理。

从发现属于或关于世界的某样新东西中得到的快乐是自然而古老的东西。所有儿童都有这种能力。它经常持续到二十岁或二十五岁，甚至持续一生。

早在学会说话之前，儿童就从探索世界中获得乐趣，这一点十分显然。他们几乎把自己的所有时间都花在这上面。我们并不谈论他们的直觉，但这其实跟艺术家的直觉是一样的。这就是说，它是关于实际存在的世界的直接知识，是对事物、性质、表象的直接了解，而这就是艺术家和作家的基本知识。发现的快乐是他们的出发点。

克罗齐也许是最有意思的美学家，他说艺术就是直觉。但他也说过，直觉与表现是一回事。他的看法是，我们并不知道自己直觉到了什么，直到我们给它命了名，或赋予了它形式的特性，这种活动本质上便是艺术的任务。

但艺术家或作家可不是这么觉得的。对他们来说，直觉和艺术品完全是两码事。因为艺术品的本质就是它是劳动，而且是很艰苦的劳动。让我们回到画家身上来吧。在他获得直觉，有所发现之后，他迫切地想探索它，表现它，把它固定下来。因为直觉很容易转瞬即逝，至少在成年的、受过教育的人身上是这样。当华兹华斯提到那些直觉消失在平凡的白昼的阳光里时，他说的就是这个意思。

我说过，发现的欢乐通常在大约二十岁以后就消失了。这完全是从观察中得来的真理；我们从自己的经验中就可以知道。在春日以特有的外形呈现在我们眼前的美妙物体，很容易转眼就变成不过是又一株樱花，变成一个常见物种的一个普通样本。我们早已见过它，常常提到它的名字。但豪斯曼，作为诗人，在它变成不过是又一株樱花之前，就把他眼中的樱花固定了下来。

但豪斯曼不是通过无法与直觉相区别的无中介的活动，为他自己和为我们把它固定下来的。他必须去劳动，找到体现他对那株树的感觉的，替他把它的意义固定下来的词语、意象、韵脚，这样当他需要它的时候就可以再次得到它，还可以把它传递给我们。他创作了一件艺术品，但他是通过劳动把它创作出来的。

所以,对画家来说,当他面对新奇、美妙的风景时,他必须把它固定来来。这样他就马上面临巨大的困难。他拥有的只是他的颜料与画笔,还有一块平面的画布,用来传达关于一个三维世界的感觉、感情。他必须设法把对真实物体的直觉转变成色彩与形状的形式化与理想化的安排,而这种安排仍会神秘地固定与传达那些独立存在的物体的独有特性与魅力。这就是说,他的任务需要动脑筋,需要技巧和需要很多的经验。

对小说家来说,他的情形更糟。他也从直觉或发现开始;就像康拉德在东方的一个港口里,看见一个年轻的高级船员受审出来,他被判犯有撞船后胆怯地逃离客船和乘客的罪行。这个年轻人名誉扫地,就在这一瞬间,康拉德意识到了这对他意味着什么,于是他写了《吉姆爷》来固定与传达这一发现的全部感染力。

为此他必须创造人物、描写、情节。和画家面临的情形一样,所有这些细节必须强调他试图传达的那种印象和感情。读者在读完故事以后,必须感觉到,"那很重要,那是真的"。要是他说"我觉得这可能是真的,但我以前听说过它",这就不妙了。如果那样的话康拉德就失败了,至少在那个读者身上。因为他的目的是要让读者作出同样的发现,让他感觉到对那个年轻人来说名誉扫地意味着什么,感觉到对男人来说名誉是多么重要。

为了让读者得到这一深刻、强烈的感受,不能让他们给次要问题搞糊涂。所有的背景和人物,书中的所有事件,必须为总体的效果、总体的意义服务。这本书必须给人以真实世界中的真实人物的感觉。不然他们不会吸引读者的同情,他的感情一点也不会被打动。

但实际生活不是这样的,它没有总体的意义,它只是一团混乱的事件,从中我们必须筛选出我们认为对自己有意义的。随便拿起一张晨报看看。它毫无意义——它的意义只是混

实与情感的最奇特组合，而且实际上有赖于他的机体的机制来实现他的感情、欲望与抱负。机体同时是灵魂的物质形式、仆人、局限、完美形态与叛徒，尽管灵魂不可能脱离机体而存在，它总是试图获得对它更大的控制权，试图改变它。

人的确对物质获得了更大权力，但要改变它是不可能的。也许有人会说所有艺术品，所有生活理想，所有哲学都是建立在"假设"之上的，但我想指出的是它们可以用客观现实来检验。它们可以被称作真理的命题，它们的真实性可以根据它们与现实是否符合来判定。人不能改变世界的基本性质。如果你能的话，世界也许会消失得无影无踪。但正是因为这些基本性质的恒久性，你可以用新的形式把它们组合起来。你可以拿用于建造最古老的罗马城的砖头去建造新的房屋，因为它们仍然是砖头。可以任意地不成其为砖头的砖头对建筑师来说一点用处也没有。而可以任意地停止跳动的心脏对艺术家也毫无用处。创造性的灵魂需要机体，就像有生命的世界需要固定的性质，不然它就根本不可能存在。它就只能是一种理念。但矛盾的是我们必须接受，这种固定性质的一部分便是自由的思想、创造性的想象，它不断地与事实，包括它自己的机制、它自己的工具发生冲突。

【赏析】

这是一篇探究艺术直觉与外部世界相互作用的论说文字，作者通过个人的经验和不同门类艺术家的创作实践，揭示了切身体验对艺术创造的关系。20世纪是文学艺术的理论学说层出不穷的时代，从理查兹的新批评到德里达的解构论，可谓诸家学说忽而一时纷呈，忽而此起彼伏。这种混乱的理论局面往往使人莫知所从，实际上对批评实践起到了负面作用。凯利开宗明义不谈美学和理论，所以他的经验之谈反而

显得清新自然，值得一读。

作者具有较深的艺术修养，同时掌握了不少材料，他从不同的侧面说明了感觉和创作之于艺术作品的重要性。尽管艺术家运用的表现材料各异，有一点却是相通的，即各人都从感觉和发现中汲取艺术灵感，比如画家莫奈眼中的田野，诗人豪斯曼观察到的樱花，小说家康拉德在东方港口的意外发现。毕加索在二十年代的一次访谈中说过，“发现才是关键所在”，同时还指出，“探索的观念往往把绘画引入歧途，也使艺术家在苦思冥想中失去自我”。凯利似乎并不服膺克罗齐一类的美学家，因为后者把艺术与直觉等同视之。凯利重视创作的劳动过程，强调作品要注重总体效果而且必须真实感人。

由于现实界是光怪陆离和纷乱无序的，所以艺术家的任务之一在于选择有意义的东西。凯利的主张有着相当的现实意义，因为他要求作家首先应该从生活中去寻找，然后赋予意义，加以表达。同时他也意在言外地暗示了，人性的不变因素和世界的永恒性质乃是文学艺术的内容，而艺术家则可以运用新颖的形式去进行组合，这里作者表明了自己的艺术观。

but'. How wearily familiar we have become with that 'nothing but space, time, matter and motion', that 'nothing but sex', that 'nothing but economics'! And the no less intolerant 'nothing but spirit', 'nothing but consciousness', 'nothing but psychology' — how boring and tiresome they also are! 'Nothing but' is mean as well as stupid. It lacks generosity. Enough of 'nothing but'. It is time to say again, with primitive common sense (but for better reasons), 'not only, but also'.

Outside my window the night is struggling to wake; in the moonlight, the blinded garden dreams so vividly of its lost colours that the black roses are almost crimson, the trees stand expectantly on the verge of living greenness. The white-washed parapet of the terrace is brilliant against the dark-blue sky. (Does the oasis lie there below, and, beyond the last of the palm trees, is that the desert?) The white walls of the house coldly reverberate the lunar radiance. (Shall I turn to look at the Dolomites[1] rising naked out of the long slopes of snow?) The moon is full. And not only full, but also beautiful. And not only beautiful, but also . . .

Socrates was accused by his enemies of having affirmed, heretically, that the moon was a stone. He denied the accusation. All men, said he, know that the moon is a god, and he agreed with all men. As an answer to the materialistic philosophy of 'nothing but' his retort was sensible and even scientific. More sensible and scientific, for instance, than the retort invented by D. H. Lawrence in that strange book, so true in its psychological substance, so preposterous, very often, in its

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① 位于意大利阿尔卑斯山脉北部东段的群山。

cause. Their sudden and fantastic alternations constitute the ordinary weather of our minds. These moods, of which the more gravely numinous may be hypostasized as gods, the lighter, if we will, as hobgoblins and fairies, are the children of the blood and humours. But the blood and humours obey, among many other masters, the changing moon. Touching the soul directly through the eyes and, indirectly, along the dark channels of the blood, the moon is doubly a divinity. Even dogs and wolves, to judge at least by their nocturnal howlings, seem to feel in some dim bestial fashion a kind of numinous emotion about the full moon. Artemis, the goddess of wild things, is identified in the later mythology with Selene.

Even if we think of the moon as only a stone, we shall find its very stoniness potentially a *numen*. A stone gone cold. An airless, waterless stone and the prophetic image of our own earth when, some few million years from now, the senescent sun shall have lost its present fostering power ... And so on. This passage could easily be prolonged — a Study in Purple. But I forbear. Let every reader lay on as much of the royal rhetorical colour as he finds to his taste. Anyhow, purple or no purple, there the stone is — stony. You cannot think about it for long without finding yourself invaded by one or other of several essentially numinous sentiments. These sentiments belong to one or other of two contrasted and complementary groups. The name of the first family is Sentiments of Human Insignificance, of the second, Sentiments of Human Greatness. Meditating on that derelict stone afloat there in the abyss, you may feel most numinously a worm, abject and futile in the face of wholly incomprehensible immensities. 'The silence of those in-

finite spaces frightens me.'[1] You may feel as Pascal felt. Or, alternatively, you may feel as M. Paul Valery has said that he feels. 'The silence of those infinite spaces does *not* frighten me.' For the spectacle of that stony astronomical moon need not necessarily make you feel like a worm. It may, on the contrary, cause you to rejoice exultantly in your manhood. There floats the stone, the nearest and most familiar symbol of all the astronomical horrors; but the astronomers who discovered those horrors of space and time were men. The universe throws down a challenge to the human spirit; in spite of his insignificance and abjection, man has taken it up. The stone glares down at us out of the black boundlessness, a *memento mori*. But the fact that we know it for a *memento mori* justifies us in feeling a certain human pride. We have a right to our moods of sober exultation.

【译文】

关于月亮的沉思

张承谟 译

唯物主义和心灵主义是“唯一无二”的哲学。我们对“唯一无二的空间、时间、物质和运动”，对“唯一无二的性本能”，对“唯一无二的经济学”已经熟悉到厌烦的程度！还有同样偏

① 这句名言出自布莱·帕斯卡尔(1623-1662)《思想录》，第3篇，第206条。此处英译与法语原句稍有出入，原文为“Le silence éternal de ces espaces infinis m'effraie”。

狭的"唯一无二的精神","唯一无二的意识","唯一无二的心理学"——这些话多么乏味,多么令人厌倦!"唯一无二"论是愚蠢而又卑鄙的。它缺乏宽宏大量。"唯一无二"已经听够了。现在是凭着朴素的常识(倘若没有更好的理由的话)重提"不但,而且"的时候了。

在我的窗外,夜正在挣扎着醒过来;在月光下黯然无色的花园如此生动地梦见它那失去的色彩,以致那些黑色的玫瑰几乎成为深红色,那些满怀期望的树木几乎就要变成鲜艳的翠绿色。用石灰水刷白的露台台墙在深蓝色天空的衬托下显得明亮。(在那边下面是否有一片绿洲,在最后一棵棕榈树外面是否就是沙漠?)房屋的粉墙凛冽地使明月的光辉回荡。(我是否要转身看裸露着的多洛米蒂山从漫长的雪坡后面升起?)那是一轮满月。不但圆,而且美丽。不但美丽,而且……

苏格拉底遭到论敌的谴责,他按照异端的观点断言月亮是一块石头。他否认这种指控。他说所有的人都知道月亮是神,他和所有的人意见一致。作为对"唯一无二的"唯物主义哲学的回答,苏格拉底的反驳合乎情理,甚至具有科学性。比戴·赫·劳伦斯在那本奇书《无意识的幻想》(这本书在心理学内容方面十分正确,而在伪科学形式方面则常常异常荒谬)中所杜撰的反驳更合乎情理,更具有科学性。"月亮",劳伦斯写道,"肯定不是一个像变冷了的地球似的覆盖着积雪的冰冷的天体。那是胡说。月亮是具有动力的物质,如镭或硫,在充满活力的能量的天极上凝结而成的球体。"这种说法的缺点在于凑巧可以证明它是错误的。可以肯定,月亮不是由镭或硫做成的。从物质方面来看,月亮是"一块石头"。劳伦斯因为那些唯一无二论的哲学家们坚持认为月亮只是块石头而生气(而且他生气得有道理)。他知道月亮并不只是块石头;他根据经验知道月亮肯定有它深刻的意义和重要性。可是他试图从错误的方面说明这个根据经验而得出的事实——从物质的

方面，而不是从精神的方面。说月亮是由镭做成的是胡说八道。但和苏格拉底一致，说月亮是由神的原料做成的则完全正确。当然，没有任何东西妨碍月亮既是一块石头又是一位神。证明月亮是石头而不是镭的证据可以在任何一部儿童百科全书中找到。然而，证明月亮的神性的证据具有同样的说服力。这种证据可能从我们的经历中，从诗人们的作品中，而且甚至可能从某些生理学和医学的教科书中摘录出来。

但这种“神性”是什么？我们怎样给“神”下定义？用心理学术语来表达(这些术语是原始的——即无法解释的)，神是某种给我们以奇怪感情的东西，那种奇怪感情奥托教授称之为“numinous”(“神圣的”；此词源于拉丁语的 *numen*，意思是超自然的本体)。神圣的感情是原始的神的原料，那些善于制定理论的人从这种神的原料中提取出构成各民族所信奉的众神中的具有个性的神，提取出上帝的各种特性。一旦成为理论，神学又反过来唤起神圣的感情。这样，人们面对神秘而危险的宇宙时所感到的恐怖使他们假定有愤怒的神存在；于是他们以后想到愤怒的神时就会感到恐怖，即使宇宙暂时并没有给予使之恐怖的原因。感情，理性化，感情——这个过程周而复始，继续不断。人类的宗教生活是按照热水供应系统的原理来运行的。

月亮是块石头；但它是块极为神圣的石头。或者说得更确切些，月亮是块能使男人和女人对它产生神圣感情，或是由于它才具有神圣感情的石头。这样，有柔和的月光，它能给我们以超越于理解能力的安宁。有寒冷而严峻的月光，它向灵魂倾诉它的寂寞和绝对的孤独，它的微不足道和肮脏不洁。有多情的月光，它促使人去爱——不但爱个人，而且有时甚至爱整个宇宙。但月亮除了通过眼睛的窗户照进心灵外，还照在身体上。月亮直接影响灵魂；但它还能够通过难以理解而迂回曲折的途径——通过血液——影响灵魂。人类中半数的人明显地服从于月亮的节奏而生活着；还有证据表明，不仅女

人的生理生活，而且男人的生理生活——因而也是男人和女人的精神生活——也都是神秘地随着月亮的盈缺而消长。因此会出现没有理由的喜悦，莫明其妙的痛苦和毫无原因的欢笑和悔恨。这些突然而荒诞的交替变化构成我们通常的情绪变化。这些情绪是血液和体液的产物，其中严肃而神圣的可能被看成是神，其中轻盈而愉快的可能被看成是小妖精和小仙人。但血液和体液听从许多主人的指挥，主人中也包括不断盈缺的月亮。月亮通过眼睛直接和灵魂接触，沿着血液的神秘渠道间接和灵魂接触，因此月亮是双重的神。根据狗和狼在夜里的嗥叫来判断，甚至它们似乎也能够以野兽的朦胧的方式感觉到某种对满月的神圣情感。主管野兽的狩猎女神阿尔忒弥斯在后来的神话中和月亮女神塞勒涅成为一体。

我们即使把月亮想象为仅仅是一块石头，也会发现它的石头性质是个潜在的神。一块变冷了的石头。一块没有空气环绕、不含水份的石头，它预示我们的地球在未来的形象，那时距离现在有几百万年，那时衰老的太阳已经丧失它养育万物的能力……如此等等。这段文章能够很容易地拉长——成为一篇华而不实的作品。但我可要克制。让每一位读者按照他自己的品味去尽量添加修辞的色彩吧。无论如何，华丽也罢，不华丽也罢，那块石头仍然是——石头性质。你无法长时间地想这块石头而不发现自己受到这种或那种本质上是神圣的情思的干扰。这些情思属于彼此不同而又互为补充的两大类之一。第一类是人类渺小的情思，第二类是人类伟大的情思。默默地考虑那块被抛弃的石头在太空深处漂浮时，你可能怀着对神无比敬畏的心情感觉到在那些完全不能理解的浩瀚空间面前自己是一条卑微无用的蠕虫。"那些无限空间的静寂使我惊恐。"你的感觉可能像帕斯卡尔的感觉一样。要不，你的感觉可能像保罗·瓦莱里先生所说过的那样。"那些无限空间的静寂并不使我惊恐。"因为天文学的、石头般的月亮的奇观未必需要使你感觉到自己是条蠕虫。相反，它可能

使得你为自己的大丈夫气概而欢欣鼓舞。那块石头在太空漂浮，它是那些可怕天体的最近、最熟悉的象征；但发现空间和时间的那些可怕之处的天文学家是人。宇宙向人类的心灵提出挑战；人类尽管渺小而卑微但仍然接受了挑战。那块石头在无边的黑暗中朝我们怒目俯视，是一个死亡象征，但我们知道它是一个死亡象征这一事实就使得我们有理由感到人的骄傲。我们有权利感到适度的欢欣鼓舞的心情。

【赏析】

中外文人雅士多对月亮情有独钟，赋诗作文大有人在，如南朝宋代文学家谢庄即以《月赋》而名垂千古。赫胥黎的这篇文字写得相当空灵，但同时也具有相当的针对性。西方学术界百家争鸣，层不出穷，而每隔一段时期便产生了一两种热门理论，盛极一时，为人推崇备至。一会儿是某人的经济学说如风披靡，一会儿又是某人的性学说甚嚣尘上。赫胥黎则有感而发，自抒己见。文章开头便以感慨发端，意味深长而启发人意。含讥夹讽，笔锋犀利，对种种“唯一无二”的学界风气大为不满，旗帜鲜明地反对妄自尊大，主张宽宏大度、兼收并蓄的态度。继而转入正题，先举出古人苏格拉底的异端观点，又以今人戴·赫·劳伦斯的说法为例，然后从饮食男女谈到月亮的盈亏消长，从而使人们对月亮和神圣感情得出了“月亮有神性”的结论。虽然大体而言是以议论为主，但笔墨之间却饱含情致，达到了以情动人以理服人的艺术效果。在谋篇布局上，脉络分明，每段大意一目了然，自成面目而又不失连贯性，各段结穴是归纳性的一句论断。语言简洁，不假雕饰，文笔流畅，一气贯穿。纵观全篇，文章的特色和个性在于把科学态度和人文精神融于一炉，既有深刻的哲理意味又不乏浪漫的抒情色彩，这样不仅增强了说服力，同时又增添了可读性。

J. B. PRIESTLEY (1894-1984)

【简介】

约翰·博恩顿·普里斯特利，小说家、戏剧家和散文家。一战时服役，战后在剑桥攻读英国文学和近代史。二十年代初前往伦敦，以报刊文字和批评文章起家。以剧坛流浪汉生活为题材的小说《好伙伴》出版后，在英美颇受好评而名重一时。在风格上常常颠倒时序，构成其作品的一大特色。1932 发表剧本《危险角落》，该剧后在欧洲各地上演，从此又开始戏剧生涯，自己组建剧团并创作和改编了五十个剧本。神秘剧《巡官登门》具有较强的道德寓意，拍成电影后，也受到中国观众的欢迎。普里斯特利尝试过各种体裁的写作，如侦探故事、时论文字、回忆录等，在散文方面建树卓著。善于写平凡人和平凡事，代表了普通人的声音。笔调轻松幽默，读来平易近人，十分亲切。主要散文集有《英国之行》、《文学与西方人》等。

【原文】

The Toy Farm

Angela, at the house where I am staying, has just celebrated a birthday, her seventh, and is now the breathless mis-

tress of a toy farm. You never saw such a farm. It has barns, haystacks, stics, hurdles, gates, trees (which must be looked at only from the front), and a yellow tumbril with scarlet wheels. There are fat brown horses, cows that stand up and cows that sit down, black pigs and pink pigs, sheep with their lambs, a goat, two dogs (one staring fiercely out of a kennel), and a coloured host of turkeys, ducks, hens and chicks. There are even people on this farm, five of them, and very fine people they are too. A man in his shirt-sleeves perpetually pushes a crimson wheelbarrow; and two carters, wearing white smocks, brown gaiters, red scarves, and little round hats, for ever stride forward, whips in hand, whistling tunes that we shall never catch. Then there is the farmer himself, bluff, whiskered, in all his bravery of scarlet waistcoat, white cravat, and green breeches, who grasps his stout stick and stares at things from under his hard brown hat. His wife, neat and buxom in a blue bonnet, a pink gown, and snowy apron, with a basket in one hand and a large green umbrella in the other, is setting out upon some never-to-be-accomplished errand. All these people, labourers, master, mistress, though not more than two inches high and only made of painted tin, stand there for ever confident, ruddy, smiling in perpetual sunshine: they seem to stare at us out of a lost Arcadia ①.

Perhaps that is why poor Angela has not so far had that farm to herself, being compelled to share it with a number of shameless adults. It is, of course, an engaging toy, and there is not one of us here, I am thankful to say, so old and wicked,

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① 阿卡狄亚原是古希腊田园风光的一处胜地，此处和下文的 a lost Arcadia 均泛指不复存在的乐园

so desiccated, as to have lost all delight in toys, particularly those that present something huge and elaborate, such as a fort crammed with soldiers, a battleship, a railway station, a farm, on a tiny scale and in brighter hues than Nature ever knew. These toys transform you at a stroke into a god, and a happier god than any who look down upon our sad muddle. It is, of course, the more poetical of our activities that are chosen as subjects for these bright miniatures of the nursery, yet there is so much poetry in the toys themselves that even if they mirrored in little even the most prosaic things, they would still be satisfying. I remember that when I was a child, the boy next door was given a tiny printing machine, a gasping, wheezing affair that would print nothing but the blurred image of three ducks. He and I, however, collecting all the paper we could lay our hands on, would spend hours, hours full to the brim, printing ducks, thousands and thousands of ducks, and while we were engaged in producing this monotonous sequence of dim fowls we asked nothing more from life beyond the promise of suety meals at odd intervals.

Yet so far, nobody, not even in America, I imagine, has produced a toy miniature of business life, the Limited Company complete in box from ten shillings upwards. What Angela and her like would think of such a toy I do not know, though their sense of wonder is sufficiently strong for them to find entertainment in anything; but I do know that I should be tempted to buy one this very morning. You would have a building, with the front wall removed as it is in the best doll's-houses, so that you could arrange the people and the furniture just as you pleased. There would be tiny stenographers and clerks and cashiers; typewriters, calculating machines, ledgers and files

no bigger than your finger-nail; telephones that you could just see and never hear; and all manner of things, chairs and tables and desks, to be shifted from one room to another, from the Counting House to the Foreign Department, and so forth. There would be a Board Room with four or five directors, fat little chaps in shiny black, with the neatest, tiniest spats imaginable, all sitting round a table some six inches long. In the best sets you would be given a Chairman, quarter of an inch taller than the others and costing perhaps a penny more, who might be so contrived that he stood perpetually at the head of the table addressing his fellow directors. If I had him I should call him Sir Glossy Tinman. Then, if you wanted to do the thing properly, you would be able to buy Debenture Holders at two shillings or half a crown the dozen, complete with an interrupter who was rising to his feet and holding up an arm, the very image, in tin and varnish, of a retired Colonel of the Indian Army. Nor would you stop there; the possibilities are almost endless; and I promise to outline some of them to any enterprising manufacturer of toys who should consider putting the complete Limited Company on the market.

It may be, though, that there are special reasons why we should all be finding the toy farm so enchanting. Its little people, as I have said, seem to stare at us out of a lost Arcadia. Behind them, and their bright paraphernalia of beasts and belongings, is the Idea, dominating the imagination. This farmer and his wife are the happy epitome of all farmers and their wives, but they are unmistakably idealised. These white-smocked carters, for ever soundlessly whistling among the clover, are not the countrymen we know in miniature, but are images from an old dream of the countryside. Looking at these

trees, or at least looking at them from the front, we might cry with Keats:

> Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
> Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu.

here is the bright epitome, not of the country we can find where the tram-lines come to an end and the street lamps fade out, but of the country that has always existed in our imagination, so clean, trim, lavishly coloured. None of us here, I venture to say, has any passion for agriculture as a pursuit, for real farms, with their actual lumbering beasts, their mud and manure, their clumsy and endless obstetrics, their mortgages and loans and market prices, their long days of wet fields and dirty straw. We may regard the farmer as an excellent solid fellow or as a grasping ruffian, but certainly he never seems to us a poetical figure whose existence is passed in a golden atmosphere. Yet there is such a farmer somewhere at the back of our minds, a farmer in a picture-book, and this piece of painted, moulded tin is his portrait. If we could only find him in this actual life, not all the pleasures of the town would keep us from living in his shadow all the rest of our days, for we know that his world is one long dreamed of, that countryside where there are no ugly downpours, no sodden fields and lanes choked with mud, where only the gentlest shower of rain breaks through the sunshine, where everything is as clean as a new pin and fresh from the paint-box, where men and women are innocent and gay and the very beasts are old friends, where sin and suffering and death are not even a distant rumour. Is not this the Arcadia that men lost long ago and have never found again?

but a dream that would appear to be as old as civilised man himself, touching men's imagination when towns were little more than specks in the green countrys.de. Poets who lived in the country, who passed all their days among real shepherds and dairymaids, could sing of this other country where there was nothing ugly nor any pain and sorrow, knowing full well that this was not the land that stretched itself beyond their gates but a land they had never seen. It is one of the more homely manifestations of that ideal of unchanging beauty which haunts the mind of man everywhere and in every age, and from which there is no escape except into brutishness. Its shadow can fall even upon a number of little pieces of painted tin newly come from the toyshop.

【译文】

玩具农场

张承谟 译

安吉拉，我借宿的那户人家的小女孩，刚庆祝过生日，她七岁了，现在她成了一座玩具农场的激动得透不过气来的女主人。你从来没有见过这样的农场。农场里有一些谷仓、干草堆、猪圈、篱笆、篱笆门、树（这些东西你只能从正面看），和一辆带鲜红轮子的黄色两轮货车。还有几匹壮实的棕色的马、几头站着的和躺下的奶牛、几头黑色的和粉红色的猪、一些和小羊羔在一起的绵羊、一头山羊、两条狗（其中的一条睁大眼睛凶猛地从狗窝里朝外看），一群色彩斑斓的火鸡、鸭子、

刷成千上万只鸭子，而当我们一门心思印制出一连串单调而轮廓模糊的家禽时，我们对生活所要求的仅仅是在不固定的间歇里能吃上一顿油水足的饭菜。

然而，我想迄今为止，即使在美国也还没有人制造出有关商业生活的微型玩具，例如价格从十先令起的盒装全套有限公司。安吉拉和她那样的孩子们对这样的玩具会有什么看法，我并不知道，尽管她们的惊奇感强烈得足以使她们能在任何东西里找到乐趣；但我确实知道我会经不起诱惑而在当天早晨就去买一套。你会有一座正面的墙壁被除去的建筑物，就像最精致的娃娃小屋那样，好让你能够按照自己的心愿去安排人物、布置家具。公司里会有微型的速记员、办事员和出纳员；不超过指甲那么大小的打字员、计算器、分类帐册和文件夹；看得见但永远听不见的电话机；和各种东西，如椅子、桌子、写字台，这些家具可以从一间房间搬到另一间房间，从会计室搬到国外部，等等。还会有一间董事会会议室，配备四五位董事，他们是些肥胖的小家伙，身穿闪闪发光的黑西服，套着可以想象得到的最整洁、最微小的鞋罩，围着一张约六英寸长的会议桌坐着，最精致的成套玩具还会给你一位董事长，他比其他人高四分之一英寸，价格也许要贵一个便士，可能设计得让这位董事长永远站在会议桌的上首，向他的董事们讲话：如果我拥有这位董事长的话，我就称呼他为光滑的锡人爵士。然后，如果你想要按规矩办事的话，你可以按每打两先令或半克朗的价格买一些公司债券持有人，其中还有一个站着伸出一只手臂打断别人发言的人，这人十足是个用清漆和锡做成的退休的驻印度陆军上校的形象。你还可以继续买下去；设计出更多的锡人玩具的可能性是无穷无尽的；哪位有胆识的玩具制造商考虑把全套有限公司投放市场的话，我保证向他概括地说一说某些可能性。

尽管如此，我们大家为什么会发现玩具农场如此迷人，其中可能有特殊的原因。如我说过的那样，农场里那些小人好

像是从消失了的阿卡狄亚睁大着眼睛朝我们看。在他们和伴随他们的色彩鲜艳的动物和家乡后面的是支配着我们想象力的那种想法。这个农场主和他的妻子是所有农场主和他们妻子的绝妙缩影，但他们明显地被理想化了。那两个身穿白色罩衫在红花草中间永远吹着无声口哨的赶大车的并不是我们所知道的乡下人的微型人像，而是古老的农村梦中的形象。朝那些树看，或至少从正面朝那些树看，我们可能会和济慈同声喊道：

啊，幸福的树枝啊！你们的树叶
永不落，你们永不向春天告别。

在这里看到的明媚的缩影，不是我们能够在电车轨道尽头和街灯消失处找到的乡村，而是一直存在于我们想象中的乡村，那么干净、整齐、绚丽多彩。我敢说我们中间没有人会充满热情地以务农为业，会热爱真实的农场以及农场里行动笨拙的牲口、泥土和粪肥，笨手笨脚、永无休止地为牲畜接生，抵押贷款和市场价格，日复一日的潮湿田地和肮脏的稻草。我们可以把农场主当作杰出而可敬的家伙或贪心不足的恶棍，但在我们看来他决不是生活在金光灿烂环境中的充满诗意的人物。然而在我们内心深处有着这样的一个农场主，一个画册中的农场主，而这个涂上颜色的锡人玩具就是他的肖像。只要我们能在现实生活中找到他，城市里的任何乐趣都不能阻止我们在今后的日子里去过他那样的生活，因为我们知道他的世界是人们在梦中久已向往的世界，在那片乡村里没有讨厌的倾盆大雨，没有湿漉漉的田地，没有泥泞的小路，那里只有透过阳光而来的一阵蒙蒙细雨，那里一切都无比干净、无比清新，那里的男男女女都天真无邪而热情洋溢，那里的动物都是老朋友，那里连什么是罪孽、痛苦和死亡都未曾听闻过。难道这不就是人们早已失去而又从未找到的阿卡狄亚吗？

这个梦持续了多么久远没有人能说得上来。这个梦在所有的文学作品中大放光彩，从昨天的诗人和小说家的作品一直追溯到维吉尔和忒奥克里托斯的作品。这个梦是一半以上的古代歌谣的主题，这些歌谣唱出"山楂花的蓓蕾，芬芳的多花蔷薇，玫瑰花环，康乃馨"，唱出牧童和心灵手巧的乡村少女，唱出侍候他们的夏日皇后的晒干草者、耙草者、和刈草者，唱出"嘿——唐——德里"的叠句和树荫下相爱的牧童和牧羊女。而且唱的总是刚刚过去的那种美妙的时刻：

那时候汤姆收工回来，
　　或者茜丝来到挤奶管前，
然后敲起欢乐的小鼓，
　　他们跳起轻快的舞。

谁也没有见过这样的乡村，但它总是在离我们不远之处；也许在一条长路的尽头转一个弯，也许从一座陌生的小山丘下来就可能看到这样的乡村在阳光下闪闪发光。它不是城里人在他们的砖头和灰烬的荒漠中对田野的向往，它不是他们对今天的机械事物的反抗，而是一个似乎和文明人的历史同样久远而且触及人们想象力的梦；在当年，城镇只不过是乡村的万绿丛中的一个个小斑点。住在乡村的、在真实的牧童和挤奶姑娘中间度过一生的诗人们能够歌唱那另一个乡村，在那样的乡村既没有任何丑陋的东西，也没有任何痛苦和忧伤，诗人们清楚地知道那样的乡村不是在他们的篱笆门外伸展的那片土地，而是他们从未见过的土地。那样的乡村是美的东西永不改变的理想的朴实无华的表现，这个理想无论在任何地方，无论在任何时代都萦绕在人们的心中；这个理想无法逃避，放弃了这个理想就要陷入粗野之中。这个理想的迹象甚至也能在刚从玩具商店里买来的那睦涂上颜色的小锡人身上看到。

【赏析】

这是一篇触景生情有感而发的小品。作者在外作客，看到主人家的小女孩的生日礼物，顿时童趣油然而生，不由自主地观赏起农场的景物，完全进入了玩具世界。随后由玩具农场联想到自己儿时沉浸于摆弄玩具印刷机的情景。进而又走出农场的天地，思绪剪不断，期望孩子们能够有更好的玩具。最后两段作者大发感慨，浮想起古往今来骚人墨客所描绘的乡土风光，点出了本文的一个深层含义：大人对这玩具农场发生浓浓的兴趣，道理就在于那些形象出自于“乡村的古老梦想”。作者在文章中寄托了无限情思，字字句句流露出自己童心未泯的天性。明代后期思想家李贽在《童心说》中论述了童心与文学的关系：“夫童心者，绝假纯真，最初一念之本心也……天下之至文，未有不出于童心焉者也。”感情真诚往往是上乘诗文不可或缺的要素。这篇文字写得十分感人、可贵之处不难发现：作者不仅童心依旧，而且怀抱着一个美好的永不放弃的理想。同时可以顺带指出的是，全篇的笔调起落变化吻合相应的内容。当我们随着文章的开头进入儿童乐园的时候，自然而然感觉到了作者所展现的是小女孩眼中的农场，那种叙述有时仿佛是出自孩子的口吻。而末尾两段则旁征博引、出入古今，读来隽永有味。总体说来，笔墨饱满，描写细腻入微而又平实无华，内容与形式达到了比较完美的统一。

GEORGE ORWELL (1903-1950)

【简介】

乔治·奥威尔，小说家、散文家。本名埃里克·布莱尔。出生于孟加拉，当时为英属印度的一个省份，回英国读书。1928年去巴黎，开始写作生涯，因贫困靠洗碟盘糊口。在缅甸当过五年警官，小说《缅甸岁月》是这段经历的写照。在殖民地和社会底层的经历构成其许多作品的素材。蔑视英帝国主义，笔下人物有不少是社会环境和内心失望的牺牲品。关注社会和政治问题，具有强烈的道德意识，同代人视之为时代的良心。他认为处于一个政治的时代，写作要带有"政治目的"。四十年代发表政治讽刺性的寓言作品《动物庄园》和政治小说《1984年》，证明了可以把"政治写作化为艺术"，从此名扬天下。散文作品具有自传和论战性质。

【原文】

Reflections on Gandhi

Saints should always be judged guilty until they are proved innocent, but the tests that have to be applied to them are not, of course, the same in all cases. In Gandhi's case the questions

one feels inclined to ask are: to what extent was Gandhi moved by vanity — by the consciousness of himself as a humble, naked old man, sitting on a praying mat and shaking empires by sheer spiritual power — and to what extent did he compromise his own principles by entering politics, which of their nature are inseparable from coercion and fraud? To give a definite answer one would have to study Gandhi's acts and writings in immense detail, for his whole life was a sort of pilgrimage in which every act was significant. But this partial autobiography, which ends in the nineteen-twenties, is strong evidence in his favour, all the more because it covers what he would have called the unregenerate part of his life and reminds one that inside the saint, or near-saint, there was a very shrewd, able person who could, if he had chosen, have been a brilliant success as lawyer, an administrator or perhaps even a business man.

At about the time when the autobiography first appeared I remember reading its opening chapters in the ill-printed pages of some Indian newspaper. They made a good impression on me, which Gandhi himself at that time, did not. The things that one associated with him — home-spun cloth, 'soul forces' and vegetarianism — were unappealing, and his medievalist programme was obviously not viable in a backward, starving, overpopulated country. It was also apparent that the British were making use of him, or thought they were making use of him. Strictly speaking, as a Nationalist, he was an enemy, but since in every crisis he would exert himself to prevent violence — which, from the British point of view, meant preventing any effective action whatever — he could be regarded as 'our man'. In private this was sometimes cynically admitted. The

possible to have believed that other people were acting in good faith and had a better nature through which they could be approached. And though he came of a poor middle-class family, started life rather unfavourably, and was probably of unimpressive physical appearance, he was not afflicted by envy or by the feeling of inferiority. Colour feeling when he first met it in its worst form in South Africa, seems rather to have astonished him. Even when he was fighting what was in effect a colour war, he did not think of people in terms of race or status. The governor of a province, a cotton millionaire, a half-starved Dravidian coolie, a British private soldier were all equally human beings, to be approached in much the same way. It is noticeable that even in the worst possible circumstances, as in South Africa when he was making himself unpopular as the champion of the Indian community, he did not lack European friends.

Written in short lengths for newspaper serialization, the autobiography is not a literary masterpiece, but it is the more impressive because of the commonplaceness of much of its material. It is well to be reminded that Gandhi started out with the normal ambitions of a young Indian student and only adopted his extremist opinions by degrees and, in some cases, rather unwillingly. There was a time, it is interesting to learn, when he wore a top hat, took dancing lessons, studied French and Latin, went up the Eiffel Tower and even tried to learn the violin — all this with the idea of assimilating European civilization as thoroughly as possible. He was not one of those saints who are marked out by their phenomenal piety from childhood onwards, nor one of the other kind who forsake the world after sensational debaucheries. He makes full confession of the misdeeds of his youth, but in fact there is not much to confess. As

a frontispiece to the book there is a photograph of Gandhi's possessions at the time of his death. The whole outfit could be purchased for about £5, and Gandhi's sins, at least his fleshly sins, would make the same sort of appearance if placed all in one heap. A few cigarettes, a few mouthfuls of meat, a few annas pilfered in childhood from the maidservant, two visits to a brothel (on each occasion he got away without 'doing anything'), one narrowly escaped lapse with his landlady in Plymouth, one outburst of temper — that is about the whole collection. Almost from childhood onwards he had a deep earnestness, an attitude ethical rather than religious, but, until he was about thirty, no very definite sense of direction. His first entry into anything describable as public life was made by way of vegetarianism. Underneath his less ordinary qualities one feels all the time the solid middle-class businessmen who were his ancestors. One feels that even after he had abandoned personal ambition he must have been a resourceful, energetic lawyer and a hardheaded political organizer, careful in keeping down expenses, an adroit handler of committees and an indefatigable chaser of subscriptions. His character was an extraordinarily mixed one, but there was almost nothing in it that you can put your finger on and call bad, and I believe that even Gandhi's worst enemies would admit that he was an interesting and unusual man who enriched the world simply by being alive. Whether he was also a lovable man, and whether his teachings can have much value for those who do not accept the religious beliefs on which they are founded, I have never felt fully certain.

Of late years it has been the fashion to talk about Gandhi as though he were not only sympathetic to the Western Left-

wing movement, but were integrally part of it. Anarchists and pacifists, in particular, have claimed him for their own, noticing only that he was opposed to centralism and State violence and ignoring the other-worldly, anti-humanist tendency of his doctrines. But one should, I think, realize that Gandhi's teachings cannot be squared with the belief that Man is the measure of all things and that our job is to make life worth living on this earth, which is the only earth we have. They make sense only on the assumption that God exists and that the world of solid objects is an illusion to be escaped from. It is worth considering the disciplines which Gandhi imposed on himself and which — though he might not insist on every one of his followers observing every detail — he considered indispensable if one wanted to serve either God or humanity. First of all, no meat-eating, and if possible no animal food in any form. (Gandhi himself, for the sake of his health, had to compromise on milk, but seems to have felt this to be a backsliding.) No alcohol or tobacco, and no spices or condiments even of a vegetable kind, since food should be taken not for its own sake but solely in order to preserve one's strength. Secondly, if possible, no sexual intercourse. If sexual intercourse must happen, then it should be for the sole purpose of begetting children and presumably at long intervals. Gandhi himself, in his middle thirties, took the vow of *brumahcharya*, which means not only complete chastity but the elimination of sexual desire. This condition, it seems, is difficult to attain without a special diet and frequent fasting. One of the dangers of milk-drinking is that it is apt to arouse sexual desire. And finally — this is the cardinal point — for the seeker after goodness there must be no close friendships and no exclusive loves whatever.

Close friendships, Gandhi says, are dangerous, because 'friends react on one another' and through loyalty to a friend one can be led into wrong-doing. This is unquestionably true. Moreover, if one is to love God, or to love humanity as a whole, one cannot give one's preference to any individual person. This again is true, and it marks the point at which the humanistic and the religious attitude cease to be reconcilable. To an ordinary human being, love means nothing if it does not mean loving some people more than others. The autobiography leaves it uncertain whether Gandhi behaved in an inconsiderate way to his wife and children, but at any rate it makes clear that on three occasions he was willing to let his wife or a child die rather than administer the animal food prescribed by the doctor. It is true that the threatened death never actually occurred, and also that Gandhi — with, one gathers, a good deal of moral pressure in the opposite direction — always gave the patient the choice of staying alive at the price of committing a sin: still, if the decision had been solely his own, he would have forbidden the animal food, whatever the risks might be. There must, he says, be some limit to what we will do in order to remain alive, and the limit is well on this side of chicken broth. This attitude is perhaps a noble one, but, in the sense which — I think — most people would give to the world, it is inhuman. The essence of being human is that one does not seek perfection, that one *is* sometimes willing to commit sins for the sake of loyalty, that one does not push asceticism to the point where it makes friendly intercourse impossible, and that one is prepared in the end to be defeated and broken up by life, which is the inevitable price of fastening one's love upon other human individuals. No doubt alcohol, tobacco and so forth are things

that a saint must avoid, but sainthood is also a thing that human beings must avoid. There is an obvious retort to this, but one should be wary about making it. In this yogi-ridden age, it is too readily assumed that 'nonattachment' is not only better than a full acceptance of earthly life, but that the ordinary man only rejects it because it is too difficult: in other words, that the average human being is a failed saint. It is doubtful whether this is true. Many people genuinely do not wish to be saints, and it is probable that some who achieve or aspire to sainthood have never felt much temptation to be human beings. If one could follow it to its psychological roots, one would, I believe, find that the main motive for 'nonattachment' is a desire to escape from the pain of living, and above all from love, which, sexual or non-sexual, is hard work. But it is not necessary here to argue whether the other-worldly or the humanistic ideal is 'higher'. The point is that they are incompatible. One must choose between God and Man, and all 'radicals' and 'progressives', from the mildest Liberal to the most extreme Anarchist, have in effect chosen Man.

However, Gandhi's pacifism can be separated to some extent from his other teachings. Its motive was religious, but he claimed also for it that it was a definite technique, a method, capable of producing desired political results. Gandhi's attitude was not that of most Western pacifists. *Satyagraha*, first evolved in South Africa, was a sort of non-violent warfare, a way of defeating the enemy without hurting him and without feeling or arousing hatred. It entailed such things as civil disobedience, strikes, lying down in front of railway trains, enduring police charges without running away and without hitting back, and the like. Gandhi objected to 'passive resistance' as a

translation of *Satyagraha*: in Gujarati[1], it seems, the word means 'firmness in the truth'. In his early days Gandhi served as a stretcher-bearer on the British side in the Boer War, and he was prepared to do the same again in the war of 1914-18. Even after he had completely abjured violence he was honest enough to see that in war it is usually necessary to take sides. He did not — indeed, since his whole political life centred round a struggle for national independence, he could not — take the sterile and dishonest line of pretending that in every war both sides are exactly the same and it makes no difference who wins. Nor did he, like most Western pacifists, specialize in avoiding awkward questions. In relation to the late war, one question that every pacifist had a clear obligation to answer was: 'What about the Jews? Are you prepared to see them exterminated? If not, how do you propose to save them without resorting to war?' I must say that I have never heard, from any Western pacifist, an honest answer to this question, though I have heard plenty of evasions, usually of the 'you're another type'. But it so happens that Gandhi was asked a somewhat similar question in 1938 and that his answer is on record in Mr. Louis Fischer's *Gandhi and Stalin*. According to Mr Fischer, Gandhi's view was that the German Jews ought to commit collective suicide, which 'would have aroused the world and the people of Germany to Hitler's violence'. After the war he justified himself: the Jews had been killed anyway, and might as well have died significantly. One has the impression that this attitude staggered even so warm an admirer as Mr

① Gujarati 古吉拉特语，印度—雅利安语言，通行于印度西部古吉拉特和马哈拉施特拉两个邦，约 2 000 万人使用该语。

spent his life. His main political objective, the peaceful ending of British rule, had after all been attained. As usual the relevant facts cut across one another. On the one hand, the British did get out of India without fighting, an event which very few observers indeed would have predicted until about a year before it happened. On the other hand, this was done by a Labour government, and it is certain that a Conservative government, especially a government headed by Churchill, would have acted differently. But if, by 1945, there had grown up in Britain a large body of opinion sympathetic to Indian independence, how far was this due to Gandhi's personal influence? And if, as may happen, India and Britain finally settle down into a decent and friendly relationship, will this be partly because Gandhi, by keeping up his struggle obstinately and without hatred, disinfected the political air? That one even thinks of asking such questions indicates his stature. One may feel, as I do, a sort of aesthetic distaste for Gandhi, one may reject the claims of sainthood made on his behalf (he never made any such claim himself, by the way), one may also reject sainthood as an ideal and therefore feel that Gandhi's basic aims were anti-human and reactionary: but regarded simply as a politician, and compared with the other leading political figures of our time, how clean a smell he has managed to leave behind!

【译文】

甘地之我见

翟象俊　译

圣人们应一直被判有罪，直到他们被证明无罪为止，但不得不用来检验他们的标准当然并非在所有情况下都相同。就甘地的情况而言，人们想问的问题是：在多大程度上甘地是受虚荣心驱使的——即意识到自己是个赤身裸体的谦恭老人，坐在祈祷垫上，全凭着精神的力量震撼着帝国的统治——在多大程度上他因为进入了就其本质而言与强制和欺诈分不开的政界而放弃了自己的原则？要作出明确的回答，人们就必须非常详细地研究甘地的行为和著作，因为他整个的一生是个漫长的生命历程，其中的每一个行为都意义重大。但这部只写到20世纪二十年代的不完整的自传却是对他格外有利的证据，因为这部自传只涉及到他一生中他会称为罪孽深重的那一部分，它使人们联想到，在这位圣人或几近圣人的内心，他原本是一个非常精明能干的人，如果当年他作出那样的选择，他本来是能够成为一名极为成功的律师、公司经理或商人的。

在这部自传首次出版前后，我记得曾在某份印刷质量很差的印度报纸上读到过它的最初几章。它们给我留下了很好的印象，而甘地本人当时并没有给我留下这种印象。人们把与之联系在一起的那些东西——手织的布、"灵魂的力量"和素食主义——并不吸引人，而那种中世纪式的纲领在一个落后、饥饿、人口过多的国家里显然也是行不通的。同样明显的

是，英国人当时正在利用他，或者自以为是在利用他。严格地说，作为一个民族主义者，他是一个敌人，但由于他在每次危机中都竭尽全力防止暴力——从英国人的观点看，这意味着防止任何有效的行动——他可以被看作是“我们的人”。人们有时在私下里以尖酸刻薄的语气也承认这一点。印度的百万富翁们也抱着类似的态度。甘地要求他们忏悔，所以他们很自然地更喜欢他，而不喜欢社会党人和共产党人，因为他们如果有机会是肯定会把他们的钱拿走的。这类估计最终有多么可靠是很值得怀疑的，正如甘地本人所说，“到头来骗子只能骗自己”，但不管怎么说，英国人待他一向温和的部分原因就是因为觉得他有用。只是在他把他的非暴力转过去对付一个不同的征服者时，如在 1942 年所作的那样，英国的保守党人才真正对他感到了愤怒。

但即使在那时，我也看得出，那些以觉得好笑和不赞成的口吻谈起他的英国官员也多多少少由衷地喜欢他、钦佩他。从来没有人暗示说他腐败，或者野心勃勃，或者说他做的任何事是受恐惧或恶意所驱使的。在判断像甘地这样的人时，人们似乎是出自本能地要用高标准，以致于他的有些美德几乎没有被人们注意到。例如，即使从这部自传中也可以清楚地看出，他那种天生的血气之勇是很突出的：他后来那种死的方式也证明了这一点，因为一个对自己生命稍微看重一点的社会活动家本来会受到更充分的保护。爱·摩·福斯特在《印度之行》中说得对，怀疑狂是印度人积重难返的恶习，正如虚伪是英国人的恶习一样，然而甘地却似乎完全没有这种怀疑狂。虽然他无疑很精明，足以察觉欺诈行为，但他似乎只要可能，总是相信别人行事均出自诚意，禀性都纯厚善良，因而都很容易打交道。虽然他出身于贫苦的中产阶级家庭，开始踏上社会时相当不顺利，而且形体外貌也可能很不起眼，但他既没有妒忌的苦恼，也没有自卑感的折磨。当他第一次在南非遇到对有色人种最糟形式的反感时，他似乎颇感震惊。但即使在

他实际上进行着一场肤色战争时，他也没有根据种族或地位来看人。一个省长，一个种植棉花的百万富翁，一个处于半饥饿状态的达罗毗荼苦力，一个英国的列兵都同样是人，都应该同等对待。值得注意的是，即使在最恶劣的情况下，如在南非他作为印度人社区的斗士而不受欢迎时，他也不缺少欧洲朋友。

这部自传最初以短小的章节写成后供报纸连载，所以并不是一部文学杰作，但正因为它的许多素材平平常常，反而更加令人难忘。这里最好提醒一下的是，甘地开始时也怀有一个年轻的印度大学生通常怀有的抱负，只是逐渐地，而且在有些情况下是相当不情愿地，才采取了他那些极端的主张。有趣的是，曾经有一段时间，他头戴高顶黑色大礼帽，上舞蹈课，学习法语和拉丁语，爬埃菲尔铁塔，甚至还试图学拉小提琴——这一切都是为了尽量彻底地吸收欧洲文明。他既不是那种从童年开始就以其非凡的虔诚而与一般人区别开来的圣人，也不属于那种纵情于声色犬马后弃绝尘世的圣人。他彻底忏悔了青年时期的不端行为，但实际上他并没有多少可忏悔的东西。作为该书的卷首插画，有一张甘地死时他所拥有的全部财产的照片。全部家当用五英镑左右就可以买到，而甘地的罪孽，至少是他的世俗罪孽，如果全部堆在一起也会像他的财产一样微不足道。吸过几支香烟，吃过几小块肉，小时候从女仆那儿偷过几枚硬币，去过两次妓院（其中有一次"什么也没干"他就逃掉了），在普利茅斯省有一次与他的女房东差一点有越轨行为，发过一次脾气——全部加在一起差不多就这一些。几乎从童年开始，他就有一种专心致志的认真劲，这是一种伦理态度而不是宗教态度，而直到三十岁左右他才有了非常明确的方向感。他首次从事可被称为公务的任何活动是通过素食主义进行的。在他那些非同寻常的品质下面，人们一直感到他那些殷实的，中产阶级商人祖先们对他的影响。人们感到，即使在他放弃了个人野心以后，他仍是一个足

谋多智、精力充沛的律师，一个讲究实际、谨慎压缩开支的政治组织者，一个精明干练的委员会管理人和一个不知疲倦追着要别人捐款的人。他的品格是一种异常复杂的混合型品格，但其中几乎没有任何一点是你可以确切地指出来说是恶劣的，而且我相信，即使是甘地的那些死敌也会承认，他是一个有趣的、与众不同的人，他的存在本身就丰富了这个世界。至于他是否也是一个可爱的人，他的教导对那些不接受作为这些教导的基础的宗教信仰的人来说是否具有很大的价值，我从来没有感到完全有把握过。

几年来的时尚是，人们谈到甘地，仿佛他不仅仅是同情西方的左翼运动，而且还是西方左翼运动不可缺少的一部分。尤其是无政府主义者与和平主义者更宣称甘地是他们的人，他们只注意到甘地反对中央集权和国家暴力，而无视他学说中专注于来世的、反人道主义的倾向。但我认为，人们应该认识到，甘地的教导是无法与下述信念一致的，即人乃是衡量一切事物的标准，我们的职责就是使得人在这个世界上活得有意思，因为我们就仅仅拥有这么一个世界。只有假定上帝存在，假定这个固体世界是一个应逃避的幻觉，他的教导才有意义。考虑一下甘地强加于自己的种种行为准则是值得的——虽然他也许并不坚持要他的每位追随者遵守每一细节，但他认为如果一个人想服务于上帝或人类，这些行为准则都是必不可少的。首先是不吃肉，而且可能的话，任何形式的动物食品都不吃（甘地本人为了自己的健康不得不在喝奶上妥协，但他似乎觉得这是一种堕落）。还要不喝酒不吸烟，而且即使是植物性的调味品和佐料也不用，因为进食不应是为了品味而仅仅是为了保持体力。其次，如果可能，不进行性交。如果必须性交，也仅仅是为了生儿育女，而且大概还要隔开很长一段时间才进行一次。甘地本人在三十五岁左右即发誓禁欲，这意味着不仅要过完全的独身生活，而且要根除性欲。这种状

况如果没有特别的饮食和经常的斋戒看来是很难达到的，喝牛奶的危险之一就是它往往会引起性欲。最后一点——这是最重要的一点——对于追求善的人来说，决不可有任何亲密的友谊和专一的爱情。

甘地认为，亲密的友谊是危险的，因为"朋友们相互起作用"，出于对朋友的忠诚，一个人有可能被诱使去干坏事。这话无疑是正确的。此外，如果一个人要爱上帝，或者爱整个人类，他便不能偏爱任何一个个人。这也是正确的，而且这也正是人道主义态度和宗教态度分道扬镳之处。对一般人来说，如果爱不是意味着对某些人的爱超过了对其他人的爱，爱便毫无意义了。从自传中我们无法断定，甘地对他的妻子和孩子是不是很不体贴，但至少有一点讲得很清楚，即有三次他宁愿让妻子或一个孩子死也不肯把医生指定的动物食品拿给他们吃。诚然，构成威胁的死亡并没有真正发生，而且甘地——或许是受到了来自相反方向的巨大道义压力——也一直让病人有选择以犯罪为代价而活下去的权利；但如果完全由他作决定的话，那不管会有什么样的危险，他都会禁吃动物食品。他说，为了要活下去，我们必须做些事，但一定要有某种限度，喝鸡汤就远远超出了这一限度。这种态度也许很高尚，但却不近人情——我想大多数人是会这样理解的。人情的本质在于：人并不追求尽善尽美，为了忠诚人有时候是愿意犯罪的，人并不把苦行主义奉行到不能进行友好交往的地步，人已经准备好最终被生活击败打垮，因为只要把自己的爱全部奉献给别的人，这些都是不可避免的代价。烟、酒等等无疑是圣人必须避免的东西，但圣人的身份也是人们应避免的东西。对这话显然可以反驳，但反驳要非常谨慎。在这个到处是瑜伽信徒的时代，人们很容易认为，"不依恋"不仅比完全接受世俗生活好，而且一般人之所以厌弃世俗生活仅仅是因为世俗生活太艰难：换句话说，一般人是不成功的圣人。这话是否正确很可怀疑。很多人真诚地不希望做圣人，而且很可能有一些

那一类的搪塞。巧的是1938年也有人向甘地提出这一个有些类似的问题，而他的回答在路易斯·菲希尔先生所著的《甘地与斯大林》一书中有记载。根据菲希尔先生的说法，甘地认为，德国的犹太人应该集体自杀，这样"就会唤醒世人和德国人，使他们认识到希特勒的暴力行为"。战后他为自己辩护说：犹太人反正是被杀了，他们本来完全可以死得更有意义。人们有种印象，好像这一态度使得菲希尔先生这样热烈的仰慕者也大吃一惊，但甘地只是实话实说而已。如果你不准备自杀，那你就必须经常为生命以另外一种方式丧失作好准备。当1942年他敦促以非暴力抵抗反对日本的一次侵略时，他已准备好承认这可能使几百万人丧生。

与此同时，人们有理由相信，甘地(他毕竟出生于1869年)并不理解极权主义的本质，并依据他对英国政府的斗争来看待一切。这里重要的一点与其说是英国人待他宽容，还不如说是他总能赢得公众的注意。正如从上面引述的那个措辞中可以看到的，他很相信"唤醒世人"。而这只有在世人有机会得知你正在做什么的情况下才可能做到。在一个政权的反对者半夜里消失不见，再也让人听不到其声音的国家里，甘地的方法如何能得到运用是很难想象的。没有新闻自由和集会权，不仅不可能诉诸外界舆论，而且也不可能形成群众运动，甚至连向对手讲明自己的意图都不可能。目前在俄国有没有一个甘地？如果有，他正有何建树？如果所有的俄国大众碰巧同时有了同一个想法，他们也只能实行非暴力反抗，而即使这样，根据乌克兰的饥荒史判断，那也不会起什么作用。但且让我们假定，非暴力反抗在对付本国政府或占领国方面是有效的：即使这样，人们又如何将它在国际上付诸实践呢？甘地就不久前这场战争所发表的种种相互矛盾的声明似乎表明，他感到了这方面的困难。用于对外政治，和平主义要么不再是和平主义，要么便变为绥靖主义。此外，所有的人或多或少都可以亲近，都会对宽宏大量的姿态作出反应这一假定，虽然

种体面而友好的关系，这会不会部分地是由于甘地通过顽强而不带仇恨地坚持其斗争净化了政治空气的缘故呢？人们甚至于想到问这类问题，这本身就表明了他的精神境界之高。人们也许会像我一样对甘地有一种美学上的反感，人们也许会拒绝称他为圣人的主张(顺便说一句，他本人从未自称为圣人)，人们也许还认为圣人并不是一种理想，并因此觉得甘地的基本目的是反人类、反革命的；但仅仅被看作是一位政治家，且与我们时代的其他政界头面人物相比，他成功地留下了一种多么干净的气味呀！

【赏析】

印度政治家甘地素有“圣雄”之美称，不仅是伟大的民族英雄，而且是20世纪世界舞台上独树一帜的政治家。在近代史上，反抗殖民地的斗争是不可磨灭的光辉一页，甘地站在这场斗争的前沿，成为民族解放和正义力量的一个化身，而他的有力武器偏偏又是非暴力抵抗，所以历来为人敬仰。奥威尔出生于印度，接受的则是英国伊顿公学的教育，东方经历与西方文明集于一身，从而他能以一种独特的视角去看待和评价这位圣人，既有同情又有批判，而非人云亦云一味颂扬。

这篇文章具有论辩问难的鲜明特点，浩然之气贯穿始终，一则能使我们对甘地其人其行及其政治主张有所了解，一则有助于我们回顾本世纪人类所面临的一些重大问题。风格上的特色扼要说来，可以用读书、知人、论世这三点来概括。先是从著名的《甘地传》开头几章说起。甘地叙述了自己的双亲和诞生以及童婚和充当丈夫的情景。不过奥威尔的旨趣并非是生平身世，而是由书及人，着重于甘地学说的主要方面，将他的为人处世的基本准则晓示于人。甘地之所以伟大，之所以成为圣人，在于他身体力行，勇于将自己的主张付诸实践，

从素食苦行到不合作主义，奥威尔突出了甘地的这些特点。与此同时，作者采用了知人论世的笔法，从弘扬人道主义的角度出发，并且结合本世纪风云变幻的世界态势，对甘地的一些学说进行分析，指出了某些并不可取之处。本文写于甘地不幸身亡和二次大战结束之后，作者不忘告诫世人防止和平主义演变为绥靖主义，从中我们可以认识到身为作家的奥威尔也具有全球政治的眼光。

EVELYN WAUGH (1903-1966)

【简介】

伊夫林·沃，小说家。出身于伦敦出版商家庭，在牛津读书期间关注社会问题，对学院生活兴趣不大，爱好文学艺术。二十五岁发表第一部小说《衰落和瓦解》，抨击牛津大学、时髦人物、现代建筑等，笔调令人发噱，从此知名文坛，成为当代英国小说界的讽刺大家。二战前遍游非洲和南美，写下游记作品《遥远的人们》和《九十二天》。最为流行的小说《重游布里兹海德》，描述了一个信仰天主教的富家子弟的精神新生。根据自己在二战中的经历创作了战争小说三部曲。除大量随笔和评论外，书信和日记也为文坛瞩目。主要作品包括《邪恶的肉体》、《独家新闻》等。

【原文】

Take Your Home into Your Own Hands!

I do not know who started the idea of 'good taste'. I

strongly suspect that DORA[1] had a younger brother who went to art classes at an evening polytechnic, and that it all began with him.

Certainly no one worried much about it in the eighteenth century, when people who were rich enough put cupids all over their ceilings, and built fireplaces in a style happily based on a combination of Greek, Chinese and French Gothic. Nor, I think, did it much concern our grandparents who went on accumulating the grossest kinds of *bric-à-brac* in superb disregard of all that Mr. Ruskin was saying in his clever books. But quite lately, with the advent of all the other worries which gave that hunted look to Mr. Strube's 'Little Man'[2], came the plague of 'good taste'.

One has only to look around today at the bleak little parlours of the suburbs and the still bleaker great drawing-rooms of Belgrave Square to see the havoc it has caused. Some terrific voice from behind the bar seems to have said 'Time, gentlemen, please,' and forthwith everyone began carrying away her dearest possessions to the lumber-room or sending them down to a very chilly reception in the servants' hall.

In some mysterious way, for which I strongly suspect my fellow journalists in the Home Pages are largely responsible, everybody seems to have been bullied into an inferiority complex about their own homes.

In Victorian times people were terrified of being thought

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① 作者玩的文字游戏，指本世纪二十年代"王国国防法"和英国文学中的典型人物多拉·格伦迪太太。详见赏析。

② 施特鲁布为报章漫画家，他画的"小男人"是心胸狭隘、自高自大的典型形象。

poor, and starved themselves in order to clothe a second footman. Nowadays we are all desperately poor and quite boastful about it, but I have yet to find anyone but myself who still says with absolute complacency, 'I don't know much about art, but I do know what I like.' I say that about three times a day and it always has the profoundly shocking effect that I hoped for.

Look around your own drawing-room. Where is the fire-screen with the family coat-of-arms worked in coloured wools by your Aunt Agatha? And why is that horrible earthenware pot, which someone else's Aunt Agatha made in a suburb of Brighton, sitting so coldly on the mantelpiece? And do you really find it comfortable to read by that triangular lamp shade which throws all the light on the ceiling? And where is the stuffed parrot?

Have you made all these changes because you really like them or because someone has been at you about 'good taste'?

It may be that you really do like them, but it seems odd that Colonel Brown's wife who disagrees with you about politics and religion and how to bring up her daughters should see eye to eye with you on this point. And the vicar's drawing-room is exactly like yours, although you could never bear the vicar; and so is the doctor's wife's, who, they say, drinks far more than is good for her, and wears such extraordinary hats.

If by some odd coincidence you really do heartily agree with your neighbour's taste in house decoration, well and good; but if she likes to fill her window with arts-and-crafts pottery bowls of crocuses, and you like aspidistras better, just fill your house with aspidistras till it looks like a conservatory, and if you like Benares brass pots, put them in those, and if you like bamboo stands, put them on them. By all means hide the

tiger's head which your Uncle George shot in India, if it keeps you awake at night, but if you like it, don't be bullied into putting it away by Mrs. Brown who lives next door. March round with your umbrella and tell her that her hunting prints and Staffordshire pottery are 'middle class' or 'bad taste'.

And if you see sarcastic glances being cast on the family photograph album or the cup you won at the cycling gymkhana or at the tinted photograph of the Acropolis or the Landseer engravings, just you say very decisively, 'I don't know much about art, but I do know what I like'; then they will see that they are beaten, and Mrs. Brown will say to the vicar's wife that it is so sad that you have no taste, and the vicar's wife will say to the doctor's wife that it really only shows what sort of people you are, but all three will envy you at heart and even perhaps, one by one, bring out from the attics a few of the things they really like.

【译文】

亲手布置自己的家!

穆国豪　译

我不知道是谁首先提出"高尚的情趣"这个概念的。我非常怀疑多拉有一个在工艺专科夜校上美术课的弟弟，而且怀疑这一概念是始于他的。

当然，在18世纪对此谁也不会有多大担心，因为那些够富的人们在自家的天花板上布满了丘比特的像，建造壁炉，其

式样巧妙地把希腊、中国和法国哥特风格结合在一起。我认为我们的祖父辈对这一概念也无多大关心，因为他们继续积攒各种最粗劣的小摆设，完全不顾罗斯金先生在他睿智的论著里所说的一切。但是，近来随着侯施特鲁布先生画的"小男人"挂着一脸疲惫不堪的倦容的所有其他令人忧虑的事的出现，"高尚的情趣"这一顽扰也接踵而来。

今天，我们只要环顾市郊的那些乏味的客厅和贝尔格索夫广场更乏味的宽敞的起居室，就能看到它引起的混乱。在餐柜后面一个可怕的声音似乎说了声"请注意，时间到了，先生们。"接着大家立即开始把她最宝贵的财产带到杂物间或把它们送到佣人的饭厅，在那里受到非常冷淡的接待。

大家好像不可思议地被吓唬得对自己的家感到自卑，我非常怀疑我们家庭版的记者同仁们对此负有很大责任。

在维多利亚时代人们害怕被别人认为自己是穷人，因而宁可饿肚皮也要再雇一个男仆。现在，我们大家都穷得要命，并以此为荣。但是除了我自己我还得找到一个人，他仍旧沾沾自喜地说，"我对艺术懂得不多，但我知道我喜欢什么。"我每天这么说三次，而总是产生我所希望的极其令人震惊的效果。

环顾一下你自己的起居室，饰有你的阿加莎姨妈用彩色毛线编织的家徽的挡火隔板现在在哪里？为什么那个难看的陶罐现在正孤零零地放在壁炉架上？它是别人的阿加莎姨妈在不赖顿市郊制造的。你真的觉得在把所有的光线射到天花板的三角形灯罩旁看书很舒适吗？那个鹦鹉标本又在哪里？

你作了这些改变是不是因为你真的喜欢这些改变，还是因为有人一直缠着你大谈"高尚的情趣"呢？

可能你真的确实喜欢这些变化，但是似乎很奇怪布朗上校的妻子在这一点上竟然同你看法完全一致，虽然她在政治、宗教和怎样教养她的女儿方面与你意见相左。教区牧师的起居室与你的完全一样，虽然你以前根本忍受不了他。医生妻

子的起居室也和你的完全一样,人们说她酒喝得太过量了,还戴着如此别致的帽子。

如果由于某种奇怪的巧合,你确实真心实意同意你邻居在装饰房屋方面的情趣,那你就同意吧。但是,如果她喜欢在她的窗户塞满种着红花的手工艺陶碗,而你则更喜欢蜘蛛抱蛋花,那就在你房屋里放满蜘蛛抱蛋花,直到你的房屋看上去像一个暖房;如果你喜欢贝拿勒斯铜花盆,就把这些花放在里面;如果你喜欢竹架子,那就把这些花放在竹架上。如果你的乔治舅舅在印度射死的老虎头使你夜不能眠,那就千万把它藏起来;但是,如果你喜欢它,那就不要由于住在隔壁的布朗太太的胁迫而把它藏起来。打着伞毅然走到她家,对她说她的狩猎图和斯塔福德郡的陶器都是"中路货"或者"品味低级"。

如果你看到家庭照相簿,或者你在自行车比赛获得的奖杯,或者雅典卫城的着色照片,或者兰西尔的雕刻遭到讥讽的冷眼,你就非常坚定地说,"我对艺术懂得不多,但我知道我喜欢什么。"然后,他们将会知道他们占了下风。布朗太太会对教区牧师的妻子说你没有审美感太可悲了;教区牧师的妻子会对医生的妻子说这确实显示出你是哪种人。但是这三位都会在心底里妒嫉你,或许她们甚至会一个接一个从阁楼里拿出几件她们真正喜欢的东西来。

【赏析】

不论古今中外,附庸风雅恐怕都是都市家居生活中的一大通病。作者针对近世追求所谓雅趣的风气,发表了一通议论。文章首先向高雅趣味发难,颇有意思的是巧妙地玩弄了一个文字游戏,编派出了子虚乌有的"多拉"这么个角色。原本"多拉"也是狄更斯笔下的典型形象之一。一战时期,英国

通过了王国国防法，当时的内政大臣希克斯经常利用这个紧急法令去查禁图书剧目。“多拉”既是这个法令的缩写音译，即英语中的“Defence of the Realm Act”，同时又暗指多拉·格伦迪太太。18世纪末英国剧作家托马斯·莫顿在喜剧《加快耕耘》中虚构的这个人物从未出场，但是剧中人生怕格伦迪太太会说三道四，因此“格伦迪太太”成了衡量品行的死板尺度。

历史的迁变带来了时尚的变化，而这种变化也突出地反映在各自的家庭摆设上。作者感到遗憾的是，人们的改变并非出于个人爱好，不过是叶公好龙而已。在18世纪的家庭生活中，大家根据各自的喜好去装饰自己的房间。人们可以不去理会美学家罗斯金克生的虚论高谈，照样收集各种十分粗劣的小玩意。当今之世风气为之一变，昔日的陶碗或鹦鹉标本都无影无踪了。牧师和医生的起居室一模一样，千篇一律造成了单调乏味的审美情趣。作者的态度相当明朗，他主张大家用自己的双手去装点居室，不必莫明其妙地被“高雅趣味”牵着鼻子走，茫然不知所措。人可以不懂艺术，但是不能不知道自己喜欢什么，否则便会失去家庭生活真正的乐趣。

CYRIL CONNOLLY (1903-1974)

【简介】

西里尔·康诺利，散文家、批评家。早年与乔治·奥威尔同窗，毕业于牛津大学。文学生涯始于报章写作，先后为《新政治家》等刊物撰稿，曾任《观察家》杂志编辑。1939 年与人创办文学杂志《地平线》并主持笔政，在四十年代颇有影响。他唯一的长篇小说《岩池》笔调讽刺夸张，描写一位英国青年的堕落过程。随笔作品最著名的有《承诺的敌人》，探讨作家处于商业化和庸俗趣味的世界中所面临的问题。自传性质的《不平静的坟墓》别具一格，有格言、随笔断想、名家作品语录，美国评论家埃德蒙·威尔逊称之为“战时英国出版的优秀之作”。另有散文集《十年文选》、《受谴责的游乐场所》等多种。

【原文】

The Ant-Lion

The Maures are my favourite mountains, a range of old rounded mammalian granite which rise three thousand feet

above the coast of Provence[1]. In summer they are covered by dark forests of cork and pine, with paler interludes on the northern slopes of bright splay-trunked chestnut, and an undergrowth of arbutus and bracken. There is always water in the Maures, and the mountains are green throughout the summer, never baked like the limestone, or like the Southern Alps a slagheap of gritty oyster-shell. They swim in a golden light in which the radiant ebony green of their vegetation stands out against the sky, a region hardly inhabited, yet friendly as those dazzling landscapes of Claude and Poussin, in which shepherds and sailors from antique ships meander under incongruous elms. Harmonies of light and colour, drip of water over fern; they inculcate in those who stay long in the Midi[2], and whose brains are addled by iodine, a habit of moralizing, a brooding about causes. What makes men divide up into nations and go to war? Why do they live in cities? And what is the true relationship between Nature and Man?

The beaches of the Maures are of white sand, wide, with a ribbon of umbrella-pines, below which juicy mesembrianthemum and dry flowers of the sand stretch to within a yard of the sea. Lying there amid the pacific blues and greens one shuts the eyes and opens them on the white surface: the vague blurred philosophizing continues. Animism, pantheism, images of the earth soaring through space with the swerve of a ping-pong ball circulate in the head; the woolly brain meddles with ethics. No more power, no aggression, no intolerance. All must be free. Then whizz! A disturbance. Under the eye the soil is pitted in-

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① 位于法国东南部，普罗旺斯语曾是中世纪法国南部的标准文学语言

② 位于法国南部。

to a conical depression, about the size of a candle extinguisher, down whose walls the sand trickles gently, moved by a suspicion of wind. Whizz, and a clot is hurled to the top again, the bottom of the funnel cleared, in disobedience to the natural law! As the funnel silts up it is cleared by another whirr, and there appears, at the nadir of the cone, a brown pair of curved earwig horns, antlers of a giant earwig that churn the sand upwards like a steam shovel.

Now an ant is traversing the dangerous *arête*. He sidles, slithers, and goes fumbling down the Wall of Death to the waiting chopper. Snap! He struggles up, mounting the steep banking grain by grain as it shelves beneath him, till a new eruption is engineered by his waiting enemy. Sand belches out, the avalanche engulfs him, the horny sickles contract and disappear with their beady victim under the whiteness. Mystery, frustration, tragedy, death are then at large in this peaceful wilderness! Can the aggressive instinct be analysed out of those clippers? Or its lethal headpiece be removed by a more equitable distribution of raw materials? The funnels, I observe, are all round me. The sand is pockmarked with these geometrical death-traps, engineering triumphs of insect art. And this horsefly might be used for an experiment. I shove it downwards. The Claws seize on a wing, and the struggle is on. The fight proceeds like an atrocity of chemical warfare. The great fly threshes the soil with its wings, it buzzes and drones while the sand heaves round its propellers and the facets of its giant projectors glitter with light. But the clippers do not relax, and disappear tugging the fly beneath the surface. The threshing countinues, a faint buzzing comes from the invisible horsefly, and its undercarriage appears, with legs waving. Will it take

off? The wings of the insect bomber pound the air, the fly starts forward and upwards, and hauls after it — O fiend, embodiment of evil! A creature whose clippers are joined to a muscle-bound thorax and a vile yellow armour-plated body, squat and powerful, with a beetle set of legs to manoeuvre this engine of destruction. The Tank with a Mind now scuttles backwards in reverse, the stern, then the legs disappear, then the jaws which drag its prey. Legs beat the ground. A fainter wheeze and whirr, no hope now, the last wing-tip vanished, the air colder, the pines greener, the cone empty except for the trickle, the sifting and silting down the funnel of the grains of pearl-coloured sand.

Nature arranged this; bestowed on the Ant-Lion its dredging skill and its cannon-ball service. How can it tell, buried except for the striking choppers, that the pebble which rolls down has to be volleyed out of the death-trap, while the approaching ant must be collected by gentle eruptions, dismayed by a perpetual sandy shower? And, answer as usual, we do not know.

Yet the relationship between the Ant-Lion and the curving beaches of Pampelone suggests a parallel. This time at Albi[①]. Here Art and Nature have formed one of the most harmonious scenes in Europe. The fortress cathedral, the Bishop's Palace with its hanging gardens, and the old bridge, all of ancient brick, blend into the tawny landscape through which the emancipated Tarn flows from its gorges to the Garonne. Here again one wanders through this dream of the Middle Ages, by precincts of the rosy cathedral where the pious buzz like cockchafers, to be brought up by a notice on the portcullis of

① 法国塔恩省省会，画家土鲁斯·劳特累克的出生地，详见下文。

which all trace of sentiment or decadence is excluded by the realism of the painter, and the vitality of his line. In the sunlight on the terrace we are given the choice between the world of Nature and the world of Art. Nature seems to win, but at the moment of victory there is something lacking, and it is that lack which only the unnatural world inside can supply — progress, for example, for the view from the Palace has not altered, except slightly to deteriorate, for several hundred years. The enjoyment of it requires no more perception than had Erasmus[①], while the art of Lautrec is modern, and can be appreciated only by those who combine a certain kind of aristocratic satisfaction at human beings acting in character, and in gross character, with the love of fine drawing and colour.

Not that Lautrec was a great artist; he is to Degas what Maupassant is to Flaubert[②], one who extended the noble conception of realism by which a great master accepts the world as it is for the sake of its dynamism, and for the passive, extraordinarily responsive quality of that world to the artist who has learnt how to impose his will on it. The world of Lautrec is artificial because it excludes goodness and beauty as carefully as it excludes the sun. But it is an arranged world, a world of melancholy and ignorance (figures melancholy because ignorant, patient in the treadmill of pleasure), and so the artist drags us in from the terrace because force and intelligence dominate that arrangement. And once back, we are back in his dream, in a hunchback's dream of the world; the sunlight

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① 德希德累斯·伊拉斯谟(1466-1536)，荷兰人文主义学者.
② 艾法加·德加(1834-1917)，法国画家；莫泊桑(1850-1893)曾师从福楼拜(1821-1880)，故有此说.

seems tawdry, the red brick vulgar, the palace ornate; the crowd who stand in their tall hats gaping at the blossoming Can-Can dancers are in the only place worth being.

Now I understand the Ant-Lion. It is in Nature and with a natural right to its existence. There is no conflict between them; it is an advanced gadget in the scheme which includes the peaceful hills and the beach with its reedy pools of brackish water. Nor is there any opposition between Lautrec and the landscape of Albi. Albi was the oyster, and the contents of the museum are the Pearl. The irritant? The action of a physical deformity on an aristocratic, artistic but unoriginal mind which was happiest in the company of its inferiors, and which liked to be surrounded by the opposite sex in places where the deformity could be concealed by potency, or by the distribution of money. The result, a highly specialized painter, one of Nature's very latest experiments. And yet even that peaceful landscape was the home in the Middle Ages of a subversive, doctrine, the Albigensian heresy; a primitive anarchism which taught that men were equal and free, which disbelieved in violence and believed in a chosen priesthood, in the Cathari[①] who attained purity by abstinence, while they encouraged the Count's royal ancestors to come through excess and indulgence to heavenly wisdom. It was they who believed that the human race should cease to procreate, and so solve the problem of evil, who were massacred at Muret and Lavaur[②], and whom Simon de Montfort[③] slaughtered with the remark, 'The Lord will know his own.' And

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① 中世纪欧洲一教派，强调"清洁"，被视为异端。
② 法国南部地区。
③ 西蒙·德·孟福尔(1165?-1218)，十字军首领，因镇压清洁派留名史载

那样，犹如一堆含沙牡蛎壳的熔渣。群山沐浴在一片金灿灿的日光中，在天空的映衬下，漫山的草木润泽墨绿，分外夺目，这一带人烟罕至，然而在克劳德和普桑那些艳丽照人的风景画中，却似曾相识，画中的牧童和古舟上登岸的船夫，在颇不协调的榆树下徜徉。光与色的和谐效果，羊齿植物上的滴水；它们濡染着久居米迪的那些人，由于碘酒的作用，他们的头脑变得糊里糊涂的，养成了道德说教的习惯，对来龙去脉苦思冥想。是什么致使世人分割为邦国而又彼此交战？世人为何在城市里生活？自然与人类之间的真正关系又是什么？

莫尔山岭的海滩白沙茫茫，地势开阔，有一带形如伞状的金松，下面湿润的松叶菊和沙滩上干枯的野花，伸展至距大海咫尺之遥的地方。卧躺于静谧的湛蓝葱茏的天地之间，在白茫茫的沙滩上，双目时闭时睁：朦胧迷糊的哲理思绪便源源而来。泛灵论啦，泛神论啦，还有神游太空时尘世的物象，宛如乒乓球弧线般地在脑际循环不已；丝缕万千的头脑里盘旋的是伦理规范。强权休矣，侵略休矣，排斥异端论休矣。一切理应自由。随之而来一声嘘！一阵纷乱。眼瞪瞪只见大地坑陷为一个圆锥形的洼凹，大小约莫一只熄烛器，沿着它的四边沙土柔滑地流淌，原来是微风飘然而动。飕，一团沙块又被抛至顶端，沙漏的底端一扫而空，违抗了自然规律！沙漏淤塞的时分，又是一阵风声呼啸把它扫空，然而在沙锥的最低点，出现了蠼螋一对褐色弯曲的触须，一只硕大的蠼螋的头角好似一把蒸汽铲朝上搅翻着沙土。

这时有只蚂蚁正在爬越危险的沙脊。他蜷曲蠕动，摇摇滑落，沿着死亡绝壁摸索，快要落入蠼螋张口以待的利齿。啪！他奋力挺身，一点一点攀至峭削的沙岸，在他的下边沙堤同时缓缓倾斜，直到他那坐视以待的敌人策划了一阵新的喷沙。沙粒飞溅出来，一团沙尘吞没了他，弯弯的触须抽缩消失，在茫茫白沙之下，成了亮晶晶的牺牲品。神秘、挫折、悲剧、死亡于是在这片安宁的荒漠里恣肆横行！莫非能够从那

了中世纪的这片梦境，就在这座玫瑰色大教堂的方圆左近，这里虔诚的嗡嗡声仿佛金色子的啁鸣，大主教宫吊门上的告示才使人恍悟过来。"土鲁斯-劳特累克博物馆"。隐没在这堡垒形大教堂的传统哥特式建筑内的是一套长长的陈列室，当年这位艺术家的母亲，运用了她所有的封建权力，迫使当地市政当局把她儿子的画挂在里面。阿尔比地方官的运气就不如艾克斯市的官员，后者曾拒绝塞尚把自己的画留给市里的请求，而前者则慑于女伯爵的威风，把那些画置于这个极为神圣的一隅之地，在沙龙里有灯光照明悬挂着，那里的装饰掩盖了那段难堪往事的所有痕迹。

门丁骄傲地转向早期作品——田园风光和米勒的感伤浮想——这些是他所酷爱的；它们便是伯爵出走和受到巴都腐蚀之前的作为。然后出现的是素描，从中呈现出来的是这位成熟的艺术家优美粗犷的笔势，那种大胆却不(在他的某些画作中就是这样的)粗俗的挥洒，传神地点破了他的题材的野兽品质，或是那些注定落到这种必然下场的妙龄女郎的美貌。再往前的那间大陈列室里则是世纪末歪风邪气的停尸房，一系列画幅上几乎昏天黑地，其中白昼生息的唯一生物便是那一瘪瘦小的爱尔兰乞丐。驼背伯爵的活动天地是夜生活、点了煤气灯，下流，堕落败坏；穿过美术馆时为之震惊的阿尔比派教徒，一见那幅描绘浣衣女的非凡之作，个个目不转睛，原来她是在跟青楼的鸨母清点内衣。当观者从一幅幅画前走过时，气氛渐渐增强，《瓦朗坦节的柔弱情人》和《饕餮》变成了熟悉面孔，还有昏暗的《红磨坊》里显得黯然失色的倩女，人们在画中辨认得出一位宠儿，那是长形、悲伤、过惯夜生活、毫无表情却又讨厌透顶的"英国人"面孔——某个英国常客，一贯通宵的来客给的面子就是视之为一个站岗的哨兵。

在美术馆的尽头有一扇门，门丁在门前神秘地微笑了，仿佛让我们准备去领悟宠贝壁画的启示。他打开门，我们便出现在小露台。阳光灿烂，天空蔚蓝，下面的塔恩河泛起了涟

湾。越过大主教城堡的古砖和旧桥的拱门，阿尔比派教徒栖身的那片风景胜地延绵不断——绿麦弥望的山麓丘陵，粉色山庄如冠而盖，幽趣横生，在附近南面、横亘位置的地中海区域淡淡清澈的日光下，这里的山光村色融入了远方塞文山脉的棕色之中。好一派康乐气象，倘若身临其境，世人的田地城邑，无不浑然化入大地阳光之中。执著的时候，站在关闭的门背后，要是深吸一口气，便会感觉到一种吸力；引力与斥力相争，犹如在冷峻波动的对立状态下一个磁体的两极之争。埋头于沙穴的蚁狮孜孜不倦；驼背伯爵使我们产生了联想；贫穷、贪婪、空气恶劣、挥霍的世界，以及那些夜间不就寝的人们的世界在等待着，不过一位艺术家的回天之力也在等待着，在这个天地里感伤或颓废的绪余一扫而空，因为这位艺术家凭借的是现实主义，还有他笔势中的生机。沐浴在露台的阳光之中，我们面临的选择是自然的天地与艺术的天地。自然似乎获胜了，不过在胜利的时刻，终是有所欠缺，而正是这种欠缺之处，唯有那个非自然的天地才能弥补——比如进步，因为数百年来从大主教宫望去的景色并未改变，除非稍呈破败之象。赏玩这片景色所需要的知觉并未超乎伊拉斯谟所具有的知觉，而劳特累克的艺术则是现代的，能够欣赏得了的只有这样一些人：他们兼而有之——对于行止合乎性格，而且合乎大体性格的各色人等，确乎抱有几分贵族气味的踌躇满志，同时也爱好优美的绘画和色彩。

我倒并非说劳特累克是一位伟大的艺术家；他之于德加犹如莫伯桑之于福楼拜，后一位将现实主义的崇高概念薪传给已经学会把自己的意志强加于世界的那位艺术家，而一位伟大的宗师正是抱着这种概念去接受世界的，因为可取之处便是它的动态特性，以及那个世界被动的、异常感应的特质。劳特累克的世界是人工的，因为它刻意排斥善与美，如同排斥太阳一样。不过它是一个经过布局的世界，一个充斥着忧郁和无知的世界（人物忧郁是出于无知，颇有耐心蹲在千篇一律

的快乐踏车上),所以这位艺术家又把我们从露台拖了进去,因为力量和才智支配了那种布局。于是一旦回来,我们又回到了他的梦境,一个驼背的世界梦境;阳光显得艳丽,红砖显得粗俗,美术馆显得豪华;目瞪口呆伫望着跳坎坎舞的女子袒胸露怀,这班戴高礼帽的家伙只有在此地才适得其所。

现在我理解蚁狮了。它是存在于自然界而且有其生存的天赋权利。二者之间并无冲突;在包罗宁静的山丘和有微咸水芦苇塘沙滩的宇宙构造之中,它是一个高级小玩意儿。在劳特累克与阿尔比的风景之间也不存在什么对立。阿尔比是牡蛎,博物馆里的展品则为明珠。刺激难受吗?那是一种身体畸形对一颗有贵族气质、艺术品味而不具创意的心灵所产生的作用,他的心灵在等而下之者相伴时其乐无穷,而且喜欢在阳刚之气旺盛,或是散发金钱可以掩盖畸形的那些场所为异性团团簇拥。结果呢,成了别具功力的画家,大自然晚近的一个实验品。然而即使那种宁静的风景,也是中世纪一种颠覆性教义即阿尔比派异端的发源地;一种原始的无政府主义,它教诲的是人人平等自由,它不信暴力而笃信上帝选中的神职人员,笃信以节制达到清洁的卡特里派教徒,而他们却曾怂恿伯爵的王室祖先通过无节制和放纵而获得天神智慧。正是他们相信人类应该停止生殖,这样便可解决邪恶的问题,他们在米莱和拉夫尔横遭屠戮,西蒙·德·孟福尔在大开杀戒时说了这么一句,"上帝终将认清自己的子民"。这些异教徒恐怕是正确的,倘若有一场反对生殖的造反从阿尔比向外蔓延开来,世界就会变成一个空荡荡的所在,而幸存下来的那些顽强的众生,也不会被迫去为了生存空间而彼此残杀,因为我们大家或许都知道,他们是某种根深蒂固的自相残杀本能的牺牲品,这种本能要求他们为一种新的实验铺平道路,那是白蚁或老鼠的文明。

入夏以来世事频仍。如今莫尔山岭不得闯入,博物馆已经关闭,对于事态的错误估计所得出的许多一般推断不攻自

破，但是（由于蚁狮的运作现在已被推广），看来值得重温那些关于快乐生活的艺术表现，它们是劳特累克从自己在蓉巴林和烘饼坊的耳闻目睹中吸取来的，又充满活力地记载于画幅之中，它们依然可为未来的游客所了解，肯定其中的真谛。

【赏析】

山水之乐固然足以游目驰怀，怡情养性；尺幅之图固然足以毕罗万象，传模移写；但是作者之意并不在于峰峦丹青之间。尽管描写了山光水色和画家名作，纵观全文不难看出，它既非爱恋光景的小品，亦非品藻翰墨的画论。

从历史背景的角度来看，文章发表于 1939 年，时值战争风云席卷欧陆之际，其中蕴含的警世意味当可起到发聋振聩的作用。胸有丘壑故能挥洒自如，文含理趣故能启发深思。天然情致与哲理沉思相映成趣，从而令人心神一爽，浮想联翩。

由微见著历来为中外行文的一大妙诀，也是本文最为显著的一个特色。柳宗元的《黔之驴》和弗吉尼亚·吴尔夫的《飞蛾之死》，都是我们耳熟能详的范文。魏晋时期陆机在《文赋》里论及构思时说，“观古今于须臾，抚四海于一瞬”。在探讨谋篇布局时又说，“笼天地于形内，挫万物于笔端”。作者着眼于细微之物，思绪如丝如缕，文章寄托了思古之幽情，蕴含着历史文化的丰富内容，同时也不乏一针见血的时事评论。诗人威廉·布莱克的名句“一粒沙尘看世界”，佛典《华严》中的“毛孔藏刹海，芥子包须弥”之说，值得认真参悟，对于深刻领会本文内涵颇有启迪。

虚幻与现实的交叉呈现，历史与现代的融汇反映，自然与艺术的观照遐想，时断时续不断跳跃的意识潜流，可谓恣意恣笔为文，变幻莫测，无端无涯。语言风格也是戛戛独造，三四

两段中运用了不少军事名词和飞机部位来形容区区蚊蝇，读之不禁令人发噱。作者境界开阔，眼光敏锐，落墨细腻入微而曲尽其妙，一波三折而令读者为之掩卷。

WILLIAM EMPSON (1906-1984)

【简介】

威廉·燕卜荪，诗人、批评家。在剑桥大学主攻数学和文学时已崭露头角，受业于新批评派开山师艾·阿·理查兹。三十年代赴日本和中国讲授英国文学，曾在北京大学和昆明西南联大任教席。1947年至1952年再度在北京大学讲学。对东方文化有较深的造诣。二战期间，在英国广播公司远东部任中文编辑。诗歌受玄学派诗人多恩以及弥尔顿的影响，作品有《诗歌》、《诗集》等。批评论著《晦涩的七种类型》、《复杂词的结构》等对当代英国文学的学者产生了明显的影响。

【原文】

The Faces of Buddha

There is room for an amateur to say something about Buddha faces, because the experts tend rather to avoid so indefinite a topic, while there are two likely misunderstandings for a man in the street: that the Buddhas have no expression at all, an

idea set on foot by Lafcadio Hearn[1], who had a genuine feeling for the East but was almost blind; or else that they all sneer, a thing G. K. Chesterton, for instance, often says, which is less easy to answer. Certainly in each Buddhist country, after a few centuries, the type becomes conventional and is liable to be complacent; also one thinks first of the Buddhas of China, and as soon as the Buddha arrived in China he was given something of the polite irony of a social superior. There was some real falsity when they came to treat the Goddess of Mercy as a fashion plate of the court lady. Yet before merely disliking that look it is only fair to see where it comes in the system. The Buddha has delivered himself from the world and may well look superior to it, but he is telling you that you can do the same; also he could not achieve this apparently selfish aim without first learning complete unselfishness. The Ajanta[2] caves occasionally give him the face of a typical Italian Christ, but only in previous lives, while he was dealing with that aspect (giving his body to a hungry tiger and so on). As to the after-dinner look of many Buddhas, and the rings of fat on the neck, a puzzle of the translators seems to show the point; one expert gives a remark of the Buddha as 'While I live thus, after having felt the extreme sensations, I am pure', and another as 'after having felt my last sensation'. An idea that you must be somehow satisfied as well as mortified before entering repose goes deep into the system, and perhaps into human life. However, what you are

① 拉夫卡迪奥·赫恩(1850-1904),日籍美国作家、翻译家。1895年入日本籍,改名小泉八云。

② 印度一佛教庙宇,约有三十处洞穴,以壁画著称。

meant to feel in a Bodhisattva[1](which is roughly any 'Buddha' with a headdress, shown not as a monk but a king) has escaped these doctrinal puzzles and become clearly sacrificial. They are saints who have given up their Nirvana, their heaven, till they have helped their last fellow-creature into heaven before them, and the face is meant to show it. In a sense they have given up their deaths, not their lives, but the conception appeared in the first centuries after Christ and along the caravan routes to Europe; the two religions may very well be connected. The drooping eyelids of the great creatures are heavy with patience and suffering, and the subtle irony which offends us in their raised eyebrows (it is quite a common expression in Europeans, though curiously avoided in our portraits) is in effect an appeal to us to feel, as they do, that it is odd that we let our desires subject us to so much torment in the world. The first thing to say about the Buddha face, granted that many later ones are complacent, is that the smile of superiority can mean and be felt to mean simply the power to help.

The next thing, I think, about the stock type, is that it is the simplest conception of high divinity the human race has devised; people say it is monotonous, but there is a sort of democracy about its repetition. In a way Europe has agreed on the face of Christ, but you have to be a good artist to do it. Anyone who cares about the Lord Buddha can do his face in a few ignorant strokes on sand or blotting paper, and among all the crude versions I have walked past I do not remember one that failed to give him his effect of eternity. It is done by the high brow, soaring outwards; by the long slit eye, almost shut in medita-

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① 略称菩萨。

which is not meant. Of course a good enough artist can avoid the obvious; it is terrible when the Buddha in the Ajanta caves once fully opens his eyes, as he takes his last look at his wife — a picture, by the way, which has been destroyed by varnish, and can now be seen only in photographs. But this, I think, gave a main reason for closing it. The photograph here from the great Bodhisattva of Cave 1 will serve to show how the type was going, though not to show the Titian richness of the flesh-painting and the Tintoretto[1] glitter of the crown. Not that the Far East was afraid of Robey; there is a further threat of him when the brows curl down again on the outside, and this was used mainly for the late Vairocana Bodhisattva, who stands for the energy behind the universe (or thereabouts). This strange conception tends to particularly puppy ears and a certain winning bounce in the raised finger; the type can aim at something near Robey and be still a god. For that matter both Kwannon and Maitreya have a version as a great fat laughing sprawler, which helps to show that this is not a misunderstanding. The merely racial difficulty in understanding the faces is indeed smaller than you would expect, and the artists at Angkor no less than Ajanta seem to have amused themselves by putting the same face on to all the races of mankind.

The formula leaves much of the face free. The nose can do what it likes, and is used for anything between childishness, sensuality, and administrative power. The mouth can do what it likes, and varies from a rich sensual repose to the strained tightlipped alert smile seen on flying aces and archaic Greek sculpture. This of course is not borrowed from Greece; the

① 丁托雷托(1518-1594),意大利文艺复兴后期威尼斯画派画家.

ed but still offering. Noble stupid creature; at least no one can say that she is sneering.

【译文】

佛 的 尊 容

穆国豪 译

关于佛的尊容，门外汉有机会说上几句，因为专家们往往避而不谈这样一个定义不明的话题，然而一个普通人可能有两种误解：认为佛根本没有表情，这个想法始于拉夫卡迪奥·赫恩，他对东方怀有真诚的感情，但是却几乎一无所知；或者认为佛都在嗤笑，例如吉·凯·切斯特顿经常这么说，这是一个更不容易解答的问题。当然，在每一个信奉佛教的国家里，经过几个世纪之后，佛的典型形象就变得符合习俗了，很可能显得踌躇满志；而且人们首先想到的是中国的佛。佛一传到中国，他就被赋予几分社会上层人物那种文雅讥讽的神态。中国人渐渐把大慈大悲的观音菩萨描绘成宫廷贵妇人的时装图样，这就严重走样失真了。然而，在一味讨厌那种神态之前，先要了解它来自于社会体系的哪个部分，这才算公正。佛已经把自己从尘世中解脱出来，看上去满可以高于尘世，但是他告诉你，你也能这么做；如果不首先学会完全的无私，他也就不可能达到这个貌似自私的目的。阿旃陀洞窟偶尔给佛陀一副典型的意大利耶稣的面貌，不过那只是在前世，当时他在讲述把身躯献给一只饥饿的老虎那一方面的事。至于许多佛的饭后神态以及脖子上一圈圈的肥肉，诠释者所要解开的一个难题似乎揭示了问题的要点；一位专家讲佛陀是这么说的：

"我这样生活，在感受了极度的感官刺激之后，我变得纯洁了。"另一种说法是"在感受了最后一次感官刺激之后。"在长眠之前你既得禁欲苦行又得有所满足，这个思想深入社会体系，也许深入人生。然而，你应该在一尊菩提萨埵（大体上是任何一尊带着头饰的佛，看上去不像一个僧人，而像一个国王）身上感觉到的东西，已经摆脱了这些教义的谜团，变得具有明显的奉献精神。他们是圣人，放弃了他们的涅磐，他们的天堂，直到他们帮助最后一个同类先于他们进入天堂，佛的面貌理应显示这一点。在某种意义上，他们牺牲了他们的死亡，而不是他们的生命，但是这种造型产生于耶稣诞生后的头几个世纪，遍及通往欧洲的商道沿途；这两种宗教完全可能联系起来。那些伟人下垂的眼睑充满了忍耐和苦难而显得无神，而佛像那竖起的眉毛蕴含着我们所憎恶的隐约的讥讽，实际上是一种魅力，使我们像佛那样感觉到，令人奇怪的是，我们听任自己的欲望迫使我们在尘世经受如此之多的折磨。竖眉是欧洲人很普通的表情，虽然很奇怪在我们的肖像中避免表现这种表情。假定许多后期的佛像是踌躇满志的，关于佛的尊容，首先要说是那高人一等的笑容可以只意味着，并且可以为人感觉到它只意味着救助之力。

我认为关于常见的典型佛像的第二点是，它是人类构想出来的体现崇高神性的最朴素的造型。人们说它呆板单调，但是它的重复有着某种民主精神。在某种程度上，欧洲人对于耶稣的面貌形成了共识，但是要塑造耶稣的面貌，你得是一位优秀的艺术家。任何关心佛爷的人，都可以在沙土或吸墨纸上无知地涂上几笔佛的面容，然而在我走过看到的所有粗糙的佛像中，我不记得有哪一张脸不给人留下佛是永生的感觉，这一点体现在向前隆起的前额上；体现在长长的凤眼上，几乎在闭目冥想，还有点儿斜视，如果睁开来，那就是一对大得吓人的眼睛；体现在成熟的脸庞那光洁的皱纹所显示出的孩提的泰然镇静上——长垂的幼犬状的耳朵衬托出这一点。

如果做到这些，那些佛像就包蕴着佛教的主要思想。首先，佛的尊容既视而不见又洞察一切（在远东，人们提到一个受骗的丈夫时会说："他像佛一样无知。"），因此既洋洋自得又普济众生，塑造佛的面貌的这条基本准则容许多样化，可以说是稍有自由处理权，但是权限并不小。我感到，要构想房间里的一个真正的人的话，十分虚幻的佛，远比一个欧洲的耶稣头像更可及。当你陷入这种想法时，你似乎知道生有那双非凡的手会有怎样的感觉。

仅从种族角度来解释这种典型的佛像，那是错误的，虽然在远东典型的佛像既是夸张的，又多少符合他们正统的观点。大约在公元1世纪，西北方的希腊和罗马艺术家，似乎摆脱了印度的绝不能为佛绘肖像的传统。他们的阿波罗安详的神态，有悖于马图拉那种富有人性的气势雄伟的人间之神的传统。然后到印度笈多王朝时期（公元5世纪），佛的形象就固定为高高的前额、半闭的眼睛。它们不是远东的发明。眼睛必须与前额相适应。如果高高的前额下长着一对睁得大大的眼睛，那将很可能引起乔治·罗比不愿直言的惊奇，但不管怎样会引起烦扰的惊奇，虽然这并非原意。当然，一位相当优秀的艺术家能够避免平淡无奇。阿旃陀洞窟里的佛在他最后看他妻子一眼时，眼睛完全睁开了，这很糟糕。顺便说一下，这幅画被上光油毁坏了，现在只能在照片上见到了。但是我想这是关闭这个洞窟的一个主要原因。这里在一号洞窟拍摄的大菩萨的照片足以显示这种典型佛像是怎么样的，虽然并不足以显示提香的人体画的浓艳色彩和丁托列托的皇冠的灿烂光辉。并不是远东害怕罗比；眉毛外侧再向下弯就更有罗比的痕迹，这主要用于描绘后期的大日如来，他象征着主宰宇宙（大约是那地方）的力量。这个奇怪的造型趋于采用幼犬状的耳朵和翘起的手指生气勃勃的动态。这种典型佛像可以采用近乎罗比的风格，同时仍然不失为一尊神像。其实，观音和弥勒佛都具有胖墩墩、撒手、撒脚、笑容可掬的形象，这有助于表

明这种造型不是出于误解。事实上，仅仅由于种族的原因，在理解佛的面貌时产生的困难确实比人们预料的要小，吴哥的艺术家和阿旃陀洞窟的艺术家一样，似乎给人类所有的民族一张相同的面貌聊以自娱。

那典型的程式使得面貌的很大部分可以由艺术家自由发挥。鼻子可以任意描绘，用来表达稚气、感受享受、管理能力之类的品质。嘴可以任意描绘，有种种变化，从感官舒坦的安详，到人们从空军王牌飞行员的古希腊雕像身上看到的不自然而紧闭双唇的警觉的微笑。这当然不是从希腊借鉴来的。希腊的影响不是仿古主义的，不管怎样，古代阿波罗雕像的典型之处不只是嘴，而是下颚别致的不完善的形象。在佛陀或是别的面像上，那种古代的呆板笑容的要点在于，这副笑容的塑造是可以通过把颧骨的主要随意肌下拉，让其他面部肌肉松驰下来。因此这上一种简易的方法，使得一座塑像看上去具有社会意识，固执、警觉。云岗石窟中最早期的许多中国佛像，直截了当地运用这种技法，从而取得了一种强烈的效果(例如，中国展馆第二室中那尊一览群像小的优美佛像)。但是你只要将嘴角陷入双颊，就可以赋予佛像讥讽的性格或怡然自得的性格，我所例举的云岗石窟的佛像其实几乎是在眨眼。我认为运用这些简单的手法，既获得了力量与平和的特殊效果，又获得了完全感悟时幽默的亲善的特殊效果。兴鉴寺的佛像传统上是朝鲜的贡献，可以代表对早期日本的第二个主要影响；那尊佛像的非常神秘的嘴巴全然不是这种类型，未来佛具有一种悲伤而略含狡黠的文雅，尚未演变成尘世的积极力量。中宫寺的未来佛在诞生时也许将带来新的启示，确切地说，塑造其嘴巴用的是较早期的传统技法，嘴巴很放松，平滑的木头有一些波纹，他赋予佛像在任何时刻都把当今世界看作一场愚蠢的梦而不屑一顾的轻松愉快和慈爱。法隆寺的大慈大悲观世音虽然并非明显是大英博物馆那尊像的复制品，但参照它来传达出悲哀的、短平翘鼻子的、困惑的神情，

隐约地使人联想到国际象棋白方的皇后。要理解这神情需要很多火红的衣纹一直拖曳到地上，手臂像植物的茎干猛地伸展出去，虽然很累，但仍在奉献。高尚愚蠢的神物；至少没有人能说她在嗤笑。

【赏析】

相传佛陀讲道的时候，接过弟子献上的一枝花，不言不语，只见听者中的迦叶会意微笑，佛陀也露出笑容，于是"拈花授法"之说便流传至今。佛教经过翻译传入中国，所以首先对士大夫产生了力量，对崇尚入世态度的儒家思想形成了冲击力量。葛兆光在《禅宗与中国文化》中谈到，老庄哲学"重视内心体验"，佛教"重视神秘主义的直觉体验"，可谓一脉相通。燕卜荪注意到了佛像在中国经历的演变，而且对印度、中国、日本三国的佛的面貌进行了比较。

近两个世纪前，德国哲学家弗·施莱格尔曾指出佛教所体现的泛神论精神，不过当代禅学大师铃木大拙看出了西方学者看待东方哲学的局限性，认为他们都是从其特定的观点去探讨问题。而燕卜逊在日本和中国讲学有年，通过亲身的生活体验，对佛教的认识比较深刻；同时他的独到之处在于能够站在东方人的角度来看待问题，不是空谈玄理，而是通过仔细观察不同的佛的面貌来领悟佛理。这篇文章的意义是廓清一般西方人对佛的面貌的错误认识，不妨说作者是力求还原其真实面貌，而且意在言外地表达了他的看法：典型的宗教人物形象在一定意义上也是社会和民族的一种反映。

作者是基于个人的感觉经验和深厚的学识修养来认识佛像的。本文大体上从三个方面加以探讨。首先列举代表性的言论，批驳了通常西方文人和学者对佛像的不正确的看法。进而分析姿态各异的佛的形象，引出他个人的见解，认为中国

的佛像体现了“普济众生”和“民主精神”这两点，论证他对佛像的认识。同时通过比较耶稣与佛的形象的不同之处，提示了两种宗教土壤的差异。最后是从艺术表现手法上进一步展开讨论，先谈东西方神像各自的特点，再谈中国佛像对日本佛像的影响以及二者的比较。文章内容丰富，资料翔实，文笔精练。尤其值得称道的是，作者视野非常开阔，而且独具只眼，见解深刻，能够帮助读者从多重视角去理解宗教形象的内在意义

dren together. We almost never talked shop; without mentioning it, we wanted to keep things unprofessional. At some point during the summer Ted and I did a broadcast together. Afterward we collected Sylvia from the flat and went across to their local. The recording had been a success and we stood outside the pub, around the baby's pram, drinking our beers and pleased with ourselves. Sylvia, too, seemed easier, wittier, less constrained than I had seen her before. For the first time I understood something of the real charm and speed of the girl.

About that time my wife and I moved from our flat near Swiss Cottage to a house higher up in Hampstead, near the Heath. A couple of days before we were due to move I broke my leg in a climbing accident, and that put out everything and everyone, since the house had to be decorated, broken leg or not. I remember sticking black and white tiles to floor after endless floor, a filthy dark brown glue coating my fingers and clothes and gumming up my hair, the great, inert plaster cast dragging behind me like a coffin as I crawled. There wasn't much time for friends. Ted occasionally dropped in and I would hobble with him briefly to the pub. But I saw Sylvia not at all. In the autumn I went to teach for a term in the States.

While I was there *The Observer* sent me her first book of poems to review. It seemed to fit the image I had of her: serious, gifted, withheld, and still partly under the massive shadow of her husband. There were poems that had been influenced by him, others which echoed Theodore Roethke or Wallace Stevens[①]; clearly, she was still casting about for her own

① 西奥多·罗特克(1908-1963)和华莱士·斯蒂文斯(1879-1955)均为美国著名诗人。

style. Yet the technical ability was great, and beneath most of the poems was a sense of resources and disturbances not yet tapped. "Her poems," I wrote, "rest secure in a mass of experience that is never quite brought out into the daylight. . . . It is this sense of threat, as though she were continually menaced by something she could see only out of the corners of her eyes, that gives her work its distinction."

Throughout this time the evidence of the poems and the evidence of the person were utterly different. There was no trace of the poetry's despair and unforgiving destructiveness in her social manner. She remained remorselessly bright and energetic: busy with her children and her beekeeping in Devon, busy flat-hunting in London, busy seeing *The Bell Jar* through the press, busy typing and sending off her poems to largely unreceptive editors (just before she died she sent a sheaf of her best poems, most of them now classics, to one of the national British weeklies; none was accepted). She had also taken up horse-riding again, teaching herself to ride on a powerful stallion called Ariel[1], and was elated by this new excitement.

Cross-legged on the red floor, after reading her poems, she would talk about her riding in her twanging New England voice. And perhaps because I was also a member of the club, she talked, too, about suicide in much the same way: about her attempt ten years before which, I suppose, must have been very much on her mind as she corrected the proofs of her novel, and about her recent car crash. It had been no accident; she

① 原为莎剧《暴风雨》中的精灵。普拉斯去世前两年常骑此马,《爱丽尔》也是其名篇。

had gone off the road deliberately, seriously, wanting to die. But she hadn't, and all that was now in the past. For this reason I am convinced that at this time she was not contemplating suicide. On the contrary, she was able to write about the act so freely because it was already behind her. The car crash was a death she had survived, the death she sardonically felt herself fated to undergo once every decade:

> I have done it again.
> One year in every ten
> I manage it —
>
> A sort of walking miracle. . . [①]
>
> I am only thirty.
> And like the cat I have nine times to die.
>
> This is Number Three. . . [②]

In life, as in the poem, there was neither hysteria in her voice, nor any appeal for sympathy. She talked about suicide in much the same tone as she talked about any other risky, testing activity: urgently, even fiercely, but altogether without self-pity. She seemed to view death as a physical challenge she had, once again, overcome. It was an experience of much the same quality as riding Ariel or mastering a bolting horse — which she had done as a Cambridge undergraduate — or careening down a

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① 《拉撒路女士》一诗，第1-4行。
② 同上诗，第20-22行。

dangerous snow slope without properly knowing how to ski — an incident, also from life, which is one of the best things in *The Bell Jar*. Suicide, in short, was not a swoon into death, an attempt "to cease upon the midnight with no pain"; it was something to be felt in the nerve-ends and fought against, an initiation rite qualifying her for a *life* of her own.

God knows what wound the death of her father had inflicted on her in her childhood, but over the years this had been transformed into the conviction that to be an adult meant to be a survivor. So, for her, death was a debt to be met once every decade: in order to stay alive as a grown woman, a mother, and a poet, she had to pay — in some partial, magical way — with her life. But because this impossible payment involved also the fantasy of joining or regaining her beloved dead father, it was a passionate act, instinct as much with love as with hatred and despair. Thus in that strange, upsetting poem "The Bee Meeting", the detailed, doubtless accurate description of a gathering of local beekeepers in her Devon village gradually becomes an invocation of some deadly ritual in which she is sacrificial virgin whose coffin, finally, waits in the sacred grove. Why this should happen becomes, perhaps, slightly less mysterious when you remember that her father was an authority on bees; so her beekeeping becomes a way of symbolically allying herself to him, and reclaiming him from the dead.

The tone of all these late poems is hard, factual and, despite the intensity, understated. In some strange way, I suspect she thought of herself as a realist: the deaths and resurrec-

cellar and swallows fifty sleeping pills. In "Daddy", describing the same episode, she hammers home her reasons with repetitions:

> At twenty I tried to die
> And get back, back, back to you.
> I thought even the bones would do.

I suspect that finding herself alone again now, however temporarily and voluntarily, all the anguish she had experienced at her father's death was reactivated: despite herself, she felt abandoned, injured, enraged, and bereaved as purely and defenselessly as she had as a child twenty years before. As a result, the pain that had built up steadily inside her all that time came flooding out. There was no need to discuss motives because the poems did that for her.

These months were an amazingly creative period, comparable, I think, to the "marvellous year" in which Keats produced nearly all the poetry on which his reputation finally rests. Earlier she had written carefully, more or less painfully, with much rewriting and, according to her husband, with constant recourse to *Roget's Thesaurus*[1]. Now, although she abandoned none of her hard-earned skills and discipline, and still rewrote and rewrote, the poems flowed effortlessly, until, at the end, she occasionally produced as many as three a day. She also told me that she was deep into a new novel. *The Bell Jar* was finished, proofread and with her publishers; she spoke of it

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① 彼特·马克·罗杰(1779-1869),英国医生、学者。这里提到的词典已成为经典

with some embarrassment as an autobiographical apprentice-work which she had to write in order to free herself from the past. But this new book, she implied, was the genuine article.

Considering the conditions in which she worked, her productivity was phenomenal. She was a full-time mother with a two-year-old daughter, a baby of ten months, and a house to look after. By the time the children were in bed at night she was too tired for any thing more strenuous than "music and brandy and water". So she got up very early each morning and worked until the children woke. "These new poems of mine have one thing in common," she wrote in a note for a reading she prepared, but never broadcast, for the BBC, "they were all written at about four in the morning — that still blue, almost eternal hour before the baby's cry, before the glassy music of the milkman, settling his bottles." In those dead hours between night and day, she was able to gather herself into herself in silence and isolation, almost as though she were reclaiming some past innocence and freedom before life got a grip on her. Then she could write. For the rest of the day she was shared among the children, the housework, the shopping, efficient, bustling, harassed, like every other housewife.

Yet lonely she was, touchingly and without much disguise, despite her buoyant manner. Despite, too, the energy of her poems, which are, by any standards, subtly ambiguous performances. In them she faced her private horrors steadily and without looking aside, but the effort and risk involved in doing so acted on her like a stimulant; the worse things got and the more directly she wrote about them, the more fertile her imagination became. Just as disaster, when it finally arrives, is

never as bad as it seems in expectation, so she now wrote almost with relief, swiftly as though to forestall further horrors. In a way, this is what she had been waiting for all her life, and now it had come she knew she must use it. "The passion for destruction is also a creative passion", said Michael Bakunin, and for Sylvia also this was true. She turned anger, implacability, and her roused, needle-sharp sense of trouble into a kind of celebration.

I have suggested that her cool tone depends a great deal on her realism, her sense of fact. As the months went by and her poetry became progressively more extreme, this gift of transforming every detail grew steadily until, in the last weeks, each trivial event became the occasion for poetry: a cut finger, a fever, a bruise. Her drab domestic life fused with her imagination richly and without hesitation. Around this time, for example, her husband produced a strange radio play in which the hero, driving to town, runs over a hare, sells the dead animal for five shillings, and with the blood money busy two roses. Sylvia pounced on this, isolating its core, interpreting and adjusting it according to her own needs. The result was the poem "Kindness", which ends:

> The blood jet is poetry.
> There is no stopping it.
> You hand me two children, two roses.

There was, indeed, no stopping it. Her poetry acted as a strange, powerful lens through which her ordinary life was filtered and refigured with extraordinary intensity. Perhaps the elation that comes of writing well and often helped her to pre-

serve that bright American façade she unfailingly presented to the world. In common with her other friends of that period, I chose to believe in this cheerfulness against all the evidence of the poems. Or rather, I believe in it, and I didn't believe. But what could one do? I felt sorry for her but she clearly didn't want that. Her jauntiness forestalled all sympathy, and, if only by her blank refusal to discuss them otherwise, she insisted that her poems were purely poems, autonomous. If attempted suicide is, as some psychiatrists believe, a cry for help, then Sylvia at this time was not suicidal. What she wanted was not help but confirmation: she needed someone to acknowledge that she was coping exceptionally well with her difficult routine life of children, nappies, shopping, and writing. She needed, even more, to know that the poems worked and were good, for although she had gone through a gate Lowell had opened, she was now far along a peculiarly solitary road on which not many would risk following her. So it was important for her to know that her messages were coming back clear and strong. Yet not even her determinedly bright self-reliance could disguise the loneliness that came from her almost palpably, like a heat haze. She asked for neither sympathy nor help but, like a bereaved widow at a wake, she simply wanted company in her mourning. I suppose it provided confirmation that, despite the odds and the internal evidence, she still existed.

It was an unspeakable winter, the worst, they said, in a hundred and fifty years. The snow began just after Christmas and would not let up. By New Year the whole country had ground to a halt. The trains froze on the tracks, the abandoned trucks froze on the roads. The power stations, overloaded by million upon pathetic million of hopeless electric fires, broke

down continually; not that the fires mattered, since the electricians were mostly out on strike. Water pipes froze solid; for a bath you had to scheme and cajole those rare friends with centrally heated houses, who became rarer and less friendly as the weeks dragged on. Doing the dishes became a major operation. The gastric rumble of water in outdated plumbing was sweeter than the sound of mandolins. Weight for weight, plumbers were as expensive as smoked salmon, and harder to find. The gas failed and Sunday joints went raw. The lights failed and candles, of course, were unobtainable. Nerves failed and marriages crumbled. Finally, the heart failed. It seemed the cold would never end. Nag, nag, nag.

In December *The Observer* had published a still uncollected poem by Sylvia called "Event"; in mid-January they published another, "Winter Trees". Sylvia wrote me a note about it, adding that maybe we should take our children to the zoo and she would show me "the nude verdigris of the condor". But she no longer dropped into my studio with poems. Later that month I met the literary editor of one of the big weeklies. He asked me if I had seen Sylvia recently.

"No. Why?"

"I was just wondering. She sent us some poems. Very strange."

"Did you like them?"

"No," he replied. "Too extreme for my taste. I sent them all back. But she sounds in a bad state. I think she needs help."

Her doctor, a sensitive, overworked man, thought the same. He prescribed sedatives and arranged for her to see a psychotherapist. Having been bitten once by American psychia-

try, she hesitated for some time before writing for an appointment. But her depression did not lift, and finally the letter was sent. It did no good. Either her letter or that of the therapist arranging a consultation went astray; apparently the postman delivered it to the wrong address. The therapist's reply arrived a day or two after she died. This was one of several links in the chain of accidents, coincidences, and mistakes that ended in her death.

I am convinced by what I know of the facts that this time she did not intend to die. Her suicide attempt ten years before had been, in every sense, deadly serious. She had carefully disguised the theft of the sleeping pills, left a misleading note to cover her tracks, and hidden herself in the darkest, most unused corner of a cellar, rearranging behind her the old firelogs she had disturbed, burying herself away like a skeleton in the nethermost family closet. Then she had swallowed a bottle of fifty sleeping pills. She was found late and by accident, and survived only by a miracle. The flow of life in her was too strong even for the violence she had done it. This, anyway, is her description of the act in *The Bell Jar*; there is no reason to believe it false. So she had learned the hard way the odds against successful suicide; she had learned that despair must be counterpoised by an almost obsessional attention to detail and disguise.

By these lights she seemed, in her last attempt, to be taking care not to succeed. But this time everything conspired to destroy her. An employment agency had found her an *au pair* girl to help with the children and housework while Sylvia got on with her writing. The girl, an Australian, was due to arrive at nine o'clock on the morning of Monday, February 11th.

Meanwhile, a recurrent trouble, Sylvia's sinuses were bad; the pipes in her newly converted flat froze solid; there was still no telephone, and no word from the psychotherapist; the weather continued monstrous. Illness, loneliness, depression, and cold, combined with the demands of two small children, were too much for her. So when the weekend came she went off with the babies to stay with friends in another part of London. The plan was, I think, that she would leave early enough on Monday morning to be back in time to welcome the Australian girl. Instead, she decided to go back on the Sunday. The friends were against it but she was insistent, made a great show of her old competence and seemed more cheerful than she had been for some time. So they let her go. About eleven o'clock that night she knocked on the door of the elderly painter who lived below her, asking to borrow some stamps. But she lingered in the doorway, drawing out the conversation until he told her that he got up well before nine in the morning. Then she said goodnight and went back upstairs.

Around six A.M. she went up to the children's room and left a plate of bread and butter and two mugs of milk, in case they should wake hungry before the *au pair* girl arrived. Then she went back down to the kitchen, sealed the door and window as best she could with towels, opened the oven, laid her head in it, and turned on the gas.

The Australian girl arrived punctually at nine A.M. She rang and knocked a long time but could get no answer. So she went off to search for a telephone kiosk in order to phone the agency and make sure she had the right address. Sylvia's name, incidentally, was not on either of the doorbells. Had everything been normal, the neighbor below would have been up by then;

even if he had overslept, the girl's knocking should have aroused him. But as it happened, the neighbor was very deaf and slept without his hearing aid. More important, his bedroom was immediately below Sylvia's kitchen. The gas seeped down and knocked him out cold. So he slept on through all the noise. The girl returned and tried again, still without success. Again she went off to telephone the agency and ask what to do; they told her to go back. It was now about eleven o'clock. This time she was lucky: some builders had arrived to work in the frozen-up house, and they let her in. When she knocked on Sylvia's door there was no answer and the smell of gas was overpowering. The builders forced the lock and found Sylvia sprawled in the kitchen. She was still warm. She had left a note saying, "Please call Dr. — " and giving his telephone number. But it was too late.

Had everything worked out as it should — had the gas not drugged the man downstairs, preventing him from opening the front door to the *au pair* girl — there is no doubt she would have been saved. I think she wanted to be; why else leave her doctor's telephone number? This time, unlike the occasion ten years before, there was too much holding her to life. Above all, there were the children: she was too passionate a mother to want to lose them or them to lose her. There were also the extraordinary creative powers she now unequivocally knew she possessed: the poems came daily, unbidden and unstoppable, and she was again working on a novel about which, at last, she had no reservations.

Why, then, did she kill herself? In part, I suppose, it was "a cry for help" which fatally misfired. But it was also a

and proves her seriousness. So people are drawn to her work in much the same spirit as *Time* featured her at length: not for the poetry but for the gossipy, extra-literary "human interest". Yet just as the suicide adds nothing at all to the poetry, so the myth of Sylvia as a passive victim is a total perversion of the woman she was. It misses altogether her liveliness, her intellectual appetite and harsh wit, her great imaginative resourcefulness and vehemence of feeling, her control. Above all, it misses the courage with which she was able to turn disaster into art. The pity is not that there is a myth of Sylvia Plath but that the myth is not simply that of an enormously gifted poet whose death came recklessly, by mistake, and too soon.

I used to think of her brightness as a façade, as though she were able, in a rather schizoid way, to turn her back on her suffering for the sake of appearances, and pretend it didn't exist. But maybe she was also able to keep her unhappiness in check because she could write about it, because she knew she was salvaging from all those horrors something rather marvelous. The end came when she felt she could stand the subject no longer. She had written it out and was ready for something new.

> The blood-jet is poetry.
> There is no stopping it.

The only method of stopping it she could see, her vision by then blinkered by depression and illness, was that last gamble. So having, as she thought, arranged to be saved, she lay down in front of the gas oven almost hopefully, almost with relief, as though she were saying, "Perhaps this will set me

free."

On Friday, February 15th, there was an inquest in the drab, damp coroner's court behind Camden Town: muttered evidence, long silences, the Australian girl in tears. Earlier that morning I had gone with Ted to the undertakers in Mornington Crescent. The coffin was at the far end of a bare, draped room. She lay stiffly, a ludicrous ruff at her neck. Only her face showed. It was gray and slightly transparent, like wax. I had never before seen a dead person and I hardly recognized her; her features seemed too thin and sharp. The room smelled of apples, faint, sweet but somehow unclean, as though the apples were beginning to rot. I was glad to get out into the cold and noise of the dingy streets. It seemed impossible that she was dead.

Even now I find it hard to believe. There was too much life in her long, flat, strongly boned body, and her longish face with its fine brown eyes, shrewd and full of feeling. She was practical and candid, passionate and compassionate. I believe she was a genius. I sometimes catch myself childishly thinking I'll run into her walking on Primrose Hill or the Heath, and we'll pick up the conversation where we left off. But perhaps that is because her poems still speak so distinctly in her accents: quick, sardonic, unpredictable, effortlessly inventive, a bit angry, and always utterly her own.

【译文】

诗 人 之 死

杨自伍 译

此后我偶尔见到特德，西尔维娅更是难得碰头。特德和我见面时，就在普里姆罗斯·希尔区或是希斯区附近一爿酒店里来一杯啤酒，有时也一同带着孩子去散步。我们几乎从来不谈诗文，绝口不提，我们不想三句话不离本行。那年夏天有一次特德和我一起主持播音。随后我们到寓所去接西尔维娅，一起过街来到他们家附近的小酒店。这回的录音成功了，我们便站在店外，围着童车喝啤酒，大家都很开心。西尔维娅跟我过去见到的样子相比，这时也显得随和些了，挺有风趣，不太拘束。我头一回多少领略到了这位女子的真正妩媚和敏捷。

大约就在那时，我和妻子从瑞士村旁的公寓搬入汉普斯特德市高级住宅区内的一栋房子，离希斯区不远。预定搬家的前两天，我爬楼时不当心跌断了腿，这下可给搬家和大伙儿添了麻烦，因为不管腿折断没有，房子总得装饰一番。我记得没完没了地在地面上铺着黑白相间的瓷砖，龌龊的深褐色粘胶粘得我满手满身，连头发都给粘住了，在地上爬来爬去的时候，身后还拖着大而笨重的石膏模子，犹如一具棺材。很少得空儿去应酬朋友。特德偶然过来转转，我就一瘸一拐地和他上酒店去喝上两杯。但我连西尔维娅的影子也没见着。秋天我到美国去教了一个学期书。

我在美国时，《观察家》寄来她的第一部诗集，要我写评

论。作品似乎符合我对她的印象：严肃认真，天资过人，性情内向；多少还是处于丈夫高大身影的笼罩之下。有些诗篇受到他的影响，还有一些是仿效西奥多·罗特克或华莱士·斯蒂文斯的诗风；显然，她仍在摸索自己的风格。不过她在驾驭技巧上则是大手笔，人们感到，在她大多数诗作的背后，尚未充分发挥她的才力，尚未触及意乱心迷之处。我写道，“她的诗作所以站得住脚是因为以她从未公诸于世的亲身经历为凭依。……她仿佛不断受到仅从自己的眼角才能偷觑到的某种东西的威胁，正是这种威胁感使她的作品具有自家面目。”

整个这段时间里，诗品与人品上的迹象迥然相异。社交态度上丝毫没有流露出诗作中那种绝望而又不容宽恕的毁灭精神。她自始至终显得今生无悔而精神乐观，精力充沛：在德文郡时成天带孩子和养蜜蜂，在伦敦东奔西走物色公寓，忙于处理《钟形玻璃罩》的出版事宜，赶着打出诗稿，寄给多半拒人千里之外的编辑老爷（就在弃世之前，她给一家全国发行的英国周刊寄出一扎她的最佳诗作，均未被接受，里面的大部分诗篇而今已成了经典之作）。她再次靠骑马来消遣，学会了驾驭一匹叫做爱丽尔的烈性种马，这种新的刺激使她意气风发。

她盘腿坐在红漆地板上，读完自己的诗稿以后，会亮开她那鼻音浓重的新英格兰人的嗓音，谈起她的骑术。大概因为我也是骑马俱乐部的成员，她还不改声色地说到自杀：她在十年以前的自杀企图。我估计，她在校改小说《钟形玻璃罩》时，心里就老盘旋着这件往事。她又谈及不久前的车祸。并非是事故，而是她有意开出车行道，不是闹着玩的，她想寻死。但没有死成，如今一切已经过去。因此，我确信她此时并不在考虑自杀。相反，她所以能够如此自由自在地描写这一行动，是因为她已把它置之脑后了。车祸是她幸存下来的一次死亡，是她怀着嘲讽心情感到自己命里注定每过十年就得经历的一次的死亡：

我又干了一回。
每十年里有一年
我对付得了——

像个能行走的奇迹……

我年仅三十岁。
像猫一样，我可以死上九回。

这是第三回……

在生活中，如同这首诗一样，既无歇斯底里的口气，也无乞求同情的意思。她谈到自杀时的语气同她谈论其他冒险性试验性的活动时的语气十分相似：迫切，甚至咄咄逼人，而又全无自怜之意。她似乎将死亡视为一次自然的挑战，自己再度战胜了。从性质来看，好比骑上爱丽尔或驯服一匹脱缰之马——在剑桥当学生时她就有过这样的经历——或是不大会滑雪就沿着危险的雪坡倾斜而下时的经历——也是生活中的一次意外事件，是《钟形玻璃罩》里最精彩的一节。总之，自杀不是昏死状态，不是一种“半夜里不知痛苦地停止生命”的企图；它是神经末梢感觉得到而需要加以克服的一种现象，是使她适应过一种属于她本人的生活的一项入门仪式。

老天知道她父亲的死到底给她的童年留下了什么样的创伤，不过多年以来，这个创伤已经转变成了这种信念：做个成年人意味着做个幸存者。所以在她，死亡是十年一次的还债：为了要像一个成年妇女、母亲、诗人那样活下去，她就得用生命来偿还——以某种分期性的魔术般的方式。但是由于这种行不通的偿还方式还同与她深爱的亡父相聚或重新夺回他这样的幻想缠绕在一起，它是一种满怀激情的举动，充满着同样

切。

或许她很少提到父亲的缘故就在于此，尽管她关于死亡的胡思乱想是明显而深深地和他联系在一起的。《钟形玻璃罩》这部自传体作品中的女主角在蛰居地窖和吞服五十粒安眠药的前一刻还去为亡父哭坟。《爹爹》描绘了同样的场面，她一再重申她的理由：

> 等到二十岁，我想一死拉倒
> 这样来回、回、回到你的身边。
> 我当时想，哪怕是一具寒骨也行。

我揣测由于她这时发现自己再度陷于孤独，即便是一时的和自愿的，父亲过世时她所经历的全部悲痛又复萌了：她不能自已，觉得她已为人遗弃，遭到伤害，被激怒了，失去亲人，正像二十年前孩提时代的她实实在在而又无可奈何地体味到的一样。结果，那段时间在她心里日益加深的痛苦全部涌上了心头。我们不必去探讨动机了，她的诗篇已经代她回答了。

这几个月是令人惊叹的创作时期，我以为堪与济慈的"奇迹之年"等量齐观，济慈就是在那一年内完成了最终奠定其声望的几乎全部诗作。早年西尔维娅写起诗来很仔细，有时不免苦思冥想，改了又改，而且据她丈夫讲，她往往借助于罗杰的《词典》。现在，她虽然一点没有扔开那些来之不易的写诗技巧和手法，而且仍然一改再改，不过已是诗如泉涌，下笔成章了。直到最后，她偶尔一天之内写诗多达三首。她还告诉我正在埋头写一部新小说。《钟形玻璃罩》已经脱稿，看过校样，即将付印；她谈到此书时有些窘困，把它视为传记习作：她想从前尘往事中解脱出来，所以非写不可。但这部新作，她含蓄地说，是一部真诚的作品。

从工作条件来看，她的创作力是巨大的。她是成天忙家务的母亲，要照看两岁的女儿、十个月的婴儿和一个家。等到

晚上孩子们上了床，她已累得要命，什么正事也干不成，只有来点"音乐、白兰地和水"。于是她每天一清早就起身，工作到孩子们醒来。"我的这些新诗有个相同之处，"她为英国广播公司准备的一次朗诵的按语中这样写道，不过这次朗诵从未播放过，"全都写于凌晨四点光景——在听见婴儿哭声和送奶人放瓶时刺耳的乐声之前，那段天色灰蒙蒙的甚至是永恒的时分。"在那些昼夜相交的死寂时分，她在清静孤单的气氛中可以聚精会神地进入到内心世界，仿佛在生活琐事缠身之前去索回一些往昔的天真和自由。这时候她才能写作。其余的白天时间全让孩子、家务、采购占用掉了。她办事利落，忙里忙外，感到烦恼，像每个家庭主妇一样。

尽管神情上乐呵呵的，但她却是孤寂的，凄然而又不大掩饰。同样，尽管诗作中生气沛然，但不论以何种标准来看，都是精微晦涩的制作。她在诗中坚持正视个人的恐怖心理，从不回避，不过这样一来，她所花费的努力和卷入的冒险却像兴奋剂一样对她产生了刺激作用；处境越糟，她越是正面地加以描写，而她的想象力也就变得更为丰富。正如灾难，一旦终于临头了，从来就不像意料之中那么严重，因此眼下她基本上是心情舒坦地进行写作，仿佛走笔成诗便可预见更多的恐怖。不妨说，她一生中始终等待的就是这种灾难。现在既然来到了，她知道必须加以利用。巴枯宁说过，"追求毁灭的热情也是一种创作热情。"这话用于西尔维娅倒也一点不差。她把怒火、不平之情，以及所激起的针刺般的烦恼感化为一种赞颂。

我已谈过，她那种冷漠的笔调基本上是以她的现实主义即求实感为依据的。随着岁月的流逝，其诗作则变得日趋激烈，将每桩小事变换面目的才具也在持续增长，直到临终前几个星期，每件鸡毛蒜皮的事都能触发诗兴：如手指割破，发热，擦破皮肉。死气沉沉的家庭生活和想象力完全融合一片，毫不犹豫。比如说，约莫在这段时间，她丈夫创作过一出奇特的

广播剧，说的是主人公驱车进城时压死一只野兔，他把死兔卖了五先令，再用这不义之财买了两束玫瑰。西尔维娅便捕捉这个情节，抽取故事的内核，接着按她的需要另作解释和修改。结果写出《仁慈》一诗，末尾这样写道：

> **诗是从血管里喷出来的，**
> **再怎么也阻止不了。**
> **你交给我两个孩子，两束玫瑰。**

确实是阻止不了。她的诗篇宛如奇异的高倍透镜，她的日常生活经过滤光和超乎寻常的明暗度而重新被描绘了一番。或许来自于创作的昂扬意气，帮助她很好而且经常地保持了自己所始终无误地展现给世界的那种光明的美国社会面貌。我和那段时期里她的其他朋友看法相同，宁愿相信这种欢乐之情，而不是她那些诗篇的全部迹象所显示的东西。或者不如说，我将信将疑。可是旁人能做些什么呢？我为她感到可惜，而她则显然不需要。她的活泼抑制了别人的同情，而且，要是她干脆拒绝用其他解释去讨论这些诗就好了，可她认准了自己的诗作是纯诗，是自发的创作。如果像某些精神病专家所认为的，自杀企图乃是求援的呼唤，那么可以说，西尔维娅此时并无自杀之意。她要的不是帮助而是认可：她需要有人承认，她是在非常能干地应付困难重重的日常生活：带孩子、烧菜、采购，还有写作。她甚至需要人们知道，她的诗写得好，有影响，因为尽管她已跨入洛厄尔打开的诗国之门，她此时却在一条特别冷僻的诗路上走得很远了，没有多少人会冒险跟她走。所以她强烈地意识到，那是她的使命，这对她来说是重要的。然而，便是坚持乐观的自主精神也掩饰不了她那种热雾一般为人觉察得到的孤寂感。她要求得到的既非同情也非帮助，而是像个守灵的遗孀，仅仅希望哀悼之时有人陪伴。我以为这就证实了得到认可的一点：虽然生死无常，也有

内在证据为依据，她依然存在。

据说那是一个恶劣得不可言状的冬天，一百五十年来最坏的天气。圣诞节一过就下雪了，而且下个不停。到了新年，全国已陷于瘫痪。火车冻在铁道上，丢弃的卡车冻在公路上。几百万户人家只好可怜地使用电炉，发电站因此而常常停电；发电站停电问题到不大，麻烦的是电工大多参加罢工去了。水管冻得严严实实，要洗个澡，就得筹谋一番，好言好语跟几位朋友去说情，到他们有中央热水供应系统的家里去，一周一周地拖下去，这种朋友愈来愈少了，而且也不大客气了。洗盘子成了大手术。老式抽水马桶里面哗啦哗啦的流水声比曼陀林的琴声还来得甜美。要是相提并论的话，修理工和烟熏鲑鱼一样昂贵，而且还更难找到。煤气一停，礼拜天的大块肉便烧得半生不熟。一停电，蜡烛自然无法弄到。神经上受不了，婚姻就破裂了。最后，心灰意懒。看来严寒永无尽头。烦人！烦人！真烦人！

十二月份，《观察家》登过西尔维娅未收入选集的一首诗，题名《事件》；一月中旬又刊载了《冬树》。西尔维娅为此给我写了张便条，还说或许我们应当带孩子们上动物园去，她将指给我看看“神鹰身上光秃秃的铜绿色”。但是她不再把诗作掷进我的书房了。当月下旬我碰见一家大型周刊的文学编辑。他问起我近来见到过西尔维娅没有。

“没啊。怎么啦？”

“我正奇怪哩。她寄来一些诗。很特别。”

“喜欢吗？”

“不喜欢，”他答道。“太偏激了，不合我的品味。我全退回去了。但听起来她的情况不妙。想来她需要帮助。”

她的医生，一个敏感而又过度劳累的人，也这么认为。他开了镇静药，安排她去看一位精神疗法大夫。她曾经被美国的精神病弄怕了，所以写信约定诊期之前犹豫过一阵子。但是她的抑郁不见好转，最后信还是发出去了。可是无济于事。

她的信和给精神疗法大夫约定会诊的信都误事了；显然是邮递员投错了地址。她去世一两天后，精神疗法大夫的回信才送到。这是酿成她死亡的一连串意外、巧事和差错中的一个环节而已。

我所知道的情况使我确信，这一回她并不打算寻死。而十年前的自杀企图不论怎么说都是绝对顶真的。她小心翼翼地瞒着人偷拿安眠药，留了张迷惑人的便条以掩盖自己的行迹，她躲在地下室光线最暗而且使用最少的一处角落里，在自己身后重新摆好被她弄乱了的陈年柴火，把自己像具骷髅似地埋藏在最底层的家用贮藏室里。接着吞服了一瓶五十粒装的安眠片。后来无意之中被人发现，奇迹般地活了下来。即便对待生命如此暴烈，她的生命之流仍然奔腾不息。总之，她在《钟形玻璃罩》里就是这样描写那一幕的；没有理由认为那是假的。她已经知道自杀不成功后艰难的滋味；她已经知道由于几乎是一心一意关注于细节和掩饰，绝望情绪一定是得到了平衡。

从这些线索来看，上次企图自杀时她好像注意到了设法不要死成。但是这次一切都在作祟，要毁掉她。当时一家职业介绍所替她找到个不拿工资、由东家管吃住的佣人去相帮带孩子和理家务，西尔维娅则继续写作。佣人是个澳大利亚姑娘，约定二月十一日星期一上午九点到西尔维娅家。那会儿西尔维娅的胃窦又犯病了，是周期性的麻烦；刚整修过的公寓里水管全冻住了；电话还没装，得不到那位精神疗法大夫的回音，天气仍然十分恶劣。疾病、孤寂、沮丧、严寒，加上两个小孩的种种要求，她承受得太多了。于是到了周末她就带着娃娃上伦敦别处朋友家去。我想，她原来打算星期一上午一大早按时赶回家去迎候这位澳大利亚姑娘。而实际上她决定礼拜天就回去。朋友们都反对，可她执意不肯，尽量摆出过去那副精干的样子，显得比前段时间心情好些。这样大家便让她走了。大约夜里十一点来钟，她敲门找了楼下的老画家，说

是要借几枚邮票。她在门口捱了半晌，故意东扯西拉的，直到老画家告诉她早上九点以前准起得了床。然后她道声晚安就上楼去了。

清晨六点左右，她上楼来到孩子的房间，留了盘黄油和面包，两大杯牛奶，怕他们在帮工姑娘来之前醒了挨饿。然后她回到楼下厨房，用毛巾将门窗塞得紧紧的，打开了炉灶，把头伸在里面之后就放出了煤气。

澳大利亚姑娘九点准时上工。她按铃敲门好半天，可是没人应门。她便去找电话亭子，想给介绍所挂个电话问问地址搞错没有。事情也巧，两个门铃上都没有西尔维娅的姓名。要是一切正常，楼下邻居这时已经起床了，即便睡过头的话，姑娘的叩门声也一定会把他闹醒的。而实际情况是这位邻居耳背得厉害，睡觉时没戴助听器。更要紧的是他的卧室恰恰在西尔维娅家厨房底下。煤气漏下去把他熏昏了，因此哪怕门外震天价响，他却沉睡不醒。姑娘回来再敲门试试，还是无人开门。她又去给介绍所打电话，询问该怎么办；人家让她回去。此时大约是十一点钟。这次算她侥幸：建筑工人到这幢冰窖似的房子里来干活，他们让她进去了。她敲敲西尔维娅家的房门，没人应声，这时一股煤气味直冲鼻子。工人们撬开门锁，发现西尔维娅趴倒在厨房里。身上还有热气。她留的字条上写着，“请叫大夫——”，还有电话号码。可是为时已晚。

如果一切如常——要不是煤气把楼下的邻居熏昏过去而无法给帮工姑娘开前门——无疑西尔维娅是能救活的。我想她希望得救；不然何必留下大夫的电话号码呢？和十年前的情况不一样，这一回有许多因素牵扯着，她得活下去。最主要的是有了孩子：她有强烈的母爱，不想失去孩子，或让孩子失去母亲。再则，她现在明确认识到自己所具有的非凡创作才力：诗作日有所出，不招而至，无法搁笔。同时她又在构思一部小说，最后，她对这本书毫无保留。

那么，她为何要自杀呢？我估计，这多少是“求援的呼唤”，不幸乞援未成。但它也是一次最后的绝望中的企图，她想拔除诗作中唤起的死亡情绪。我已经提出，她开始着魔似地写死亡主题或许是出于两层缘故。一来她和丈夫分手时尽管是双方同意的，她仍再度体验到儿时父亲故世所感到的那种心如刀割的悲伤和丧失亲人的感觉，像是父亲遗弃了她。二来我看她是认为前一年夏天的撞车事故已使她不受约束；她已经付出了代价，是个死里逃生的人，此时又可以写死亡了。但是正如我在别处写到过的，对艺术家本人而言，艺术未必起到治疗作用；艺术家并非通过表达幻想就摆脱了幻想。相反，借助某种乖谬的创作逻辑，形式上的表达活动可能只是把发掘出来的东西变得更为便当地为其所用。在作品中处理素材的结果很可能是艺术家发现自己在生活中要经历的事。总之，对艺术家来说，自然经常摹仿艺术。或者重复一句，艺术家举起镜子映照自然时发见了自己身为何物；但是这种认识可能不可避免地改变了他，结果他变成了那个镜中形象。

我以为西尔维娅或多或少意识到了这一点。在为英国广播公司所写的《爹爹》一诗的简介中，她谈到诗中的叙事人，“她非得把那个可怕的小寓言再付诸行动之后才得以摆脱。”她谈的寓言，就像她所看到的，是她的脑海里假想的纳粹父亲与犹太人母亲之间的斗争。不过这个寓言也许还是一种想象：她身上仍有亡父的阴魂，如同一个被恶魔缠住的女人（她在诗中真的把父亲叫做吸血的夜鬼）。对她来说，要想摆脱父亲的影子，就得把它像神怪一般从瓶子里释放出来。她的诗歌确实起了这个作用：它们赋予她内心的死亡以形体。不过那些诗也是以一种强烈的活生生创造性的手法表现出来的。她愈是描写死亡，她的想象天地也就变得更加坚实富饶。她活着就是为了这一切。

我猜想最终她是希望和死亡主题一了百了。但是她所能

找到的唯一办法便是"把那个可怕的小寓言再付诸行动"。她一直有点儿像赌徒，惯于冒险。她的诗作的威严气象应部分归之于她那种顺着灵感的线索一直探究到迈纳多巢穴的勇敢执著的精神。在她对世上的一切所持的藐视和无所谓的态度中同样叫人感到这种心灵的勇气。冒险吓不倒她；反之，她发现冒险带来刺激。弗洛依德写道，"当生命游戏的最大赌注即生命本身不能付诸冒险时，生命便失去意义了。"最终，西尔维娅冒了这个险。她算准成功机会大，于是孤注一掷。但是或许由于沮丧，她并不太在乎输赢。她失算了，所以输了。

因此这是一次失误，而由此却产生出一番神话故事。我并不认为她会觉得这个神话很合她的口味，因为它是这样一个神话：把诗人说成献祭的牺牲品，为了她的艺术奉献出了自己的一切，经历过各种苦痛之后，让诗神缪斯给拖到那座临终的祭坛上去了。照这些说法来看，她的自杀变成了故事的关键。自杀行为证实了她的诗篇真实可信，给它们增添了趣味，同时也证明了她的严肃。因此人们为她的作品所吸引，在很大程度上他们的态度如同《时代》周刊专稿详细报道她时所指出的那样：不是看重她的诗作，而是喜欢那种爱嚼舌头的、超乎文学的"烟火味"。然而恰似自杀对其诗作没有增添新意一样，把西尔维娅说成消极的牺牲品的神话也彻底歪曲了像她这样的妇女形象。这番神话全然忽略了她的生气，她的求知欲和锋芒毕露的才智，她的巨大的左右逢源的想象力和强烈的感受力，她的克制力。说到究竟，这种神话忽略了她得以把不幸化为艺术的那股勇气。可惜的不是在于有个关于西尔维娅·普拉斯的神话，而是这神话讲的不单单是一个才华横溢的诗人之死来得突兀，来得太快，而且是由于差错所致。

我往日总认为她的乐观态度是一种门面，虽然带点精神分裂的现象，为了装点门面，她能对痛苦视而不见，装作若无其事。但说不定她也能抑制住不幸，因为她能描写不幸，因为她明白自己正在从那一切恐吓之中汲取某种十分精彩的养

分。当她感到再也承受不住这种题材时，末日就到了。她已经写光了，准备吐故纳新了。

诗是从血管里喷出来的，
再怎么也阻止不了。

她所能看到的唯一办法就是孤注一掷，而当时的沮丧和疾病已经挡住了她的视线。她于是照自己想好了的，安排了得救的法子，她便在煤气灶前躺倒了，几乎还抱有希望，几乎还带着安慰，仿佛在说，“大概这一回我将自由了。”

二月十五日星期五，在坎登城后面简陋潮湿的验尸庭上验了尸首：只有悄悄的证词，久久的沉默，和泪水汪汪的澳大利亚姑娘。那天清早我和特德去找莫丁登半月形广场的丧葬承办人。棺材放在空荡荡拉着门帘的停尸房的尽头处。她直挺挺的躺着，脖子上还戴着一条叫人哭笑不得的领套。只有脸露在外面。脸色发灰，像蜡烛似的还有点透明。我以前从未见过死人，我几乎认不出她；五官显得尖削鼓突。屋里有股苹果味，淡淡的，甜甜的，但不大干净，像是苹果开始发烂了。走到寒冷喧闹而又脏乱的大街上我才好过些。她不在了，这似乎是不可能的。

便是现在我仍觉得此事难以置信。她身段修长单薄，筋骨健壮，长脸，漂亮的褐色眼睛显得目光锐利而又富于感情，生命力旺盛极了。她讲究实际而性格坦率，满腔激情而富于同情。我相信她是一位天才。有时我发觉自己幼稚地想着她走在普里姆罗斯·希尔区或希斯区时我会碰见她，我们会拾起谈到半截儿的话题。不过这或许是因为她的诗篇依旧通过她的声调表达得那么清晰：一气呵成，调侃揶揄，神化不测，信手拈来丙别开生面，几分怒意，总是自家面貌。

【赏析】

死亡是人类共同的命运,所以也成为古往今来西方文学中的一个永恒话题。自杀现象古已有之,并且古希腊作品里有所反映,索福克勒斯在《奥狄浦斯王》和《安提戈涅》里描写过自杀。柏拉图探讨过自杀的道德性问题。莎士比亚多次处理过死亡与自杀的问题,最感人者当推《罗密欧与朱丽叶》里朱丽叶拔刀自尽那一幕。法国作家加缪在《西叙福斯的神话》里反对自杀,不过他却认为,自杀是唯一真正严肃的哲学问题。当代美国女诗人西尔维亚·普拉斯之死曾震动美国文坛,阿尔瓦雷斯对自杀与文学的关系作了专门研究。

本文作者也曾有过自杀的尝试,他以十分同情的笔调回忆了这位才华横溢而不幸早逝的诗人的创作活动和自杀情景。普拉斯的丈夫特德·休斯八十年代获桂冠诗人称号,这对英美诗人的婚姻曾是诗坛的佳话,因此文章开头描写了当年相当艰苦的创作环境,从两人的新婚谈起。继而简单回顾了普拉斯脱颖而出的过程,追叙了她陷于家累和休斯的成功使她一度黯然失色给其心理造成的影响 。作为诗歌编辑,作者又对普拉斯的诗篇进行了人品与诗品相结合的分析,读者从中可以深入地体会个人经历与作品的关系。虽然承受着生活与创作生涯的多重压力,普拉斯却勇于面对死亡,并且把自己企图自杀的经历作为小说《钟形玻璃罩》的主题。文章结束部分详细描写了女诗人自杀的经过。

阿尔瓦雷斯与普拉斯可谓相知有素,他把后者表面的欢乐之情和内心的孤寂之感充分地揭示出来,同时寄托了自己的无限哀思。全文情景交融,笔墨亲切而生动,语言精练而细腻,毫无迂阔的书生气,读者仿佛是在静听一篇忆旧故事。